

Dublin . - Theatre Royal
K & Smoke Alley

V O L U M E

OF

F A R C E S.

AS THEY ARE PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE, SMOKE-ALLEY,

D U B L I N.

CONTAINING :

THE SPOILED CHILD ;	MODERN ANTIQUES ;
THE FARMER ;	CHIT CHAT ;
ANIMAL MAGNETISM ;	CHEATS OF SCAPIN ;
THE VILLAGE LAWYER ;	AND PEEPING TOM.

M,DCC,XCII.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

TO L U M T

OF

F A R C E S



THEATRE

D U B L I N

CONTAINS:

THE SPOTTER (CHIEF);	THE SPOTTER (CHIEF);
THE FARMER;	THE FARMER;
THE COUNTRY;	THE COUNTRY;
THE VILLAGE (CHIEF);	THE VILLAGE (CHIEF);
THE VILLAGE (CHIEF);	THE VILLAGE (CHIEF);

M. DCC. LXXI

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETOR.

THE
F A R C E
OF
M. H. M.
THE SPOIL'D CHILD;
IN TWO ACTS.
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL,
SMOKE-ALLEY.

M,DCC,XCII.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Little Pickle,	-	Mrs JORDAN.
Pickle,	-	Mr INETT,
Tagg,	-	Mr R. PALMER.
John,	-	Mr BURTON.
Thomas,	-	Mr LYONS.



W O M E N.

Miss Pickle,	- - - -	Mrs HOPKIN.
Maria,	- - - -	Miss HEARD.
Margery,	- - - -	Mrs BOOTH.
Susan, (Cook-maid)	- -	Mrs EDWARD.

THE SPOIL'D CHILD;

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Dining Parlour.*

Enter Miss PICKLE and PICKLE.

Pickle.

WELL, well, Sister, have a little patience and these holidays will be over; and the boy then goes back to school and all will be quiet.

Miss P. Yes, till the next breaking up, no, no, brother, unless he is severely punish'd for what he has already done, depend upon it, this vicious humour will be confirmed into habit, and his follies increase in proportion with his years.

Pick. Now wou'dn't any one think to hear you talk, that my son had actually some vice in him? for my part I own there is something so whimsical in all his tricks that I can't in my heart but forgive him, ay and for aught I know love him the better into the bargain.

Miss P. Yes truly—because you have never been a sufferer by them—had you been rendered ridiculous as I have been by his tricks as you call 'em, you wou'd have been the first to complain and to punish.

Pick. Nay, as to that, he hasn't spar'd even his father, is there a day passes I do not break my shins over stumbling-blocks he lays in my way?—why there isn't

A 2

a door.

THE SPOIL'D CHILD.

a door in the house but is arm'd with a basin of water on top, and left just a-jarr——so that I can't walk over my own house without running the hazard of a shower bath, or being wet through.

Miss P. Aye, no wonder the child's spoil'd—since you will superintend his education yourself, you indeed.

Pick. Sister, sister—don't provoke me, at any rate, I have wit enough to *conceal* my ignorance—I don't pretend to write verses and nonsense, as some folks do.

Miss P. Now wou'd you rail at me for the disposition I was born with? can I help it if the Gods have made me poetical as the divine bard says.

Pick. Made you Poetical indeed, 'Sblood if you had been born in a street near a college, or even next door to a day school, I shou'dn't have been surpris'd; but damn it madam, what had you to do with poetry and stuff.

Miss P. Provoking ignorance!

Pick. Hav'n't you rendered yourself the sneer of all your acquaintance by your refin'd and poetical intercourse with Mr Tagg the author, a fellow that strolls about the country spouting and acting in every barn he comes to—and wasn't he found concealed in your closet to the utter scandal of my *house* and the ruin of your reputation?

Miss P. If you had the smallest spark of taste you wou'd admire the effusions of Mr Tagg's pen, and be enchanted with his admirable acting as much as I am

—but

THE SPOIL'D CHILD.

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—but as to this story it may serve as another sample of my nephew's sweet disposition, to coin base falsehoods against his aunt's character.

Pick. Do you tell me I can't educate my own child? and make a Lord Chancellor of him or an archbishop of Canterbury—which ever I like? just as I please?

[During the last speech Pickle leans on the table which is drawn away by a string and he falls.]

Miss P. I'll lay my life that is another trick of that little mischievous wretch.

Pick. (getting up.) An ungrateful little rascal! to serve me such a trick just as I had made an Archbishop of Canterbury of him—but as he can't be far off I'll immediately correct him—here Thomas *(going meets Thomas who enters with table covered two plates, knives, and forks, roasted fowl, castors, butter boat, &c.—places table between chairs and Exit.)*

Pick. But odso here's dinner—well I'll defer my resentment till that's over—but if I don't remember this trick one while, say my name is not Pickle. *(cuts up the fowl)* Sister, this is the first pheasant we have had this season—it looks well—shall I help you? they say anger makes people dry—mine has made me hungry I think—come here's a wing for you, and some of the breast.

Enter SUSAN, running.

Su. O dear Sir! O dear ma'am! my young master ma'am! the parrot ma'am—O dear!

A 3

Pick.

Pick. Parrot and young master—what the deuce does the girl mean?

Miss P. Mean! why as sure as I live that vile boy has been hurting my poor dear bird.

Su. Hurting, ma'am! no ma'am, indeed—besides I'm morally certain it was the strange cat kill'd it this morning.

Miss P. How! kill'd it, say you! but go on let's hear the whole.

Su. Why ma'am the truth is, I did but just step out of the kitchen for a moment, but in comes my young Master, whips the pheasant, that was roasting for dinner off the spit, and claps down your ladyship's parrot ready pick'd and truss'd in its place.

Pick. The parrot! the devil!

Su. I kept basting and basting, and never thought I was basting the parrot—till just now I found the pheasant and all the parrot's feathers hid in the kitchen cupboard.

Miss P. O my sweet, my beautiful young bird, I had but just learn'd it to talk too.

Pick. You taught it to talk—it taught *you* to talk you mean—I'm sure 'twas old enough—why 'twas hatched in the hard frost.

Miss P. Well, brother, what excuse now? but run Susan, and d'ye hear take John, and——

Enter JOHN slowly, and lame, his face bound.

O John here's a fine piece of business!

John.

THE SPOIL'D CHILD.

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John. Aye, ma'am sure enough.—What you've heard I see, business indeed—the poor thing will never recover.

Miss P. What John, is it a mistake of Susan's, is it still alive? but where? where is it John?

John. Safe in stable an it were as sound, a made a hot mash—wouldn't touch it—so crippled, will never have a leg to put on ground again.

Pick. No, I'll swear to that—for here's one of them.

[holding it up on the fork.]

Miss P. What does the fool mean? what, what's in the stable? what are you talking of?

John. Master's favourite mare Daisey, ma'am, poor thing.

Pick. What? how! any thing the matter with Daisey—wouldn't part with her for——

John. Aye, aye, quite done up—won't fetch five pounds at next fair.

Miss P. This dunce's ignorance distracts me—come along Susan.

[Exit with Susan.]

Pick. Why what can it be? what the devil ails her.

John. Why Sir, the long and the short of the affair is as how—he has cut me all across the face—mercy I did not lose my eye.

Pick. This cursed fellow will drive me mad, the mare, the mare, you scoundrel the mare.

John. Yes Sir, the mare—then too my shins—Master Salve the surgeon says I must 'noint 'em wi——

Pick.

Pick. Plague o' your skins you dog, what's the matter with the mare?

John. Why, Sir, as I was coming home this morning over Black Down, what does I see but young Master tearing over the turf upon Daisey, so I calls to him to stop, tho' I knew your honour had forbid him to ride her—but what does he me, but smacks his whip full in my face, and dash over the gate into Stoney Lane.

Pick. Stoney Lane; well and what?

John. Farmer Flail met 'em, and had but just time to hide himself in the hedge before down comes mare and Master over a stone heap—and what's worse—when I rated him about it, he snatches up Tom Carter's long whip, and lays me so over the legs, and before I cou'd catch hold of him he whips out of the stable and was off like a shot.

Pick. Well, if ever I forgive him this—no—I'll send him this moment back to school—school! Zounds I'll send him to sea.

Enter Miss PICKLE.

Miss P. Well brother, yonder comes your precious child—he's muttering all the way up stairs to himself some fresh mischief I warrant.

Pick. Aye, here he comes, stand back let's watch him—though I can never contain my passion long. *(they retire.)*

Enter

THE SPOIL'D CHILD.

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Enter LITTLE PICKLE with a kite at his back.

Little P. Well, so far all goes on rarely—dinner must be near ready—Old Poll will taste well I dare say—Parrot and bread sauce, ha, ha, ha! they suppose they're going to have a nice young pheasant, an old parrot is a greater rarity I'm sure, I can't help thinking how devilish tough the drumsticks will be—a fine piece of work aunt will make when 'tis found out, eed for ought I know, that may be better fun than t'other—no doubt Sukey will tell and John too about the mare, a parcel of sneaking fellows, always, tell, tell, tell, I only wish I cou'd catch 'em at school once—that's all—I'd pay 'em well for't I'd be bound—O here they are, and as I live my father and aunt—to be sure I'm not got into a pretty scrape now—I almost wish I was safe back at school again. (*puts down the kite, they come forward.*) O Sir, how d'ye do? I was just coming to——

Pick. Come, come, no fooling, now how dare you look me in the face after the mischief you have done?

Little P. Mischief Sir! what mischief have I done?

Pick. This impudence provokes me beyond all, you know the value I set upon that mare you have spoiled for ever.

Little P. But Sir—hear me—indeed I wasn't so much to blame Sir, not so *very* much.

Miss P. Don't aggravate your faults by pretending to excuse them, your father is too kind to you.

Little

Little P. Dear Sir, I own I was unfortunate, but I heard you often complain how wild and vicious Daisy was, and so, Sir, sooner than you should suffer, I was resolv'd to venture my own neck and try to tame her for you, that's all Sir;—and so I was no sooner mounted but off she set—I cou'dn't help that you know Sir—and so this misfortune happen'd—but indeed Sir—

Pick. Cou'd I be sure this was your motive, that it was merely *love* and *regard* for your old father makes you thus teize and torment him—perhaps I might be inclin'd—

John. Yes Sir, but 'twas no love and regard for I made him beat me so.

Little P. John, you know, you were to blame—indeed Sir the truth is John was scolding me for it, and when I told him as I have told you why I did it, and that it was to hinder your being hurt, he said *that* was no business of mine, and if your neck *was* broke 'twas no such great matter.

Pick. What! no great matter to have my neck broke.

Little P. No Sir, so he said; and I was vex'd to hear him speak so of you—and I believe I might take up the whip and give him a cut or two on the legs—it cou'd not hurt him much.

Pick. Well child, I believe I must forgive you and shall John too—but I had forgot poor Poll; what did you roast the parrot for, you young dog you?

Little

Little P. Why Sir, I knew you and my aunt were both so fond of it—I thought she'd like to see it well drest—but dear aunt (*to Miss Pickle*) I know you must be angry with me, and you think with reason.

Miss P. Don't speak to me—I'm not so weak as your father, whatever you may fancy.

Little P. But indeed aunt you must hear me, had I not lov'd you as I do, I shou'dn't have thus offended you—but 'twas merely my regard for your character.

Pick. Character!

John. Character!—O Lord—O Lord.

Pick. Get about your business you scoundrel.

[Exit John.]

Little P. Why dear aunt, I had heard that no ladies kept parrots, or lap dogs, till they were no longer able to keep *lovers*, and when at school I told 'em you kept a parrot, the boys said, then you must be a foolish old maid.

Miss P. Indeed! impudent young wretches.

Little P. Yes aunt, and so I resolv'd you shou'd no longer be thought so—for I think you're a great deal too handsome for an old maid. (*kisses her hand*).

Pick. Come Sister, faith you must forgive him—no female heart can withstand that.

Miss P. Brother I can forgive where I see occasion, but though these faults are thus excused, how will you answer to a charge of scandal and ill-nature.

Little P. Ill-nature ma'am—I'm sure nobody can accuse me of that.

Miss

Miss P. How will you justify the report you spread of my being lock'd up in my closet with Mr Tagg the author—can you defend so vile an attempt to injure my dear reputation.

Pick. What! that too I suppose was from your care of her character—and so to hinder your aunt from being thought an old maid; you lock'd her up in her closet with this author as he's call'd?

Little P. Nay indeed dear ma'am—I beseech you 'twas no such thing—all I said was, you were amusing yourself in your closet with a favourite author.

Miss P. I amuse myself, in my closet with a favourite author! worse and worse.

Pick. Sister, have patience—hear—

Miss P. I am ashamed to see you support your boy in such insolence—I indeed! who am scrupulous to a fault—but no longer will I remain subject to such impertinence, I quit your house Sir, and you shall quit all claim to my fortune—this moment I'll alter my will, and leave my money to a stranger sooner than to your family. [Exit.

Pick. Her money to a stranger! O the three per cents consols—O the India Stock—go child—fly, throw yourself at your aunt's feet, say any thing to please her—I shall run distracted—O those consols!

Little P. I'm gone Sir, shall I say she may die as soon as she pleases, but she must not leave her money to a stranger.

Pick.

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Pick. Aye, aye, there's a good boy; say any thing to please her, that will do very well; say she may die as soon as she pleases, but she must not leave her money to a stranger.

[Exit. Little Pickle]

Well never man was so tormented. I thought when my poor dear wife Mrs Pickle died, and left me a disconsolate widower, I had some chance of being a happy man—but I know not how it is—I cou'd bear the vexations of my wife's bad temper, better than this woman's—all my married friends were as miserable as myself, that was some relief, but now—faith here she comes, and in a fine humour no doubt.

Enter MISS PICKLE.

Miss P. Brother I have given directions for my immediate departure, and I am now to tell you, I will persist in my design, unless you this moment adopt the scheme I yesterday laid down for my nephew's amendment.

Pick. Why my dear sister you know there's nothing I wou'dn't readily do to satisfy and appease you, but to abandon my only child and take a beggar's brat into my arms—impossible!

Miss P. (going.) Very well Sir, then I'm gone.

Pick. But Sister stay—was ever man so used—how long is this scheme of yours to last? how long am I to be deprived of him?

Miss P. How long! why till he's brought duly to reflect on his bad behaviour, which nothing will induce him to do sooner than thinking he is no longer your

B

son,

son, but the child of poor parents—I yesterday spoke to Margaret his old nurse, and she fully comprehends the whole affair.

Pick. But why in addition to the quitting my own child, am I to have the torment of receiving her's—wont the sending him away be sufficient.

Miss P. Unless the plot's manag'd my way, I'll have nothing to say to it, but begone, can't you tell that his distress at losing his situation, will be augmented, by seeing it in possession of another? come, come, Brother, a week's purgatory will reform him, depend on it.

Pick. Why to be sure as you say, it will reform him and as we shall have an eye upon him all the while, and Margaret was his own nurse.

Miss P. You may be sure she'll take care of him. Well since this is settled, the sooner it is done the better. Thomas! (*Enter Thomas.*) send your young master here. [*Exit Thomas*]

Pick. I see you're finally resolv'd and no other way will content you—well heaven protect my poor child.

Miss P. Brother you are so blinded by your foolish fondness, that you cease to perceive what is for his benefit, 'tis happy for you there is a person to direct you of my superior discernment.

Enter LITTLE PICKLE.

Little P. Did you send for me aunt?

Pick. Child come hither, I have a secret to disclose to you, at which you will be surpris'd.

Little P. A secret Sir!

Miss

Miss P. Yes, and one that requires your utmost courage to bear, you are no longer to consider that person as your father—he is not so—Margaret who nurs'd you has confess'd—and the thing is sufficiently prov'd, that you are not *his* son but *her's*—She exchanged you when an infant for my real nephew, and her conscience at last compell'd her to make the discovery.

Little P. I another person's child? impossible!—Ah you are only joking with me now to see whether I love you or not—but indeed I am yours—my heart tells me I am only, only yours. (*to Pickle*)

Pick. You deceive yourself—there can be no doubt of the truth of Margaret's account.

Little P. Good heavens! dear Sir don't say so—I will not believe it—it can never be?—must I then give up all I respect and love to the possession of another? believe me Sir 'tisn't the splendor of riches I repine at quitting, 'tis the happiness I never till now felt of calling you father—aunt.

Pick. Assure yourself of our protection, but no longer can you remain in this house—I must not do an injury to my own child—you belong to others—to them you must now go.

Little P. Yet Sir, for an instant hear me—pity me dear aunt, if yet I dare to call you so, intercede in my behalf—heaven! she knows me not. Ah! then too sure I know I am not your child—or would that distress, which draws tears of *pity* from *them*, fail to move nature in you—farewel I must away—but at least for-

give me—pardon the faults I have committed—you cannot sure in pity deny me that——

SONG.—Tune “*Je suis Lindor*” (voice alone.)

Since then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,
To quit each object of my infant care,
Torn from an honour'd Parent's tender love,
And driven the keenest storms of fate to bear.
Ah but forgive me! pitied let me part,
Your frowns too sure would break my sinking heart.

II.

Where'er I go, whate're my lowly state,
Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here,
And haply musing o'er my cruel fate,
You still may greet me with a tender tear.
Ah! then forgive me, &c. &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A Parlour.**Enter MISS PICKLE and MARGERY.**Margery.*

AND so as I was telling your ladyship, poor little master does so take it to heart—and so weep and wail, it almost makes me cry to hear him.

Miss P. Well, well, since he begins already to repent his punishment shall be but short—but have you brought your boy with you?

Marg. Aye, have I—poor Tommy—he came from aboard of ship but now—and is so grown and alter'd—sure enough he believes every word I have told him as your honour order'd me—and I warrant is so sheepish and shamefaced—O here comes my master—he has heard it all already——

Enter PICKLE.

but my lady, shall I fetch my poor Tommy to you?—he's waiting without.

Pick. What that ill looking young rascal in the hall? he with the jacket and trowfers?

Marg. Aye, your honour, then you have seen him?

Pick. Seen him!—aye and felt him too—the booby met me bolt at the corner—run his curst carrotty poll in my face and has loosen'd every tooth in my head I believe.

Marg. Poor lad—he's a sailor and but awkward as yet and so shy I warrent—but will your honour be kind to him——

Pick. Kind to him—why I'm to pass for his father, a'n't I?

Marg. Aye, I wish your honour *had* been poor Tommy's father—but no such luck for me, as I say to my husband.

Pick. Indeed!—your husband must be very much obliged to you, and so am I——

Marg. But do, your honour, once let me see my Tommy dress in his fine smart Cloaths.

Pick. Damme! I don't half like that Tommy.

Miss P. Yes, yes, you shall—but now go and fetch him here to us—I shou'd like much to see him.

Marg. Do you now madam, speak kindly to him, for poor boy he's quite dash'd. [Exit.

Pick. Dash'd!—yes and he has dash'd some of my teeth out, plague on him.

Miss P. Now Mr Pickle I insist upon your observing a proper behaviour and decorum towards this poor lad—observe the condescension of my deportment—methinks I feel a strange inclination already in his favour—perhaps I may advance him by and by to be my page, shall I brother?—here he comes—and I declare as prepossessing a countenance as I ever beheld.

Enter

*Enter MARGERY and LITTLE PICKLE, as a Sailor—
red hair.*

Miss P. Come hither, child, was there ever such an engaging air.

Marg. Go, Tommy, do as you're bid, that's a good boy, thank his honour for his goodness to you.

Little P. Be you the old fellow that's just come to be my father?

Pick. (aside.) Old fellow!—he's devilish dash'd to be sure—yes I *am* the old fellow as you call it—will you be a good child?

Little P. Aye, but what will you gi' me?—must I be good for nothing?

Pick. Good for nothing! nay, that I'll swear you are already, well, and how long have you been come from Sea, eh? how do you like a sailors life? eh?

SONG.—*Melton Oysters.*

LITTLE PICKLE.

I am a brisk and sprightly lad,

Just come home from sea, Sir,

Of all the lives I ever led,

A sailor's life for me, Sir.

Yeo, yeo, yeo! yeo, yeo, yeo!

While the boatswain pipes all hands

With a yeo, yeo, yeo, Sir.

What girl but loves the merry tar

That o'er the Ocean roam, Sir,

THE SPOIL'D CHILD.

In every clime we find a Port

In every Port a home, Sir, Yeo, yeo, &c.

But when our, country's foes are nigh

Each hastens to his gun, Sir,

We make the boasting Frenchman fly,

And bang the haughty don, Sir, Yeo, yeo, &c.

Our foes subdued, once more on shore,

We spend our cash with glee, Sir,

And when all's gone we drown our care,

And out again to sea, Sir.

Yeo, yeo, yeo! yeo, yeo, yeo!

And when all's gone again to Sea,

With a yeo, yeo, yeo, Sir.

Pick. So, this is the way I'm to be entertain'd in future with forecastle jokes and tarpaulin songs——

Miss P. Brother, don't speak so harshly to the poor lad—come to me, my pretty boy, I'll be your friend.

Little P. Friend! Oh what your my Grand-mother —(to Miss P.) father mustn't I call her Granne?

Pick. What, he wants encouragement, Sister, he's found out one relation however—this boy's assurance diverts me, I like him—(aside.)

Little P. Granne's mortal cross and frumpish—la, father! what makes your mother there so plaguy foul weather'd.

Miss P. Mother, indeed!

Pick.

Pick. O nothing at all, my dear, she's the best humour'd person in the world—go, throw yourself at her feet and ask her blessing—perhaps she may “gi’ ye something.” (*mimics.*)

Little P. A blessing!—I shan’t be much richer for that, neither, perhaps she may give me half a crown—I’ll throw myself at her feet and ask for a guinea—(*kneels*) dear graune, gi’ me that pretty picture (*catches at it.*)

Miss P. Stand off, wretch—am I to be robb’d as well as insulted.

Marg. Fie! child! learn to behave yourself better.

Little P. Behave myself—learn you to behave yourself—I shoud’nt ha’ thought of you indeed—get you gone—I’m a young gemman now, and mustn’t remember old acquaintances—get out, I say.

[drives her off and follows.]

Pick. Well, Sister—this plan of yours I hope succeeds to your satisfaction—he’ll make a mighty pretty Page, sister, what an engaging air he has, Sister,—this is some revenge for her treatment of my poor boy.

[Aside.]

Miss P. I perceive this to be all a contrivance—and this boy is taught to insult me thus—but ere long, you may repent this unparallell’d treatment of unprotected innocence.

[Exit.]

Pick. What she means to go off with her lover the player man, I suppose—but I’ll watch her and her
consols

THE SPOIL'D CHILD.

consols too—and if I catch him in my house, it shall be his last appearance this Season—— *[Exit.]*

Re-enter LITTLE PICKLE.

Little P. There they go—ha, ha, ha! my scheme has gone on rarely—rather better than their's I think—blessings on the old nurse for consenting to it.—I'll teach 'em to turn people out of doors—let me see—what trick shall I play 'em now—suppose I set the house on fire—no, no, its too soon for that—that will do very well by and by—let me see—I wish I cou'd see my sister—I'll discover myself to her, and then we might contrive something together nicely—that staircase leads to her room—I'll try and call her—*(goes and listens)* there's nobody in the way—hif, hif! Maria, Maria!—she hears me—she's coming this way—*(runs and hides himself.)*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Sure somebody call'd me—no, there's nobody here, heigho! I've almost cried myself blind about my poor brother—for so I shall always call him—aye, and love him too—*(going)*

Little P. Maria!—Sister!—stop an instant.

Mar. My Brother! Charles! impossible!

Little P. 'Tis e'en so, faith—'twas all a trick about the nurse and child—I coax'd the old woman to confess the whole to me—so borrowing this dress as you see—return'd to plague 'em a little more, that's all—now you and I must consult together how to revenge ourselves—let me see—how shall we vex 'em—I'll let 'em

'em see who's best at plotting—what shall it be—you can't contrive to kill yourself for the loss of me, can you—that wou'd have a fine effect—is there nothing I can think of—suppose you pretend to fall in love with me and we may run away together!

Mar. That will do admirably, and you may depend on my playing my part with a good will, for I owe them some revenge for their treatment of you—besides you know I can refuse you nothing.

Enter PICKLE behind.

Little P. Thank you a thousand times, my dear Maria—thus we'll contrive it (*Seeing Pickle, they pretend to whisper*)

Pikle. What!—how's this!—"Dear Maria," and "I'll refuse you nothing." Death and the devil! my daughter has fallen in love with that young rascal and his yeo, yeo, yeo—see too, they embrace (*comes forward*) mighty well, young madam, mighty well, but come, you shall be lock'd up immediately, and you, young rascal, be whipt out of the house—

Little P. You won't be so hard-hearted sure—we will not part—here is my anchor fix'd—here am I moor'd for ever—

(*Pickle endeavours to take Maria from him—She resists—And Little P. detains her by the hand*)

Mar. (*romantically*) No—we'll never, never part—O cruel, cruel fate!

Pick. He has infected her with his assurance already—what you young minx, do you own you love him?

Mar.

THE SPOIL'D CHILD.

Mar. Love him! Sir, I *adore* him, and spite of your utmost opposition ever, ever shall.

Pick. O ruin'd! undone! what a wretched old man am I—but Maria! child!

Mar. Think not to dissuade me, Sir, vain attempt! no, Sir, my affections are fix'd, never to be recall'd.

Pick. O dear, what shall I do! what will become of me—Oh! a plague on my plot, I have lost my daughter, and for ought I know, my son too—Why child, he's a poor beggar—he's not worth a fixpence.

Mar. My soul abhors so low a thought—I despise wealth—know, Sir, I cherish nobler sentiments—

“The generous youth shall own,

“I love him for himself alone.”

Pick. What, poetry too! nay then 'tis time to prevent further mischief—(*pulls her*) Go to your room—a good key shall ensure your safety, and that young rascal may go back to sea, with his yeo, yeo, yeo, if he will.

Mar. I obey your harsh commands Sir, and am gone—but alas I leave my heart behind.

[*Exit, Pickle locks her in.*]

Pick. Now Sir, for you—don't look so audacious, you young villain, don't fancy you belong to me—I utterly disclaim you.

Little P. (laughing) But that's rather too late now, old one, you have publicly said I was your son, and *damme* I'll make you stand to it.

Pick.

Pick. The devil! here's an affair—here John! Thomas! William!

Enter JOHN, THOMAS and SUSAN.

Take that fellow, and turn him out of doors immediately.

Tho. Fellow! who, Sir?

Pick. Who! why zounds! him there, don't you see him.

John. What! my new young master! no, Sir, I've turn'd out one already—I'll turn out no more—

Pick. He's not your young master—he's no son of mine—away with him I say.

Su. No, Sir—we know our young master too well for all that—why he's as like your honour as one pea is like another.

John. Aye, heaven blefs him!—and may he shortly succeed your honour in your estate and fortune.—

Pick. Rogues! villains! I'm abused, robbed—(*drives Servants off*) there's a conspiracy form'd against me—and this little Pirate is at the head of the gang—

Enter Thomas, gives Pickle a letter and Exit.

Odso! here's a letter from my poor boy—this is a comfort indeed—well, I'll send for him home without further delay—(*reads*) “Honoured Sir—I heartily repent
“of having so far abused your goodness while blefs'd
“with your protection—but as I fear no penitence will
“restore me to your favour have resolved to put it
“out of my power again to offend you—by bidding
“adieu.”

"adieu to my country for ever"—here John! go, run directly to Margery's fetch home my Son, and——

Little P. You may save yourself the trouble—'tis too late—you'll never bring him too, now—make as many signals, and fire as many guns as you please.

Pick. What d'ye mean——

Little P. Mean—why he and I have changed births that's all.

Pick. Chang'd births!

Little P. Aye, I'm got into his hammock and he's got into mine, that's all, he's some leagues off at sea by this time—the tide serves, the wind's fair, and Botany Bay's the word my old boy.

Pick. Botany Bay—then my misery is complete—unhappy Pickle—but I'll instantly see about this myself—and if its true—I'll come back just to blow out your brains—and so be either hang'd, or sent to Botany Bay after him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*A Garden.*

Enter Miss PICKLE.

Miss P. This is the hour of my appointment with Mr Tagg—and my brother's absence is favourable indeed—well after such treatment, can he be surpris'd if I throw myself into the arms of so passionate an admirer—my fluttering little heart tells me this is an important crisis in my happiness—how much these vile men have to answer for in thus bewitching us silly girls—

Tagg,

Tagg. (behind) "The heavy hours are almost past
 "That part my love and me."

Enters.

"My longing eyes may hope at last,
 "Their only joy to see."

Thus most charming of your sex, let me prostrate myself at the shrine of beauty. (*kneels*)

Miss P. Mr Tagg, I fear I never can be yours.

Tagg. Adorable, lovely, the most beautified Ophelia "beautified is a vile phrase"—

Miss P. Indeed, Mr Tagg, you make me blush with your compliments.

Tagg. Compliments!—"O call not by that hack-nied name the voice of truth"—"lovely nymph O deign to hear me—I'll teach you what it is to love."

Miss P. Love! Mr Tagg!—O moderate your transports be advised—think no more of this fatal passion.

Tagg. Think no more of it!—"can love be controul'd by advice?"—"will Cupid our mother obey?"—O then consent my angel to join our hands in one—or give me my death in a frown.

Miss P. Can I refuse any thing to such a lover—but my dear friend—were I to consent to our tender union—how cou'd we contrive our escape—my brother's vigilance wou'd overtake us—and you might have some cause to repent of his anger.

[*LITTLE PICKLE Enters, sees them and runs off unperceived.*

C 2

Tagg.

Tagg. O he's a Goth, a meer Vandyke, my love!—
 "but fear makes the danger seem double—say Hymen
 "what mischief and trouble, say what men will, wed-
 "lock's a Pill—bitter to swallow and hard of diges-
 "tion"—I've contrived the plot and every scene of the
 elopement—here in this shady blest retreat will I un-
 fold it all—(*reaches chairs*) lets sit down like Jessica and
 the fair Lorenzo here—(*they sit.*)

"Wou'd you taste the *moon tied hair*,

"To yon *flagrant* bower repair,

"Where mixing with the poplar bough,

"The *bantling fine* shall shelter you.

"Since music is the food of love

"We'll to the nightingale's complacent notes

"Tune our distresses and record our Woes."

[*During the above speech, Little Pickle steals on behind them, sews their clothes together and runs off unseen.*

Miss P. O I cou'd listen thus for ever to the charms
 of love and harmony—but how are we to plan our
 escape?

Tagg. In a low and mean attire muffled up in a great
 cloak will I await you in this happy spot—but why,
 my soul, why not this instant fly—thus let me seize
 my tender bit of lamb—there I think I had her as dead
 as mutton (*aside.*)

Miss P. No, I'm not yet equipp'd for an elope-
 ment, and what is of more consequence still, I hav'n't
 got with me a casket of jewels I have prepared, rather
 too valuable to be left behind.

Tagg.

Tagg (aside.) That is of some consequence indeed to me—"my diamond, my pearl," then be a good girl until I come to thee again——

Miss P. Come back again in the disguise immediately—and if fortune favours faithful lovers vows I will contrive to slip out to you——

Tagg. Dispose of me, lovely creature as you please—but don't forget the casket.

Enter LITTLE PICKLE, running.

Little P. Granne! granne!

Miss P. What rude interruption's this?

Little P. O nothing at all—only father's coming—that's all——

Tagg. The devil! what a catastrophe! (*both rise*)

Miss P. One last adieu! (*they embrace*) think you we shall ever meet again——

[*they find themselves fasten'd together and struggle.*]

Tagg. Damme if I think we shall ever part——

Miss P. Don't detain me—wont you let me go—

Tagg. Go! zounds! I wish you *was* gone.

[*Miss Pickle runs off with the lap of Tagg's coat, which tears off—Tagg Exit—Little Pickle runs off laughing.*]

Enter PICKLE.

Pick. Well, all's not so bad as I fear'd—he's not yet gone to sea, and Margery assures me I shall see him again soon, quite another thing from what he was—but now let me look after my Sister—tho' she let me play the fool, I'll take care to prevent *her*—I mustn't give up the consols too—but odso I haven't yet seen

my daughter,—I'll to her first, lest young yoo, yeo, shou'd really get her shipt off—and when I've secured fifteen, I'll look after fifty—but who's coming here? I'll conceal myself and watch—(*goes into the arbour.*)

Enter Miss PICKLE, with a casket.

Miss P. Mr Tagg—Mr Tagg—I hope he's return'd—how I tremble—kind Cupid aid your vot'ry's feeble steps——

Enter LITTLE PICKLE, disguised in a long cloak.

Miss P. (*mistaking him for Tagg*) O my dear Mr Tagg—take the casket, and let us make haste that we may escape before my brother comes back——

Little P. (*Kissing her hand*) This way—this way—[*as they are going Old Pickle comes from the arbour and stops 'em.*]

Pick. Your most obedient, humble servant, madam—well said fifty egad!—your most obsequious, Mr Alexander (*collars Little Pickle*) what John! William! Thomas! you sha'n't want attendants, mighty Prince—(*Enter Servants*) or may hap you had rather sleep in a castle, great Hero, we have a convenient jail close by, where you'll be very safe, most illustrious chief——

Miss P. A jail! O heav'ns! poor dear Mr Tagg—a victim to his love for me—Oh let's implore his forgiveness and entreat him to release you.

[*Little Pick. kneels—throws off his disguise and appears in his own hair, tho' still in the Sailor's dress.*]

Little P. Thus then let me implore for pardon, and believe that a repentance so sincere as mine will never suffer

suffer my heart again to wander from its duty towards him.

Pick. What's this, my-son, (*embraces him*) odds my heart I'm glad to see him once more—O you dear little fellow—but you wicked scoundrel, how dare you play me such tricks?

Little P. Tricks! O Sir, recollect you have kindly pardoned them already, and now you must intercede for me with my aunt, that I may have *her* forgiveness too, for preventing her from eloping with her tender swain, Mr Tagg.

Pick. Mr Tagg! odso! there the consols were sinking apace, but you have rais'd them once more. (*embraces*)

Little P. And do you then indeed, Sir, sincerely forgive me and forget all my past follies.

Pick. Forget them—ah, had you vex'd me as much again I shou'd have been more than repaid by the happiness of this moment.

Little P. Kind Sir, my joy is then complete, and I will never more offend,

(*Comes forward.*)

And yet wou'd these our fair and gracious spectators condescend to own they have been amused by my tricks, (and if I can judge of looks, or am skill'd in the language of eyes, they deign to smile assent) I shall be tempted again to transgress.

F I N I S.

THE
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

OF

THE FARMER.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

SMOKE-ALLEY.

M,DCC,XCII.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

DRAMATIS PEERSONÆ.

M E N.

Colonel Dormant,
Valentine,
Fairly,
Counsellor Flummery,
Farmer Blackberry,
Jemmy Jumps,
Rundy,
Bailiff,
1st Waiter,
2d Waiter,
Richard,
Farmer Stubble.



W O M E N.

Louisa,
Betty Blackberry,
Molly Maybush,
Landlady,

SCENE lies in Kent all the First Act, and in London
all the Second.

THE FARMER.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Rural Prospect, with a view of a gentleman's Seat at some distance.*

Enter FAIRLY and COLONEL DORMANT.

Fairly. (passionately)

YOUR master's a rascal! unknown to me marrying my daughter, then leaving her behind him in Canada; and here stepping into all the vices of London! a single gentleman forsooth! deny his marriage! but I'll strip him of his new got wealth.

Col. Hush! that's likely to happen without your help; you know that old humourist, his uncle Colonel Dormant, wishing to avoid the bustle and etiquette of rank, as a trial gave my master here the enjoyment of his fortune: of which hearing he makes so ill an use, he has absolutely advertised in the news-papers, to find if he ha'n't some other relation living to transfer it to.

Fairly. Then he has another relation, hereabouts too, and to find him is what brought me into Kent.

Col. What's his name?

Fairly. I wont tell.

Col.

THE FARMER.

Col. Me you may ; I'm Captain Valentine's steward to be sure, but I was plac'd here by his uncle, merely as a guardian over him ; and harkee, Mr Fairly, you know the Colonel, from being so much abroad, hasn't seen him since he was the height of a pen-case : I told him though of his deserting your daughter—all his profligate exploits ! he's so much incens'd that—— here's a letter in his own hand, commanding my master to resign every shilling's worth belonging to him, without beat of drum this very evening, march out of his house yonder, and for the first time appear before him on the parade in St James's Park to-morrow morning.

Fairly. (with joy) Then he's ruin'd ! ah, ha ! good Captain Valentine ! isn't that he cajoling some simple country girl ; *(looking out)* and his wife ! my poor child Louisa, oh how I should like to break his bones ! but no sword and pistol work for me, no I'll find the honest farmer Colonel Dormant's relation that's to supercede him—I'll teach a captain to wrong a lawyer. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter VALENTINE, and BETTY BLACKBERRY.

A I R.

Valentine.

Charming village maid,

If thou wilt be mine,

In gold and pearls array'd,

All my wealth is thine.

If

THE FARMER.

5

If not enjoy'd with thee,
E'en Nature's beauties fade,
Sweetest do but love me,
Charming *village maid*.

Had I yon Shepherd's care,
Your lambs to feed and fold
The dog star heat I'd bear,
And winter's piercing cold;
Well pleas'd I'd toil for thee,
At harrow, flail, or spade,
Sweetest do but love me,
Charming *village maid*.

This morn at early dawn,
I had a hedge rose wild,
It's sweets perfum'd the lawn,
'Tis nature's sportive child;
My lovely fair for thee,
Transplanted from the glade,
Sweetest do but love me,
Charming *village maid*.

Enter FARMER BLACKBERRY, (with a milk pail.)

Far. Where is this daughter of mine? ah! ha!

Betty. I vow your honour all these fine things would
make me vastly conceited.

Far. Ah! he won't have much trouble to do that.

[Aside.

Val. My adorable angel!

A

Far.

Far. I've heard say *fuiries* are good at it, but now I'll see an angel milk my cow.

Betty. La, father! talk of your cows to a gentleman.

[*Farmer giving her the pail puts her off.*

Val. Stop Farmer! yes I'll propose—he daren't refuse his Landlord (*aside*) I—shall—deal with you fair and open, your daughter Betty pleases me—name any settlement—or by God I'll sign a *carte blanche*—you know the world—and I dare say you understand me.

Far. Why, yes Sir, I think I do understand you. Pray Sir, did you ever feel the weight of an English cudgel.

Val. (*Surpris'd*) A what!

Far. Sir you may be yet a parent, then you'll be capable of a Father's feelings at the cruel offer, to make him a party in the prostitution of his child.

A I R.—*Farmer.*

E'er around the rude oak that o'er shadows yon mill,
The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine,
E'er the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
Or a rook built his nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time a far distant date,
Since my fore-father's toil'd in this field,
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He dying bequeath'd to his Son a good name,
Which unfully'd descended to me,

For my child I preserv'd it, unfully'd by shame,
And it still from spot shall be free. *[Exit.]*

Enter COLONEL DORMANT.

Val. This Farmer——by heavens—I——

Col. My good Sir!—hear your poor Steward! instead of ill will to the Farmer, as an English gentleman you should cherish the generous spirit of an English yeoman. For the affront you offer'd your honour would not at all suffer by making him an apology.

Val. Apology!——damn'd impudent this! *(aside)*
Total will you take it?

Col. (Quick) That I will Sir—and as an atonement, suppose I present him from you an acquittance for his rent, as this is quarter day?

Val. A pretty proposal! but ha, ha, ha! I'll fit my busy Steward *(aside)*; come I'll write a few lines of apology, you draw out a receipt, I'll enclose it, and you shall take it to him immediately. His daughter my bonny Bett! Total can you blame me.

A I R.—*Valentine.*

No more I'll count the town bred fair,

Who shines in artificial beauty,

For native charms without compare,

Claim all my love, respect, and duty.

Oh my bonny, bonny, Bett sweet blossom,

Was I a king so proud to wear thee,

From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,

To grace the faithful lover's bosom,

O my bonny bonny Bet.——

A 2

Yet

Yet ask me where these beauties lie,
 I cannot say in smile or dimple,
 In blooming cheek or radiant eye,
 'Tis happy nature wild and simple.
 O my bonny bonny Bet——

Let dainty beaux for Ladies fine,
 And sigh in numbers trite and common,
 Ye Gods one darling wish be mine,
 And all I ask is lovely woman.

O my bonny bonny Bet——

Come dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
 Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing,
 My heav'n art thou, so take my soul,
 With rapture every sense entrancing.

O my bonny bonny Bett—— [Exeunt.

SCENE.— FARMER BLACKBERRY'S house.

Enter FARMER and BETTY.

Far. There, stay within doors since you can't walk out, without having a gentleman after you.

Betty. La father the Gentlemen are so tempting! He, he, he.

Far. Ods bobs! I command you not to let him speak to you.

Betty. If a Gentleman's going to speak would'n't it be very rude in me to stop his mouth?

Far. Then always get out of his way.

Betty. That I certainly shall, if he's on horse back.

Far.

Far. Zounds hussy, couldn't you turn and walk from him.

Betty. So I did; and he turn'd and walk'd from me; but both walking on all round the field, 'till we came to the opposite side, there we met, face to face you know—and then! he, he, he, he! Oh precious.

A I. R.—*Betty.*

To hear a sweet Goldfinches sonnett,
This morning I put on my bonnett,
But scarce in the meadows pise on it,
When the captain appears in my view.
I felt an odd sort of sensation,
My heart beat a strong palpitation,
I blush'd like a pink or carnation,
When says he my dear how do you do?—

The dickens think I here has popp'd him,
I thought to slip by but I stopp'd him,
So my very best curtesy I dropt him,
With an air then he took off his hat;
He seem'd with my person enchanted,
He squeez'd my hand, how my heart panted,
He ask'd for a kifs, and I granted,
And pray now what harm was in that.

Says I, Sir, for what do you take me,
He swore a fine lady he'd make me,
No damn him, he'd never forsake me,
And then on his knees he slopp'd down;

THE FARMER.

His handkerchief la! smell'd so sweetly,
 His white teeth he shew'd so compleatly,
 He manag'd the matter so neatly,
 I ne'er can be kiss'd by a clown.

Far. Odd if neighbour Stubble's Stepson Jemmy was come home from London, he should take you off my hands this very evening.

Enter FARMER STUBBLE, joyfully.

Stub. Hey Betty! your sweetheart Jemmy's without.

Far. What! Jemmy, odd now I'm happy.

Betty. Pray has London, made him very like a Gentleman?

Stub. Wasn't it for that merely! to please you I sent him there?

Jemmy sings without.

Far. Ecod, here he comes—gay as a lark, fine as a butterfly, stout as a cock, and merry as a cricket, ha, ha, ha!

Betty. Aye, here comes the London beau.

Enter JEMMY, fantastic and foppish.

Jem. Gemmen, I'm yours! ma'am I'm your most, (*Struts*) dad! (*apart to Stubble*) hope you did not tell you had me Prentice to a stay-maker in London?

Betty (*Admiring.*) Lud! he looks quite rakish.

Jem. My dear, I kiss your hand.

Far. Ecod, if you go nigher, your dear must stretch a long arm.

Betty.

Betty. Why that was only a compliment, what they say in London.

Far. Oh! then in London saying and doing are two things.

Stub. But Jemmy, here's neighbour Blackberry.

Jem. (takes a flatt eye-glass and looks at him) Ah! ha!——

Far. (takes a large key and looks thro' the handle at him.) Oh! hoh!——

Betty. Oh! Jemmy you can tell us all the new fashions in town.

Far. Aye! what price does corn bring at the London market?

Jem. Corn!

Far. Aye how are oats?

Jem. Oats! ask my Ponies,—think I'm from Bear-quay! I'm a gentleman—of—you—a—a—ah—Cannaille!——

Betty. Indeed father you ask such uncouth questions,—pray Jemmy what is that makes you a gentleman?——

Jem. My share in a Pharoah bank,—my boots to sling over the benches in the play-house—glass to squint at a face not six inches from my own nose—my nag to kick up a dust in Rotten Row—short waistcoat, long breeches, two watches, twenty inch cane, umbrella hat, chin—beau—dash, and shoe-strings.

AIR.

THE FARMER.

A I R.—*Jemmy.*

Look dear ma'am I'm quite the thing,

Natibus hi, Tippity ho!

In my shoe I wear a string,

Tied in a black beau, so;

Cards and Dice, I've monstrous luck,

I'm no drake yet keep a duck,

Tho' not married, I'm a buck,

Lantherum Swash Quivi.

I've a purse well stock'd with—brass,

Chinkity hey! trinkity ho!

I've good eyes, but cock my glafs,

Stare about, Squintum ho!

In two boots I boldy—walk,

Pistol, sword, I never baulk,

Meet my man and bravely talk,

Pippity pop coupee.

Sometimes mount a smart Cockade,

Puppydum hey, Strattledum ho!

From Hyde Park to the parade,

Cocky my kary kee.

As I pass a sentry box,

Soldiers rest their bright firelocks,

Each about his musquet knocks,

Rattledum slap to me.

In the Mall ma'am gives her card,

Cashedy me, kiffedy she!

Sit before the stable yard,

Leg-orum lounge a row.

Pretty

Pretty things I softly say,
 When I'm ask'd our chairs to pay,
 Yes, says I, and walk away,
 Pennybus tartum ho!

Rotten-row my sunday ride,
 Trottedum hey! tumble off ho!
 Poney eighteen pence aside,
 Windgall, glanderum ho.
 Cricket I fain'd Lumpey Nick,
 Daddles smouch, Mendoza lick,
 Up to ah! I'm just the kick,
 Allemande cap'rum toe.

Betty. Oh lud, he's quite rakish.

Stub. Then Jemmy I warrant on your going to London you soon got into gentlemen's company?

Jem. Zounds mem I belong'd to a coterie.

Bet. La! what's a Coterie.

Jem. Mem it's a club—a thing we establisth'd—fitted up a house in stile—select—to be to ourselves for the purpose of play.

Far. Oh then there was a gang of you.

Jem. Gang! what d'ye call?—Party—Men of fashion, deep play—egad the rouleaus flew about like shuttle cocks.

Bet. And what's a rouleau?

Jem. A parcel of shillings neatly roll'd up like a—

Far. Aye like a pennyworth of tobacco I suppose!

Jem.

Jem. Tobacco—gad Sir you suppose the strangest—what?—eh.

Stub. And Jemmy who was of your—

Jem. Party?—I and Sir Bruin Vickerry, Marquis Pell Mell, Colonel Pimlico, and my Lord Piccadilly—Hem! (*flourishes.*)

All. Ha, ha, ha?

Jem. (*apart to Blackberry*) Must bounce a few—Betty's uppish, likely woudn't have me else.

Enter MOLLY.

Far. (*apart to Jemmy*) Right, neighbour, we'll have Betty and Jemmy married this very night—then she'll be out of the way of this wicked devil of a landlord. (*aside.*)

[*Pipe and tabour without.*]

We won our cricket match to-day—the lads and lasses are all in high glee, so your wedding shall add to the joy of the day, Ha, ha, ha?

[*Exeunt all but Jemmy, who is detained by Molly.*]

Mol. Jemmy you sha'n't marry Betty Blackberry.

Jem. Ha! little Molly Maybush! now shall I be bored—Silly wench—(*aside*) Molly! ha, ha, ha! I'm astonishingly glad to see you.

Mol. No Jemmy you are not, but you know afore you went up to London you was booksworn to me.

Jem. I went a clown and I'm come home a gem-man.

Mol. I'm sure all the difference I see, is, that going, you had brown hair, a fat face, and an honest heart;
and

and you're come home with a white head, lank cheeks, and an ill natur'd soul.

Jem. As to head—and face—and heart—I'm just the tippy, and as to soul that is with us Gents, like our honour, a thing we know nothing about only to swear by; as 'Pon my soul, fir; 'Pon my honour mem! just as you country folks might say—Odsbodkins, Gadzookers! and by the living Jingo!

Mol. For certain, my father can't leave me quite so well as Betty; we ha'n't so much Corn in our Granary, but I've ten times as much love in my heart, Jemmy.

(cries.)

Jem. Piping for me, Molly, is—I am not—come—at—a—ble.

Mol. But your Promise.

Jem. Keep a Promise, what do you take me for.

Mol. Did I think you ever could forget the day you left our village? Don't you remember as you was stepping on the Coach roof, as I stood crying, you with one foot on the little wheel, and t'other just on the boot—your right hand you stretch'd to the coachman and your left I held in mine, washing it with my tears—the post man at that moment sounding his horn—Gee—up—says the Coachman, and I soon lost sight of my Jemmy.

Jem. I protest I've such an absence—that—

Mol. You must remember your promise to marry me. You can't forget the Horn.

Jem.

Jem. Horn! a damn'd odd Marriage Memorandum
you have hit upon Molly. [Exit.

A I R.—*Molly.*

My Daddy O was very good,
To make me fine, he spar'd no pelf.
And scrapt up money all he could,
To give it to my bonny self;
My handsome cap from Dover came,
Some thought from France so gay to see,
Tho' sigh'd for by each maid and dame,
'Twas not my cap was dear to me.

Blythe Johnny O upon his mare,
A down the dell his horn rang sweet;
To me presented puffs the hare,
That o'er the wild thyme ran so sweet,
Tho' Ned a nosegay for my breast
Had brought, no flower more sweet than he,
And warbling Will a linnet's nest;
Nor flowers nor birds were dear to me.

So softly oh! to yonder grove,
The moon so kind the while did blink,
I stole to meet my own true love,
Yet on false love I fell to think;
The rustling leaves increase my fears,
A footstep falls, who can it be,
Ah joy! my *Jemmy* now appears,
And he alone was dear to me.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE.—*A Green before FARMER BLACKBERRY'S house, music and dancing heard without.*—

Enter FARMER and JEMMY.

Far. Ah! ha! featly done—Jemmy why don't you take a dance.

Jem. Me sport a toe among such clod hoppers, ah! ha! dance away my Vestris and Valchellis.

Far. Well my boy you shall have Betty then, no fear of our Squire; hey! what can his Steward want.

[looking out.

Enter COLONEL.

Col. Farmer, my master is now sorry for the affront he offer'd you, and requests you will accept here inclos'd a receipt and full acquittance for your quarter's rent.

Far. Why this may be kindly meant—so—to shew I bear no ill will I do accept it.

Enter RUNDY.

Run. Why, Lord, Farmer, there's the Squire's men are got driving your cattle and they say it's for your rent.

Col. What!

Far. On quarter's day! this is his receipt.

Col. Oh some mistake of that scoundrel the bailiff—Farmer open that—or here—you young fellow (*to Jemmy*) read aloud the paper, you'll find there, if your—Scholarship reaches so far. (*gives him the letter.*)

B

Jem.

Jem. (Conceitedly) Scholarship! (opens and reads.)

"For golden grain I bring you chaff

So Neighbours at the bearer laugh."

Ha, ha, ha! How do you like my Scholarship

"If this for quarter's rent won't pass

Why then the reader is an——"

Run. (Who has been reading over him) Afs—ha, ha, ha!

[laughing at Jemmy.]

Far. Does he make a jest of his cruelty.

Col. And me the fool! be assur'd Farmer, his uncle will do you justice; the Captain won't be long a landlord. (walks up enrag'd.)

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Oh Father!

Far. Jemmy I must now borrow this rent from the portion I thought to pay you down with Betty!

Jem. What do you say?

Far. I say I must borrow this rent from the portion I thought to pay you down with Betty.

Jem. Oh! ecod it happens so unlucky—but now I remember I—promis'd Molly Maybush—and tottol de rol—I believe the dinner is ready. [Exit singing.]

Betty. There now if Jemmy han't gone from me.

Far. And a good riddance of such a fordid—rascal; but there's your London Gentleman.

Enter FAIRLY.

Fair. Aye, this should be the house, and that the master, let's see my instructions (peruses a paper) Blackberry—mother's name—yes I hope here my search

search is at an end; your name is Blackberry; your mother niece to Edward Timbertop Esq?

Betty. (Curseys.) Yes Sir we have had Squires in our family.

Far. Aye, but I never knew any good on't—but to make you conceited.

Fair. I have authority to inform you that by this descent you are likely soon to be master of those very lands from whence your cattle were drove by your worthless Landlord.

Col. (Quick and joyful.) Eh! what Mr Fairly is this true—are you really related to Colonel Dormant.

Far. Why I did hear of some relation made a huge fortune in America—by army contracts or—but I know nought about 'em.

Fair. To prove your affinity to the Colonel and hear what he intends, you must go to London.

Far. Me to London! not I indeed.

Fair. Aye, and appear in splendour as his adopted heir; I'll have such a triumphant revenge on that puppy your master for his usage to my poor Louisa. (to Colonel.)

Col. But better first let the Colonel——

Fair. What d'ye talk, I'm a person of property, and if he disapproves of what I have done let my pocket answer. (*resolutely.*)

Col. Well since you're resolv'd, I'll instantly deliver to my master the Colonel's letter of dismissal, take charge of every thing yonder, and if you'll undertake

to get the Farmer and Family to town, I transfer my duty and shall be there in time to have lodgings prepar'd for their reception.

Fair. Good fellow—come along I say and instead of Blackberry, you must take the family name of Timbertop. [*Exeunt all but Betty.*]

Betty. To London!—yes instead of Betty Blackberry I shall be Miss Eliza Timbertop.

Enter JEMMY.

Jem. (aside) Old Blackberry fall'n into this here great fortune! Oh I must tack about.

Betty. Yes I shall have a coach.

Jem. (aside) A coach!

Betty. Precious! I'll be so tasty this summer—round my neck, a charming thick barcelona handkerchief; with a beautiful gauze one over it, a marseilles quilted petticoat, stout and as white as a counterpane;—over that a rich paduofay gown that shall stand on end, and over that again my choice long fatten cardinal furr'd with cat's skin.

Jem. (Aside and fanning himself) a cool summer drefs! pooh!

Betty. In my Kalimanco shoes, I'll have such a thumping pair of silver buckles, and in my pink hat a bunch of cherry colour'd ribbons!

Jem. (Advancing) Ha, my Betty!

Betty. (Looking round affectedly.) Betty!

Jem. I'm come to wish you joy.

Betty. Eh—wish joy—Oh the bellman.

Jem.

Jem. Bellman! my dear your own Jemmy Jumps.

Betty. Jumps!—now what is this person talking about.

Jem. Hem—mem! may I presume to beg.—

Betty. Beg! Oh the bellman, I haven't got no small change (*stately and affected*) upon my honour. [*Exit.*

Jem. (*Pause; and whistle*)—Yes, I must—ha—
Molly Maybush she's a hundred pounds—(*sings*) the
bellman! no small change! here's a very pretty change.
[*Exit.*

Enter MOLLY MAYBUSH and RUNDY.

Run. And Molly, an't you aham'd to leave such a true loving boy as I be?

Molly. Yes, I now see Jemmy courted me all along only for the love o'gain; yonder he is—let's laugh at him—I'll pretend not to see him.

A I R.—*Molly.*

Send him to me, let him woo me,
Gently breathe each tender vow,
Why forsake me, come and take me,
Take me in the humour now.
In my cheeks full roses blowing,
Wishes twinkle in my eyes,
Oh! What joy when joys bestowing,
Yet my careless Lover flies,
Girls don't hear him, mock him, fear him,
He'll deceive you, kiss and leave you,
Send him to me, &c, &c.

B 3

Enter

THE FARMER.

Enter JEMMY.

Jem. Your most—lovely Molly (*bows*)—Rundy what brings you here? (*fiercely.*)

Run. To see a little fun Sir.

Jem. Fun!

Molly and Run. Ha, ha, ha! (*on each side of Jemmy.*)

Jem. Molly I left you crying; methinks I find you wondrous frisky.

Molly. Yes Sir—(*curtseys.*)

Run. Yes Sir—(*bows.*)

Jem. Amazing civil—(*looking on each side.*)

Molly. Rundy, sure this is a gentleman.

Run. Is't indeed (*affects to look at Jemmy with amazement and admiration.*) Ha, ha, ha!

Jem. (*First looking at them very gravely*) Then—Ha, ha, ha! again if you come to that—ha, ha, ha! indeed Molly as second thoughts are best I'll return to my first design and have you.

Molly. No, Mr Gentleman, sure you would not be so good? (*ironically.*)

Jem. Do you think I'd break my engagement? Molly I claim your promise.

Molly. I keep a promise! what do you take me for?

Run. What d'ye take us for?

Molly. Jemmy, my father has engag'd me to Rundy here; so I am not com—at—a—ble.—There—(*crosses and gives her hand to Rundy and turns*) and thus let every girl serve the fortune hunting chap, that courts the heart, while his eye is on her pocket.

Jem

Jem. Have I figur'd in London for this? I the tulip
of Kensington gardens to be ousted by a cabbage-stalk!

O! ye Gods and Goddessees!

Tags, laces, whale-bone, busks and bodices.

T R I O.

Jemmy, Molly and Rundy.

Jem. My dear ma'am how do you clack away,
King George's English hack away.

Go press your cheese

And feed your Geese,

Tuck up your duds and pack away.

Mol. Go hop my pretty pet along.

Run. And down the dance lead Bet along.

Mol. But Rundy's stick.

Run. Your back shall lick.

Mol. You saucy monkey get along.

Jem. Ma chere amie tout autre chose,
Tho' Gentleman of Bully knows,

Lord nothing yet,

Before my Bet,

I'd kick a slim or pull a nose.

Dans votre lit sweet Moll adieu.

Run. And if so be what's that to you,

Jem. If e'er we meet

In London street,

I'll honour you with how d'ye do.

Run.

Run. A fig for you and your How d'ye do.

Mol. That for you and your how d'ye do.

Jem. Your love is incompatible

I am not come at a-ble.

Mol. For dance we're ripe,

D'ye hear the pipe?

And tabor how rattatable.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE.—LOUISA'S Lodgings in London.

Enter COLONEL and LANDLADY.

Colonel.

THE apartments, Mem, are for a family from the country.

Land. Well Sir, the lady here, moves to day to her house in Kent—this is she Sir (*looking out*) please to see the other Rooms Sir.

Col. Ma'am!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter LOUISA.

A I R.

Winds softly tell my love,

You have brought home his dove,

Say poor Louisa flies to her mate,

Smooth

Smooth was the ocean,
 Swift was our motion,
 He was my haven and absence my fate.
 Yet the lambs straying,
 Thro' the meeds playing,
 Cropping wild flowers on the precipice's brink,
 Joys surrounding,
 Sporting bounding,
 Nor on fond Phillis the wanton will think.
Col. (without) They'll do exceeding well Ma'am—
 But——

Enter COLONEL.

I must apologize to this lady for my intrusion before she had given up her apartments. (*bows*)

Lou. Sir, (curtseys) [*A loud knocking.*]

Col. Hey, there they are, 'Squire Timbertop and his whole family.

Fairly. (without) Oh Mr Total's here.

Lou. Heavens, my father!

Col. What, Mr Fairly?

Lou. Oh Sir I'm lost if he sees me.

Col. Then, madam, I presume you are Mrs Valentine.

Lou. Sir, since you know—dear Sir—don't—I dare not face my father till acknowledg'd by my husband, who has——

Col. You're just from Canada ma'am? and this the amiable woman he has deserted! (*aside*) don't be alarmed ma'm at my discovery—I am your steward madam.

Lou.

Lou. Perhaps my husband's Sir, Oh! bring me to him.

Col. Ma'am he is now in disgrace with his uncle, turn'd out ma'am—His uncle the Colonel ma'am is one of your very odd sort of persons, means well, but always doing something that no body else would think of—and I'm convinc'd he would not have you see your husband before he tries the success of a scheme he has plann'd for his reformation.

Enter LANDLADY.

Land. Laud Sir, Here's your country family come, ma'am wont you make use of my parlour, till your chaise comes—Jenny— *[Calls and exit.*

Col. Near the time I appointed my Gentleman in the Park, so must now leave the Blackberries to Fairly *(aside.)* Ma'am best remain here if you can keep out of your father's sight—In the evening I'll give you convincing reasons for postponing your journey to Kent—The Colonel Ma'am has heard of your wrongs, and is determined to punish his Nephew—He'll teach him in the school of poverty the use of riches ma'am.

[Bows and exit.

Lou. Ah! my Valentine! to forsake—to deny me—I'll not increase the Colonel's displeasure by seeing him—and yet—

Enter LANDLADY.

Land. Where's the old gentleman? Here's an officer below saw him through the windows, and desires he'd follow him into the Park.

[Exit.

Lou.

Lou. An officer! if it should be—it is my Valentine! discarded by his uncle—perhaps distress'd—*(rings)* Yes the steward said his uncle was determin'd he should learn in the school of poverty; no, no, my Valentine, I cannot see it.

Enter a SERVANT.

Lou. Richard—that gentleman—the officer—follow him—watch him where he goes—and instantly bring me word—quick! *[Exit Servant.*

Cruel uncle! to abandon him, and this unfeeling steward advise me not to see him—in want—heavens the thought—Oh Valentine—though unkind you've been, you are still my husband. *[Exit.*

SCENE.—ST JAMES'S PARK.

Enter COLONEL DORMANT.

Col. (Looking round) Follow you to the Park! but where—Eh isn't this the young fellow that read his curious receipt for me.

Enter JEMMY with a parcel.

Jem. Tol lol lol—Eh it is—master steward, who thought to have met you in London, Ha, ha, ha! well how have you left ploughman Blackberry and his clumsy family?

Col. True—I thought you were to have had his daughter and her clumsy fortune.

Jem. Have me! ha, ha, ha! certainly they were all upon the scramble for me as if I was a tit bit at a city feast.

AIR.

THE FARMER.

A I R.

Gad a mercy ; devil's in me,
 All the damsels wish to win me ;
 All the damsels

All the damsels wish to win me ;
 Like a maypole, round me cluster ;
 Hanging garlands ; fus and fluster ;
 Lirting cap'ring, grinning smirking ;
 Pouting bobbing, winking jerking ;
 Cocking bills up, chins up perking,
 Kates and Betties, Polls and Letties,
 All were doating, gentle creatures,
 On these features.

To their aprons all would pin me,
 Gad a mercy ; devil's in me,
 All the damsels wish to win me ;
 Pretty damsels, ugly damsels,
 Black hair'd damsels, red hair'd damsels,
 Six foot damsels, three foot damsels,
 Pale fac'd Damsels, plump fac'd damsels,
 Small leg'd damsels, thick leg'd damsels,
 Dainty damsels, dowdy damsels,
 Pretty, ugly, black hair'd, red hair'd,
 Six foot, three foot, pale fac'd, plump fac'd,
 Small leg'd, thick leg'd, dowdy, dainty,
 All run, all run after me Sir,

For when pretty fellows we,
 Pretty maids are frank and free ;

Gad a mercy ; devils in me ;
 All the ladies wish to win me ;
 For their stays, taking measure,
 Taking measure, oh the pleasure,
 Taking measure,
 Taking measure, oh the pleasure,
 Oh ! such tempting looks they gi' me,
 Wishing of my heart to nim me,
 Pat and cry, you devil Jemmy :
 Pretty ladies, ugly ladies,
 Black hair'd ladies, red hair'd ladies,
 Six foot ladies, three foot ladies,
 Pale fac'd ladies, plump fac'd ladies,
 Small leg'd ladies, thick leg'd ladies,
 Dainty ladies, dowdy ladies,
 Pretty, ugly, black hair'd, red hair'd,
 Six foot, three foot, pale fac'd plump fac'd,
 Small leg'd, thick leg'd, dowdy, dainty,
 All run, all run after me Sir,
 For when pretty fellows we,
 Ladies all are frank and free,
 The pretty maids are frank and free,
 Frank and free.

In the country I was a gentleman—in town I'm a
 stay-maker. (*points to his parcel.*)

Col. A stay-maker !

Jem. Perhaps you could recommend one—but right,
 ha, ha, ha ! Your master ran away from you—got
 into place yet ?

C

Col.

For

Col. Pert puppy. (*aside*.)

Jem. Never saw 'Squire Valentine; but hear he was a fine flashy fellow! one of us—ha—(*capers and sings*) I'm about setting up in business—want only a partner with a little ready—Molly's penny would have now been a-propos—raising capital is—I'm going now after a person who advances money, but, my old Steward, you're among the monied men—you could put a body into the way of raising a little cash—I can give undeniable security.

Col. Eh!—I'll try it yonder he comes—it may bring him into an embarrassing distress, and if any thing can reclaim him, the very shame of necessity must be the means (*aside*) why I—I do know a gentleman that does these things.

Jem. (*With eager joy*.) Where does he live?

Col. This happens lucky enough—See that gentleman coming strait from story's gate?

Jem. What in the brown coat?

Col. No, no.

Jem. Oh! in the small little buckl'd wig?

Col. P'shaw! what think you of that *red* coat?

Jem. That Officer! ha, ha, ha! a captain lend money? that's a good joke.

Col. He's agent to fifteen regiments.

Jem. Zounds then he can lend me the King's money.

Col. There, you see with what authority he leans against the treasury wall.

Jem.

Jem. Like a prop to the treasury—a rich fellow I warrant;—If you know him, my dear boy, will you propose it?

Col. Well, I'll speak to him.

Jem. Much oblig'd—here he is.

Col. Be you in the way.

Jem. Only drop this in Fludyer street (*cross*) two hundred will just do for me—I'll do the handsome thing—house keeper's security—premium to you and the neatest pair of dimity jumps for your girl—mum—now—ha!—(*grimacing.*) [Exit.

Enter VALENTINE, out of temper.

Val. When did you get to town? whose house is that I saw you gossiping in?

Col. Then he has not seen his wife? (*aside.*)

Val. Well here have I been parading this half hour and no uncle as his letter appointed.

Col. You don't know his person—perhaps *he* has been parading too—and surveying you.

Val. I'll wait no longer—I discard him—talk of *me*, he's made up of whim, caprice, and uncertainty.

Col. Why faith he's a little queerish in his—but no caprice—no, no; curs'd inflexible in what he thinks right, aye, he'll certainly settle his fortune on this new found relation—your conduct to your wife—affair of Blackberry, &c.——

Val. Give me a taste of life and now turn me adrift only for a few fashionable gallantries! I got there to passe dix too before I left home—haven't one guinea

in my pocket—If I could but raise a little money just for an out set.

Col. Could not some be rais'd on your commission?

Val. Hey—but I don't know any of these money-brokers.

Enter JEMMY, smiles at COLONEL and walks up.

Col. Sir d'ye see that gentleman.

Val. That fellow that nodded to you.

Col. Fellow!—you've seen an advertisement of a person that has twenty thousand lying at his banker's, that's he—X. Y. the most liberal money lender in town.

Val. Why, he gave you a very familiar nod; Total, see if he'll advance the cash to me.

Col. I'll try, about two hundred will do?

Val. Capital!

Col. Sir! (*calls to Jemmy, then goes over and speaks apart to him.*) He'll do it.

Jem. My dear friend, does he know the sum I want? security I can give, and——

Col. All—step to any Tavern hard by, and I'll bring him to you.

Jem. Eh!—the Rummer—the landlady's a customer of mine—but think he'll have the money about him? (*joyful.*)

Jem. Isn't Drummond's over the way? have you a purse, or good strong pockets for the cash when you get it? (*half aside.*)

Jem. A good pocket, but no purse—I have a delicate glove, stout ramskin.

Col.

Col. Here the guineas will be so snug in the fingers.

Jem. The half guineas drop so pat in the little one.

Col. (*aloud to Valentine.*) Sir the gentleman will see you at the Rummer.

Val. (*Bowing to Jemmy*) Sir, I shall attend you.

Jem. (*Bows to Valentine and smiles to Colonel as he goes off.*) Sir, Oh Sir! (*to Colonel*) I've only to take measure of a Lady over in Suffolk Street, just come to town—new customer—be with you in five minutes. (*to Captain*) A fine day Sir! [*Exit Jemmy.*]

Col. Oh yes, he will lend it.

Val. You're a devilish good fellow, Total.

Col. But he's so curs'd fond of good eating and drinking: nothing to be done without giving him a dinner, and drinks Burgundy I assure you.

Val. Zounds I'll give him a bottle and a bird with all my soul—yonder's Supple and Captain Palaver I heard of my misfortune and they seem to avoid me—my friends!

Col. Ah my good Sir, even the civility of the world hangs on the success of the moment and let your empty pockets now convince you, that distress is the touchstone of friendship; suppose to cut a flash, I ask 'em to dinner you'll be oblig'd to give this gentleman—and ha, ha, ha! Sir, to carry it on, I'll desire Mr X. Y. before them to seem as if you were the lender.

Val. Ha, ha, ha! well done Total—ha, ha, ha! hey (*looking out*) counsellor Flummery too—true I owe him twenty guineas.

Col. Well Sir, you will be now able to pay him. Gad Sir, he can draw up the necessary writings between you and the gentleman; I'll ask him.

Val. Run bespeak a good room and order dinner for six. *[Exit Colonel.]*

This supply will set me going, I'll let my uncle see I can shine without his dirty acres, now I have got among the money lenders.

A I R.—*Valentine.*

How bright are the joys of the table,
 I mean when the cloath is remov'd;
 Our hearts are fast held by a cable,
 While round the decanter is shov'd.
 The Ladies all rise to retire,
 We stand up and look very grave;
 A bumper then draw round the fire,
 Determin'd like souls to behave.
 A bumper a bumper, &c.

My servant he knows I'm a toper,
 Clean glasses of wine a recruit,
 He brings in a fix bottle cooper,
 And places it close at my foot.
 I gingerly take up a bottle,
 The saw dust I puff from his coat,
 The cork out he sings in the throttle,
 But sweeter than Mara his note.
 Sweeter than Mara, &c.

What

What Gentleman coffee now chuses,

The compliment comes from the fair,

No Gentleman coffee refuses,

But not a man stirs from his chair.

Tho' Frenchmen do so I bar it,

With British politeness I think,

While Monsieur we thank for claret,

He never shall teach us to drink.

He never shall teach us, &c.

Gay Hebe now shews in Apollo,

A struggle 'twixt claret and wit,

For Bacchus insists he shall swallow,

Six bumpers before he may fit.

Ye fair why so ill should we treat you,

To part ere the battle is won,

At supper Apollo shall meet you,

And shew you what Bacchus has done.

Apollo at supper, &c.

[Exit.

SCENE.—*The Apartment in which LOUISA has been seen.*

Enter FAIRLY.

Fair. What accommodation has old Total got for the Farmer and his family here.

Enter RUNDY, in a Livery.

So Rundy you've got to London.

Run. Yes Sir.

Fair. Well, and how do you like it?

Run.

Run. Oh ! hugely Sir ; I think it a deadly fine place —master thought I shouldn't come with him, but Lord he has behav'd so kind to me that I told him I would not leave him because I could not better myself.

Fair. And you have got from the plough to the coach ?

Ruu. No, Sir—Miss Bet would make master and she go all round the town in chairs. I walk'd, afore he, he, he ! Master's so grand and Miss Betty's quite my Lady ; my Molly's our maid, and I'm my own Gentleman.

Fair. Tell your master I'm here.

Run. Tell ! why man in London, one can call a body from the top of the house to the bottom and from the bottom to the top without opening one's mouth. (*goes and rings*) that does it.

Fair. Why sure you don't ring for your master.

Run. Why Sir he rings for me, and one good turn deserves another ; Lord you can't think what a beau I intend to be here in London, oh !

A I R.—*Rundy.*

A Flaxen headed cow boy, as simple as may be,
And next a merry plough boy I whistled o'er the lea ;
But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
And soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face.
When Steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a tradesman's bill,
My master's coffers empty, my pocket to fill :
When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the plough boy that whistled o'er the lee.

I'll

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,
I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in myself.
Whatever's good for me Sir, I never will oppose :
When all my ayes, are sold off, why then I'll sell my noes.
I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph ; with speeches
charm the ear,

And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll sit down a peer.
In court of city honour, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough boy that whistl'd, &c.

[Exit.

Enter FARMER and BETTY, dressed.

Fair. Ah, ha ! here they come.

Bet. Sir I have the honour to be monstrous proud
to see you.

Far. Yes Sir, you see she has the honour to be
monstrous.

Fair. She's fashionable.

Far. What, with her coal-black hair full of brown
dust, and her hat all o'one side as if she'd got fuddl'd.

Bet. Fuddl'd ! oh its fashion and Mrs Fallal the mil-
liner says I shall soon set the fashions—she'll be ask'd
for the Eliza Cap—the Timbertop bonnet—She says
I've a shape for a duchess, so I have ; but to improve
it, she's to send me the neatest stay-maker in town.

Enter LANDLADY with a band box.

Land. Mem, here's your new cap, and there's a
person below come from Tavistock street.

Bet. Oh ! its he—yes it must be the stay-maker—
shew him in.

Land.

Land. Walk up, young man.

Enter JEMMY.

Jem. Me'm have the honour to be recommended by Mrs Fallal of Tavistock street to——please me'm, I'll take your measure, taper as a topsy turvy sugar loaf.

Bet. What taper!—topsy turvy, is that the fashion.

Jem. (*surpris'd*) Betty Blackberry!

Bet. (*looking*) What! my country town beau, Jemmy Jumps.

Jem. Well, I protest, this is the most immensely strange—I came here to a Miss Timbertop.

Bet. Well I am she, master——Timbertop.

Jem. Very unlucky! But the money lender is waiting for me at the Rummer. (*aside*)

Far. So this is your Rouleau and Coterie!—a stay-maker! but you'll make no stay here.

Jem. Then I'll go—Hey—my—Mr Jumps' carriage.

[*Exit followed by Landlady.*]

Bet. La! what an impudent fellow that is, to pop himself on us in the country for a gentleman. *Then* I might be impos'd on—but *now* I'm so *Tonish*.

Far. Child you're young and I don't want to nip pleasure in the bud, only take care of the fops, mind child.

Enter COLONEL DORMANT.

Col. Farmer, the Colonel desires me to conduct you to him, he has sent his coach.

Bet. Coach! oh if Jemmy Jumps was but to see me now.

Fair

Fair. And pray what's become of his hopeful nephew, my son in law.

Far. Aye! gadzooks where's the Squire?

Col. Now at the Rummer Tavern, and soon in the hands of the bailiffs. [*Exeunt Colonel and Betty.*]

Fair. Now farmer you and I'll have a compleat revenge.

Far. I want no revenge.

Fair. What, you can forget old quarrels and forgive past injuries, somewhat of the humour of your country though willing to shake hands, you like to be prepar'd for a blow if an enemy should intend to give it.

Far. Farmer——

A I R.

Old England's a lion stretch'd out at his ease,
A sailor his keeper, his couch the green seas,
Shou'd a monkey dare to chatter, or a tyger claw,
They tremble at his roar as he lifts his paw,
I love a neighbour's friendship, but if he turn'd foe
Prepare to receive him with blow for blow.
Prepare, &c. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—*A Room at the Rummer Tavern, (loud laughing without.)*

Enter JEMMY and 1st WAITER.

Jem. Oh! the gentleman desir'd you'd call me out from the company and he'd settle the affair with me here.

Wait.

Wait. Yes.

Fem. Now I shall pocket the cash, tol, lol, lol! oh—and Jack, if your mistress sends me up her stays, I'll take 'em home with me now and alter them to her liking.

[*Exit Waiter.*

That will shew this gentleman I'm a man of business then he wont be afraid to lend—I wonder will he have the cash about him—though I should like he'd send me over to Drummond's, its so pretty to see these banker's clerks shovel up the gold with a back paw, slide a handful of guineas along the counter, then tip, tip, tip, reckon so nimble—(*mimics*) with this money such a smart shop as I shall open.

Valentine. (*without*) Push about lads—the gentleman and I will return to you instantly.

Fem. (*with joy*) Oh here he is.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. Well Sir, aren't my friends jolly fellows?

Fem. Very jolly, and we'd a choice fine dinner: that pig and pruin sauce—oh! dear but there'll be a monstrous great bill to pay.

Val. A vulgar fellow this—but I'll touch his cash and then get rid of him. (*aside*) Wont you please to sit Sir.

Fem. Now if he's not as condescending as if he was not worth a guinea. (*aside*)

Val. True! Total said he lov'd his bottle. (*aside*) Waiter a batch of Burgundy in here.

[*Enter Waiter with wine and glasses and exits*

Fem.

Jem. More Burgundy! my shot will make a vast hole in the money I'm to get. (*aside*)

Val. Sir I esteem myself so much oblig'd—(*cringing complaisantly to each other.*)

Jem. Sir!—What gentleness to me that's going to borrow his cash from him. (*aside*) Sir its what I never shall forget the longest day I have to live.

Val. Sir!—the civillest money lender I ever met with. (*aside*) Sir, though I flatter myself the security is unexceptionable—

Jem. Security!—Sir, I'll have two of the warmest house-keepers in Norton Fal-gate.

Val. Norton Fal-gate, I don't know any body in that quarter of the town.

Jem. Lord it's one of the most substantiallest and most opulentest places.

Val. I haven't a doubt Sir, but I had hopes of giving you a lieutenant's commission.

Jem. Give *me* a commission.—Eh, he, he, he!

Val. Oh well Sir, since that is not—if Mr Total joins in a bond.

Jem. Sir I have no objection to a bond, if you think that sufficient—but asking Mr Total to join is—a liberty that I could not expect—him to join—oh—no—

Val. My dear Sir—if he dare refuse I'd break every bone in his body.

Jem. Break every bone in his body, oh! Lord—for me—what force him to join in—oh Sir by no means—

D

he's

he's almost a stranger to me though he has so kindly brought about this business.

Val. Oh! well Sir, if you think it can be done—between ourselves.

Jem. Sir (*bows*) how good—the sum I suppose you understand is——

Val. Two hundred pounds (*bows and smiles.*)

Jem. Just. (*bows.*)

Val. Sir! won't you take a glass of wine? (*fills.*)

Jem. Sir won't you take another.

Val. Sir.

Jem. Sir.

} *jingle glasses both.*

Val. Here's X. Y. against the whole alphabet.

Jem. (*aside.*) A new toast among the money Lenders I suppose—Sir here's X. Y. in the alphabet (*they drink.*)

Val. Sir, now if you please I'll call in my friend the lawyer, and we'll settle the affair at once.

Jem. Now I shall touch—that for Molly Maybush's fortune (*snaps his fingers, aside.*)

Val. Gad this two hundred pounds will make a man of me. (*aside*) Counsellor Flummery come into court. (*calls with great gaiety.*)

Enter COUNSELLOR FLUMMERY.

Coun. Well Gentlemen if you're quite agreed.

Val and Jem. Oh yes! we're agreed. (*Counsellor takes out book and reads.*)

Val.

Val. (Snatching it.) Pshaw! we both know the sum and terms so here goes to sign and seal, and all's settl'd. (*writes and gives it Jemmy.*)

Coun. Valentine, I've drawn out a bit of a receipt for that twenty guineas. (*apart to Valentine.*)

Val. My dear fellow I'll pay you down this moment.

Jem. I deliver that as my hand and pen.

Coun. Your hand and pen! oh! my dear it's your act and deed you mean.

Jem. I deliver that as my hack and deed.

Coun. There now Gentlemen, nothing's to be done but down with the gold. (*Valentine and Jemmy stand some time looking at each other with expectation.*)

Val. Here's a repository for the two hundred pounds. (*takes out a purse.*)

Jem. And here's my ram-skin budget. (*takes out a glove.*)

Val. What's that for Sir.

Jem. To receive the cash Sir.

Val. Receive! true, Total told me he had twenty thousand pounds at his banker's. (*aside*) Then Sir I'll here 'till you bring me the money.

Jem. Then you'll wait a damn'd long while. (*aside*) Lord Sir Drummond wouldn't give his Daddy money without your order.

Val. Really Sir, I know nothing about Drummond or his Daddy, I wait for the money that you——

Jem. Sir.

Val. The two hundred pounds you are going to lend me.

Jem. I going to lend you——

Val. Why, Sir, you know that's what brought you here.

Jem. Oh Lord no Sir—no, no, I came here for you to lend me two hundred pounds.

Coun. Ha, ha, ha! 'pon my honour here's a fine Irish bargain all borrowers and no lenders! but who's to pay costs;—as you don't want the receipt John Doe and Richard Roe. (*aside.*) [Exit Coun.]

Val. Damme, Sir who are you.

Enter WAITER with Stays gives them to JEMMY.

Wait. Here, my Mistrefs desires you'll add two bones to her stays and bring them home yourself to-morrow.

Val. Pray friend, do you know this Gentleman?

Wait. Yes Sir, that Gentleman is—ha, ha, ha! Jemmy Jumps the stay-maker.

Jem. Yes Sir, and if your Lady should want me—

Val. (*Rises and takes Jemmy down to the Lamps.*) Pray Sir a'n't you X. Y.

Jem. No, Sir, nor P. Q. neither—pray Sir don't you prop the treasury.

Val. Total has either play'd me a trick or made some curs'd blunder here—retire—(*commanding.*)

Jem. Retire.

Val. Withdraw you rascal.

Wait.

Wait. The other Gentlemen are stepp'd out and desir'd me to bring the bill up to you Gentlemen. (*offers the bill to Jemmy.*)

Jem. Bill! Lord man I'm no Gentleman.

Wait. It's twenty two pounds, ten shillings.

Jem. (*Looking at it*) Twenty two pounds, ten, withdraw you rascal.

Val. This infernal old fellow to draw me into a tavern bill and not a guinea in my pocket. (*Aside*) Is Counsellor Flummery gone too.

Wait. Yes Sir, but he has left a bailiff below. (*ringing without*) Coming up Sir.

Val. A Bailiff!

Jem. A Bailiff—oh Lord——

Enter BAILIFF.

Bail. Sir—I've a writ against you.

Val. Well—I'll go——

Wait. You won't go I hope Sir, 'till the bill's settl'd.

Jem. I will if I can tho'—— [*Exit Jemmy.*]

Val. Was ever such a miserable dog! confusion, now I'm punish'd for my cruelty to my amiable wife, and poor Blackberry, how he'd triumph to see this! no way to extricate—(*Enter LOUISA hastily, and ist Waiter who whispers Bailiff and Exit.*)—my wife!

Lou. Here my Valentine, (*gives him a pocket-book*) open that nor blush to receive liberty from your affectionate Louisa.

Enter FAIRLY.

Wait. My Father!

Val. Mr Fairly I've wrong'd you, but shall make atonement here—(to Louisa.)

Fair. Do Sir——

Enter COLONEL DORMANT.

Total! Ah you old humming canto—babo—but now all's forgiveness love and liberty—I must discharge—— here Bailiff.

Enter 2d WAITER.

Wait. Sir he's gone—the country Gentleman that came with you Sir (to Colonel) paid debts, costs, and discharg'd the bill of the house. [Exit Waiter.

Col. Old Blackberry do this.

Enter BLACKBERRY and BETTY.

Far. Here Squire's a different sort of receipt from what you sent me for my rent.

Fair. Zounds what!——

Far. Mr Fairly you're a wise Lawyer: But a simple Farmer thinks good for evil is the most complete revenge.

Col. Ah, ha, ha! What say you to the Colonel's Heir.

Val. This—You're the King of Spades—Total, now where's my uncle. (flaps Colonel heartily on the shoulder.

Col. You need not hit your uncle quite so hard.

Val. Uncle!—it must be—Oh! Sir, as you've been all along the witness of my follies—

Col. Vices—by corrosives, I attempted the cure.

Lou. Which I hope by lenitives to perform.

Far.

THE FARMER.

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Far. If you are the Colonel, thank you, but take your grandeur from me—Gads bobs! I find my hands are too hard, and my head too soft for a gentleman.

Col. Well, my honest kinsman, if you can enjoy more happiness in your farm, I'll take care your stock shall never be seiz'd by a landlord.

Far. Then, Huzza! come child from our little sample of fashion, we shall return with double relish for peace, happiness, and Blackberry farm.

Betty. I don't love peace and happiness—I won't leave London without a beau.

Enter RUNDY, MOLLY, and JEMMY.

Jem. Here I am, my dear Farmer—I mean Squire Timberhead—a gentleman would have a thousand pounds, I'll take her with half. So then I put five hundred into your pocket, with the other we'll open a smart shop without a money-lender; with hopes our friends will drop their guineas into my ram-skin budget.

Col. Mr Fairly, I thank you for all your trouble—proud of my generous—new relation—nephew henceforth the honest man in distress shall be my kinsman.

F I N A L E.

Far. Welcome joy and hence with sorrow,
Laugh to day and cry to-morrow,
Smiles succeeding fortune's frowns,
All the world is ups and downs.

Val,

Far.

Val. Joy and truth in generous wine,
Friends sooth the cares of Life,
Joy, friend—truth in these combine,
My faithful wife.

Betty. Four in hand I spark away,
Harp twinkle, twang my bow,
To a circle read a play,
When I know how,
Welcome joy, &c.

Run. Sweet to kiss upon the grass,
Gadzooks I can't in town,
Give my merry willing lass,
A neat green gown.

Mol. Farewel fields, and sweet hay mow,
No more my Lambs I'll see,
Rundy says I must be now,
A gay Lady.
Welcome joy, &c.

Jem. Pretty girls who fine things lack,
All come and deal with me,
I'm myself a nice knick knack,
Your own Jemmy.

Welcome joy, &c.

18 JUL 70
F I N I S.

THE
FARCE
OF
ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL,
SMOKE-ALLEY.

M,DCC,XCII.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Marquis de Lancy,
La Fluor, his Valet,
Doctor,
Piccard,
Francois,
Jeffrey, the Doctor's servant,



W O M E N.

Constance,
Lifette.

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ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in the Doctor's House.*

A Table, a Chair, Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Enter CONSTANCE hastily, meeting LISETTE.

Constance.

LISETTE, Lisette, who do you think I have just seen?

Lif. Your old guardian I suppose.

Con. Do you think I should look thus pleasant if it was *he* I meant?

Lif. Who then, our jailor who keeps the keys?

Con. What poor Jeffrey, ha, ha, ha!—how you talk.

Lif. No, no, I guess who you mean, the young Marquis De Lancy, and he has passed so frequently under your window within these few days, that I am amazed your guardian, with all his suspicions has not observed him.

Con. He has walk'd by above ten times within this hour, and every time with his eyes fixed up to the lattice of my window, and I had no heart to remove from it, for every time he saluted me with the most respectful bow.

Lif. Was his valet with him?

Con.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Con. No, but I saw another person in deep conversation with him, a strange looking man, who appeared like one of the faculty, for his dress very much resembled that of my guardian's.

Lif. Who wou'd it be?

Con. But what most surpris'd me, he had a letter in his hand, which he respectfully held up to me: but I could not reach it.

Lif. I know who it is—La Fluor, valet to the Marquis, disguised as a doctor, and I have no doubt but under that disguise he will find means to introduce himself to your old guardian, and perhaps be brought into the very house, and if I can assist his scheme, I will; for is it not a shame the doctor should dare here in Paris to forbid both you and your servant to stir from home; lock us up, and treat us as women are treated in Spain. (*with anger*)

Con. Never mind, Lisette—don't put yourself in a passion, for we can learn to plot and deceive, and treat him, as men are treated in Spain.

Lif. Right, Madam, and to prove I am not less inclined than yourself to the Spanish manners, I am as much in love as you are.

Con. Not with the Marquis?

Lif. Do you think I don't know better where it is my duty to love? I am in love with his man——

Con. I wish I knew the contents of that letter he held out to me.

Lif.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

5

Lif. That you are beloved—admired, I can tell every word in it—I know every sentence as well as if I had read it—and now, madam, it is my advice, you sit down and answer it directly.

Con. Before I have read it?

Lif. Yes, yes, give your answer at the time you receive his letter—consider how convenient it will be to give the one, while you take the other—we are so watched you know, that we ought to let no opportunity pass, for fear we should never get another, and therefore, when he finds means to send his letter, you must take the same method to return yours.

Con. But if my guardian should even know I had written to a gentleman.—

Lif. I'll write for you—and shou'd there be any discovery the letter will be in my hand writing, not yours—we must lose no time—the Doctor is abroad at present, and it must be both written, and deliver'd, before his return. (*She sits at the table and begins to write.*)

Con. But my dear Lisette—

Lif. Don't put me out.

Con. What are you saying?

Lif. (*writing*) What you are thinking.

Con. You don't know my thoughts?

Lif. I do.—And here they are in this letter.

Con. Let me look at it.

Lif. No, don't examine your thoughts, I beg you won't (*folds the letter and rises*) besides, you have no

time to read it, I must run to the garden gate and deliver it immediately—the worst difficulty is, having for near an hour to supplicate this poor simple decrepit'd fool of the old Doctor's to open me the gate for a moment, (*Jeffry calls.*)

Con. The Doctor has lately appointed Jeffry his apothecary—he is busy preparing of medicines, and will be angry at being disturb'd.

Lif. No matter—it may save the life of some of his Master's patients.

Enter JEFFRY, a bandage on his left eye and one on his right leg.

Jef. You made me overthrow the whole decoction.

Lif. Great Apothecary!

Con. And alone worthy the physician under whom you have received instructions.

Jef. I am very sorry I overthrew the decoction, for it was for my use—my leg is in pain still, and I am not yet satisfied the dog was not mad.

Lif. I tell you I am sure he was not, and had you suffer'd him to live, it wou'd have prov'd so.

Jef. My master order'd me to kill him.

Lif. Merely to make you believe he was mad, and to shew his skill by pretending to preserve you from the infection.

Jef. Nay don't speak against my master.

Lif. Who was it undertook to cure your eyes?

Jef. He, and thank heaven, Lisette, I shall not suffer any more from that.

Lif.

Lif. Why then do you wear a bandage?

Jef. To hide the place where it was.

Lif. And is it thus the doctor cured you?

Jef. He was so kind to put my left eye out, in order to save the right.

Con. Well you are still more fortunate than the God of Love, for he has no eyes at all——

Jef. And I shall have two very soon, for my master has promis'd me to buy me one at the great manufactory, which will be much handsomer than either of my other—a very handsomer glass one.

Lif. And if the Doctor will remake you thus piece by piece, in time my dear Jeffry, you may become a very pretty man—but you know Jeffry, I love you even as you are.

Jef. Love me—that's a good joke—Lifette, I am afraid you want something of me, you speak to me so pleasantly.

Lif. Want something of you—how cou'd such an idea enter your head?

Jef. Because when you don't want something of me, you huff me, and cuff me,—from morning to night,—eh, eh! you look no more as you do now, why if I was dying, I durst hardly speak to you.

Lif. Well henceforward you shall have no reason to complain. But do you know Jeffry, I have a little favour to ask of you.

Jef. Aye! I thought so——

A 2

Con.

Lif.

Con. My dear Jeffry, we will make you any recompence.

Jef. What is it you want, if I can do it without offending my master I will.

Lif. If you don't tell him, he'll never know it—

Jef. But I tell him every thing—he pays me my wages for telling—and I must not take them without earning them.

Con. If money is of such value to you, here take my purse.

Jef. No it is not money I want—it is something else.

Lif. What, what, then?

Jef. (*looking at Lifette with affection.*) Oh, Mrs Lifette, you know what I want, but you always denied me.

Lif. Ffhaw! if I cou'd grant it indeed without my master knowing of it.

Jef. Oh, I would not tell him of that I protest.

Con. Well, Jeffry what is your favour?

Jef. Just one salute of Mrs Lifette.

Lif. Oh, if that's all, after you have oblig'd us, you shall have twenty.

Jef. But I had rather have one now than the twenty you promise after.

Lif. Come then, make haste if it must be so.

Jef. (*after saluting her.*) Oh the first kifs of the girl one loves, is so sweet.

Lif. Now you are ready to comply with our request?

Jef. Tell me what it is?

Lif.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Lif. To give us the key of the garden gate.

Jef. I am very sorry I can't oblige you.

Lif. Why not?

Jef. For several reasons.

Lif. Tell me one?

Jef. In the first place, I have not got the key—my master took it with him when he went out.

Lif. You know you tell a falsehood, he has not got it—is this your bargain and your gratitude.—

Jef. Nay if you are angry at that give me the kiss again.

Lif. Ugly, foolish, yet artful and cunning wretch, leave the room, you make love to me indeed? Why I always hated you, laugh'd at you, and despised you—

Jef. I know that—did not I tell you when you spoke so kindly to me, you wanted something, how then could you expect me to oblige you.

Lif. I shall ever detest the sight of you.

Jef. Unless you want something, and then you'll call me again—and then I shall kiss you again ha, ha, ha!

[Exit shewing the key.]

Lif. I never was so provok'd in my life.

Con. My dear, Lifette, if our two lovers, the Marquis and his servant, prove no more fortunate in their schemes, than we have been in ours, I fear, I must according to his desire, marry the Doctor—and you Jeffry.

Lif. I marry Jeffry—here comes the Doctor.

A 3

Enter

Enter DOCTOR.

Doc. What an indignity—I can't put up with it—I can't bear it—I'm ready to choak with passion.

Con. Dear Sir what is the matter?

Doc. I am disgraced, ruined and undone.

Con. And what has caused it Sir?

Doc. A conspiracy of the blackest kind—man's weakness is arrived to its highest summit; and there is nothing wanted but merit, to draw upon us the most cruel persecution.

Lif. Ah! I understand—the faculty have been conspiring against you.

Doc. They have refused to grant me a diploma— forbid me to practice as a physician, and all because I don't know a parcel of insignificant words; but exercise my profession according to the rules of *reason* and *nature*; Is it not natural to die, then if a dozen or two of my patients have died under my hands, is not that natural?

Lif. Very natural, indeed.

Doc. But thank heaven, in spite of the scandalous reports of my enemies I have this morning nine visits to make.

Con. Very true, Sir, a young ward has sent for you to attend his guardian—three nephews have sent for you to attend their uncle, very rich men—and five husbands have sent for you in great haste to attend their wives.

Doc

Doc. And is not that a sign they think what I can do—is it not a sign they have the highest opinion of my skill, and the faculty shall see I will rise superior to their machinations—I have enter'd upon a project, that I believe will teaze them—I have made overtures to one of their profest enemies, a man whom they have crushed, and who is the chief of a sect just sprung up, of which perhaps, you never heard, for simply by the power of Magnetism they can cure any ill, or inspire any passion.

Con. Is it possible?

Doc. Yes—and every effect is produced upon the frame, merely by the power of the Magnet, which is held in the hand of the physician, as a wand of a conjuror is held in his, and it produces wonders in physic equally surprising.

Con. And will you become of this new sect?

Doc. If they will receive me—and by this time the President has, I dare say received my letter, and I wait impatiently for an answer.

Enter JEFFRY.

Yes. A Doctor at the door, desires to speak with you.

Doc. A Doctor in my house?

Lis. I dare say it is the Magnetizing Doctor you have been writing to.

Doc. Very likely—I dare say 'tis Doctor Mystery, shew him in Jeffry.

Yes. Please to walk this way, Sir.

Enter

Enter LA FLUER, dress'd as a Doctor.

[Exit Jeffry.]

La Fluor. Doctor, I hope I have your pardon, that tho' no farther acquaintance than by letter, I thus wait upon you to pay my respects.

Con. (to Lisette) It is the same I saw with the Marquis.

Lis. (aside) And it is La Fluor his valet.

La Fluor. And to assure you, that I, and all my brethren have the highest respect for your talents, and shall be happy to have you a member of our society.

Doc. I presume, Sir, you are Doctor Mystery, author and first discoverer of that healing and sublime Art Animal Magnetism.

La Fluor. I am.

Doc. And it will render you immortal—my curiosity to become acquainted with the forms and effects of your power is scarcely to be repressed a moment, will you indulge me with the smallest specimen of your art, just to satisfy my curiosity.

La Fluor. You are then intirely ignorant of it?

Doc. Intirely.

La Fluor. And so am I. *(aside)* Hem—hem—you must know Doctor——

Doc. Shall I send the women out of the room.

La Fluor. By no means——no, no, but I will shew both you and them a specimen of my art directly——

You

You know Doctor, there is an universal fluid, which spreads throughout all nature.

Doc. A fluid?

La Fluer. Yes, a fluid—which is—a—fluid—and you know, Doctor, that this fluid—generally called a fluid, is the most subtle of all that is the most subtle—Do you understand me.

Doc. Yes, yes,—

La Fluer. It ascends on high, (*looking down*) and descends on low, (*looking up*) penetrates all substances, from the hardest metal, to the softest bosom—you understand me I perceive?

Doc. Not very well.

La Fluer. I will give you a simile then—

Doc. I shall be much oblig'd to you.

La Fluer. This fluid is like a river—You know what a river is?

Doc. Yes, certainly.

La Fluer. This fluid is like a river, that—that—runs—that—goes—that—gently glides—so—so—so—while there is nothing to stop it.—But if it encounters a mound or any other impediment—boo—boo—boo—it bursts forth—it overflows the country round—it throws down villages, hamlets, houses, trees, cows, and lambs; but remove obstacles which obstruct its course, and it begins again, softly and sweetly to flow—thus—thus—thus—the fields are again adorned, and every thing goes on, as well as it can go on.—Thus it

is

is with the *Animal* Fluid, which fluid obeys the command of my art.

Doc. Surprising art! but what are the means you employ?

La Fluor. Merely gestures—or a simple touch—

Doc. Astonishing! give me some proof of your art directly, do satisfy my curiosity.

La Fluor. I will,—and by holding this wand, in which is a Magnet; in a particular position, I will so direct the fluid, that it shall immediately give you the most excruciating rheumatism which will last you a couple of hours—I will then change it to the gout—then to strong convulsions—and after into a raging fever, and in this manner shall your curiosity become satisfied—
(holds up his wand as if to Magnetise.)

Doc. Hold, Doctor, I had rather see the experiment on some one else.

La Fluor. Oh then, Sir, I have now at my house a patient whom the faculty have just given up as incurable, and notwithstanding his disorder is of a most violent and dangerous kind, I will have him brought here, and I will teach you to perform his cure yourself.

Doc. By the power of Magnetism?

La Fluor. By the power of Magnetism.

Doc. That wou'd do me infinite honour indeed—but why bring him to my house—pray who is he?

La Fluor. A young man of Quality.

Con.

Con. Dear Sir, let him be brought hither, and let me see the cure perform'd.

Doc. (*Takes La Fluer aside.*) I can't say I approve of a young man being brought into my house—for you must know Doctor—that young Lady is to be my wife—as we are not exactly of an age, another may make an impression.

La Fluer. Consider my patient's state of health, he is like a dying man.

Doc. But he'll be well after I have cured him.

La Fluer. Very true.

Doc. (*whispering La Fluer.*) Pray Doctor, is it true, what they report that he who is once in possession of your art, can, if he pleases, make every woman who comes near him, in love with him?

La Fluer. True—certainly it is.

Con. Why this whispering, I am ignorant what are the virtues of your art, Doctor, but I am sure it has not that of rendering you polite.

La Fluer. Pardon madam—I was but instructing the Doctor in some particulars of which, you may hereafter have reason to be satisfied.

Lif. I doubt that, Sir, unless your art cou'd render this solitary confinement we are doomed to agreeable.

La Fluer. Before the end of the day, you shall prefer it to all the false pleasures of the gay world, for what are more false than the pleasures derived from balls, masquerades, and theatres.

Doc. Very true.

Lif.

Lif. Well I must own I love a Theatre.

La Fluer. The worst place of all, to frequent—once in my life, I was present at a Theatrical representation, but such a piece did I see, ah, the most dangerous for a young woman to be present at.

Lif. (*Eagerly crossing.*) Pray, Sir, what was it?

La Fluer. An honest Gentleman of about 70 years of age, was before the audience in love with a young lady of 18 whom he had brought up from her infancy, and whom he meant to make his wife.

Doc. Very natural.

La Fluer. A young Gentleman of the neighbourhood because he was young, rich, and handsome, imagined he would suit the young Lady better.

Doc. Just like them all.

La Fluer. He therefore disguised his Valet, who under the mask of friendship introduced himself to this good man the guardian.

Doc. A Villain, he deserved to be hang'd.

La Fluer. And fiez'd the moment when he embraced him as I now embrace you—to stretch out his hand. While it was behind him, and convey a letter to the Lady's waiting maid. (*La Fleur embraces the Doctor, and exchanges letters with Lisette, Lisette gives the letter she receives to Constance, La Fleur puts the other into his pocket.*)

Lif. And she gave him another—I have seen the play myself—and it was very well acted.

Con.

La Fluer. And is it not scandalous to put such examples before young people?

Con. And pray doctor, do you think I am not under sufficient confinement, that you take the same methods, to make me still more unhappy.

La Fluer. (to the Doctor.) Why, does your ward dislike confinement.

Doc. Because she dislikes me.

La Fluer. Are you sure of that.

Doc. Yes, I think I am.

Con. I am dying with curiosity to read my letter.

[*Aside and Exit.*

La Fluer. This wand shall cause in her sentiments the very reverse, in this is a Magnet which shall change her disposition take it (*gives the wand*) and while you keep it she will be constrained to love you with the most ardent passion.

Doc. I thank you a thousand times. (*quite in rapture.*)

Lif. Excellent.

[*Exit*

Doc. Her maid has overheard us.

La Fluer. No, no, but take me into another apartment, and I will explain to you what at present, you are not able to comprehend—after which you will permit me to step home and fetch my patient hither.

Doc. Certainly—when I am in possession of my ward's affection, I can have nothing to apprehend from him.—And you are sure she will now become favourable to me—?you are sure I shall attract her.

La Fluer. Yes, sure—by the Loadstone. [Exit.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Another Apartment in the DOCTOR'S house.*

Enter CONSTANCE and LISETTE.

Lisette.

I Overheard it all—and he has given your guardian, the wand in which you heard him say the Magnet was contain'd—and while he keeps it, it is to Magnetize you, and force you to love him, in spite of yourself.

Con. All this agrees with the letter he has given me from his master, in which the Marquis informs me, by what accident, that letter, my guardian sent to the Doctor who professes Magnetism fell into his hands—and immediately gave him the idea of disguising his valet, and sending him hither under the name of that Doctor—but where is La Fluer now?

Lis. Just left your guardian, and gone home to bring the patient you heard him speak of—and I would lay a wager, that very patient is no other than the Marquis himself.

Con. But for what end is all this?

Lis. That they have planned, you may depend upon it—for the present you have nothing to do but to pretend an affection for your guardian.

Con.

Con. It will be difficult to feign a passion my heart revolts at.

Lif. Never fear your good acting—besides I will take equal share in it.——

Con. How! you!——

Lif. I'll fall in love with the Doctor as well as you—if the Magnetism affects you—why not have the same power over me? and if it makes you *love* him, it shall make me *adore* him.

Con. Hush! here he comes.

Enter DOCTOR, with the wand.

Doc. (aside) What he has told seems so very surprising, that nothing but proofs, can thoroughly convince me—and now for the proof. (*looks at Con.*)

Lif. (aside to Constance.) He ogles you, cast a tender look, and accompany it with a sigh.

Con. (Sighing) Alas!

Doc. My dear Constance, my lovely ward,—what, what makes you sigh? weariness of your confinement I suppose?

Con. Ah, Sir. (*sighing.*)

Doc. Come, come, I confess the restraint you have been under, has been too much, and I am not surprised you have taken a dislike to me.

Con. A dislike to you?—Ah! Sir—(*sighing*) Oh, guardian. (*going to speak turns away and hides her face.*)

Doc. (aside) I believe it will do. Come, come, Constance, do not sigh, and make yourself uneasy, you shall

not live many weeks thus retir'd for I am thinking of marrying you very soon (*turns eagerly to him*) to a fine young Gentleman (*turns from him*.)

Con. Ah! Cruel. (*near crying.*)

Doc. What did you say, if I have the good fortune to be beloved by you, let me have the happiness to hear it from yourself.

Con. Yes cruel man,—some invincible power compels me in spite of my resistance—yes—I love you.

Lif. And I adore you.

Doc. (*starting*) What! you too! I did not expect that.

Lif. No, mine is not merely a love, but a rage—a violence—I deat to distraction—love you to the loss of my health, of spirits, of rest and life.

Con. If you do not take pity on the passion which burns in my heart. (*with tendernefs.*)

Lif. If you can be regardless of the flames which consume me with violence——

Con. Can you be insensible of my tender pleadings?

Lif. Take care how you turn my affection to hatred.

Doc. (*goes from between them.*) (*aside*) What a terrible situation I have got myself into,—this effect of the Magnetism is very natural, it acts upon one as well as another, but Lifette's love is very troublesome, I'll call Jeffry in and give up part of my power to him, he shall take the wand, for a few minutes and charm Lifette.

Con.

Con. Why do you thus run from me, is this the return my love demands,—but be not uneasy, death shall deliver you from an object whose passion you despise. (*turns from him.*)

Doc. Oh, that you cou'd but read what is written in my heart.

Lif. Ah, Sir, behold the state (*kneels*) to which you have reduced a poor innocent, if I am treated with kindness, I am naturally soft, gentle, and tender, but if I am neglected (*rising*),—by all that's great and precious I will do some strange thing either to you, or to my rival.

Doc. This Lifette is so furious, she makes me tremble, I must put an end to her affection, Jeffry.

Enter JEFFRY.

Jef. Here, Sir, what do you want with me?

Doc. Take this and carry it to my study. (*gives the wand.*)

Jef. Yes, Sir—directly. (*crosses.*)

Doc. Stop a moment, Jeffry, stop a moment.

Jef. Two, or three moments if you please.

Doc. (*aside*) Now we shall see what effect it has.

Lif. (*to Constance*) I see through this design, let us fall in love with Jeffry.

Con. With all my heart.

Doc. Well, Jeffry—and—and—how do you do Jeffry?

Jef. Pretty well, considering my leg, where the dog bit me, and considering I can only see with one eye.

Lif. But even that misfortune does not prevent your looking very agreeable Jeffry.

Doc. (aside) It succeeds, she's taken.

Con. Who can resist that amiable figure, dearest Jeffry.

Jef. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Doc. (aside) This is as bad as the other.

Jef. I think the mad dog has bit us all.

Lif. Is it possible *you* can love Jeffry, no, no, your situation forbids it, take, take my master, I resign him to you.

Con. No, I resign him to you.

Lif. I will not have him.

Doc. This is a very disagreeable situation.

Lif. Jeffry will you be deaf to my passion?

Con. Yes, I am sure he will prefer me.

Jef. No, I won't, I have been in love with her this twelve months, and I'll make choice of her.

Con. Then what will become of me!

Doc. I can bear this no longer, give me that, (*snatches the wand.*) And do you make up some medicines.

Jef. Ah! my dear Lifette! you have made me so happy, I must shake hands. (*offers to take her hand, she slaps his face.*)

Lif. Learn to behave with more reserve for the future.

Jef. Ecod! I think you have not behaved with much reserve, did not you hang upon me and said you lov'd me?

Lif.

Lif. Love you! behold my master, and do not imagine I can love any but him.

Con. No, who can love any but him.

Doc. This is worse and worse—where is the Doctor, if he does not come and give me some relief, I am a ruined man (*a loud knocking*) Jeffry see if that is him.

[*Exit Jeffry.*

I have no doubt but it is, and with him the young patient, on whom I am to prove my skill, Constance and you Lisette, leave the room for the present.

Con. Yes, if you will go with me, but how do you think it is possible for me to leave you—a feeling which I cannot explain.

Lif. And one I cannot explain.

Doc. But I am going to prescribe—and it is improper.

Enter LA FLUER leading the MARQUIS dress'd in a handsome robe de chamber and night-cap, the Doctor draws the chair.

La Fluer. This Doctor is your patient.—This is the renowned physician, from whom you are to expect a cure.

Doc. He looks surprisngly well considering how much he has suffered.

La Fluer. That renders his case the more dangerous—I would rather a patient of mine should look ill and be in no danger, than look well and be in imminent danger.

Mar. To conceive the sufferings I have undergone, a being must be transform'd, he must be more before he

he can conceive, what I have felt—for months have I led this agonizing life—but I am told Doctor you can put an end to my disorder—you have in your possession that which can give me ease—but by what science you are master of so great a power, I own is beyond my comprehension.

La Fluer. Dear, Sir, you know not half the resources in the art of medicines, trust firmly, that you are in the hands of persons well inform'd, and well practised—we know how to give nature a filip!

Doc. Doctor Mystery, do you use your authority with these females to leave us to ourselves.

Con. I can't go.

Lif. Nor I.

La Fluer. I believe it is very true (*goes and feels their pulses*) no, they can't go—no—the force of the attraction will not suffer them to go. (*to the Doctor*) What do you think of the power of Magnetism now?

Doc. It has double the power, I desire, and I wish it not to act upon Lifette.

Con. (*to Lifette*) I hope the Marquis is not really ill.

La Fluer. I will remedy that (*whispers the Doctor, while the Marquis makes signs of love to Constance, she gets nearer his chair,*) now attend to what I am going to do, I will turn the whole affection of the maid upon myself.

Doc. I will be very much oblig'd to you. (*La Fluer whispers the Doctor again.*)

Mar.

Mar. (in a low voice to Constance.) One word only, will you be mine shou'd my scheme prove successful?

Con. What is it?

Mar. I have no time to say, but answer me will you be mine.

Con. I will.

Doc. (in a low voice to La Fluer) Very well, extremely well, this will do very well, and now deliver me from her love as soon as you can.

La Fluer. I must approach her, and 'tis done. (goes to Lisette, makes signs of magnetism, then in a whisper) I am in love with you, feign to be so with me.

Lis. I am in earnest without feigning.

La Fluer. So much the better, it will appear more natural; (returns to the Doctor) It's done, observe how she looks at me. (During this the Marquis and Constance are exchanging sighs.)

Doc. What an art!

La Fluer. But I will shew its power in a manner yet more astonishing.

Con. (to the Marquis in a low voice) I was on the point of being married to my guardian.

Doc. Is it possible!

Mar. (forgetting himself and in warmth) Disraction! that must never be. (Doctor turns to him in surprise, Lisette perceiving.)

Lis. Oh heavens, look to the patient.

La Fluer. One of his fits has seized him, (Marquis pretends a fit) but its nothing, it will soon be over.

Mar.

Mar. Nay do not hide yourself, oh, oh, that I could plunge this steel (*holds up his handkerchief*) a hundred times in that detestable heart, come on monster, and acknowledge thy conqueror, expiring under this hand.

Doc. I'll go into the next room, it is me I believe, he has a mind to kill.

La Fluer. But he has no weapon, don't be affraid.

Gen. (*to La Fluer*) Oh, dear Sir, relieve him from this terrible fit.

Doc. Do, I beg you will.

La Fluer. I cannot wholly relieve him at present, but you shall see me change the manner of his ravings. Behold my power. (*pretends to magnetise.*) See, his countenance changes, his looks express tenderness now, it is no longer fury that transports him, but the soft languor of love now pervades his senses.

Mar. (*looking at Constance*) Oh! charming Arpasia.

La Fluer. Arpasia was the name of his first love, he fancies himself near to her. (*Marquis rises from his chair and kneels to Constance.*)

Mar. Is it you then whom I behold, but, alas you do not suspect what I have suffered in your absence, and I only retain my life, in the pleasing hope of one day passing it with you, and rendering yours as happy as my own, what am I to think of this silence, you do not answer to my tender complaints. Ah! you hate me, you despise me, but dread the effects of this contempt, I feel that it is in my power to accomplish all. (*rising.*)

Lif. He is going into his roving fit again, pray madam speak to him, if it is only a word.

Mar. Speak to him one word, if it is only one word.

La Fluor. Your ward is afraid of disobliging you, but give her leave to speak to him, if it is but one word, only to be witness to a scene so nouvelle.

Doc. But, harkye.

La Fluor. Pshaw, pshaw, she looks at you for consent, tell her she may say yes—just yes.

Doc. But why suffer her to speak?

La Fluor. Consider you are in possession of the Magnet, and nothing can prevent the power of that charm.

Mar. Ah! cruel, ought I thus to wait for a word from those lips, you wish then to behold me die.

Doc. Well, well, answer him yes.

Mar. Do you love me.

Con. Yes.

Mar. (*kisses her hand*) I am transported!

Doc. (*endeavouring to separate them*) Hold, hold, this is a fit as powerful to me as it is to you.

Lif. Dear Sir, let him alone, he may fall into his rage again.

Mar. What thrilling transport rushes to my heart, all nature appears to my ravished eyes more beautiful, than poets ever formed, his Aurora dawns, the feather'd songsters chant their most melodious strains, the gentle zephyrs breathe their choicest perfumes, and the inspiring scene intoxicates my very soul.

Doc.

Lif.

Doc. Come change this fit into another.

Mar. And you who listen to me partake my joy, come and dwell with me under the shady branches of the river side, come lovely shepherdes, (*taking hold of Constance*) come young shepherd, (*taking hold of the Doctor*) mingle in the dance.

Lif. Come young shepherd, (*takes hold of the Doctor with one hand, then La Fluor with the other.*)

Doc. I can't dance.

Mar. In vain you refuse, press with gentle steps the mossy banks, and join in the rural pastime. (*takes them round the stage and exit, the Doctor awkward and unwillingly.*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The Doctor's House.*

Enter LISETTE and LA FLUER.

Lisette.

BUT when is this farce to end!

La Fluor. My master now he is introduced, will take advantage of some circumstances, to obtain either by force or stratagem the Doctor's consent to his wishes, and as he finds he is beloved by the young lady, which before he was in doubt of—

Lif.

Lif. Pshaw! he might easily have guessed her sentiments. A young woman, weary of confinement as she was, is easily in love with the first young man who solicits her affections.

La Fluer. And may I hope you love me?

Lif. Aye, Sir, I am weary of confinement like my mistress.

La Fluer. A thousand thanks, my dear Lisette.

Lif. But while Jeffry keeps the keys of every door, no creature can either go out or enter, without his leave.

La Fluer. And is there no way to get rid of him.

Lif. Yes, a thought strikes me this moment, a couple of days ago one of our neighbours dogs bit him, and our doctor, merely to shew his skill, in the cure, persuaded him the dog was mad, suppose we make the Doctor himself believe he was really so, and that poor—

Enter DOCTOR.

Doc. He has had another fit, but I have just now left him in a sound sleep, which came upon him, as suddenly as any of his waking paroxysms.

La Fluer. If that is the case he must be left alone, we will not disturb him.

Lif. (*aside to La Fluer*) When I return, be sure to confirm whatever I shall say. [*Exit.*

Doc. What have you persuaded her to leave you?

La Fluer. Yes, for a little while.

Doc. Why, too much of love is something tedious. I come once more to talk with you Doctor, upon this

C

surprising

surprising art, which though you have taken such great pains to explain, I am still far from comprehending so much as I think I ought.

La Fleur. I will before long, give you such proof—

Enter LISETTE followed by JEFFRY.

Lif. O save me, save me, or I am a dead woman.

Doc. What's the matter?

Jef. This is no joke, and I won't take it as such.

Lif. (*goes between La Fleur and Doctor.*) Have a care of him, speak low, he'll be at us.

Doc. Will be at us?

Lif. (*in a low voice.*) Jeffry is mad.

Doc. What do you say?

Lif. I found him in his bed, gnawing the bed clothes, and when he saw me he wou'd have gnawed me too (*the Doctor turns to him*) don't look at him Sir, don't look at him.

Doc. Why I don't think this possible, the dog that bit him was not——

Lif. Indeed, Sir, he was as mad as ever——

La Fleur. Indeed, the poor creature looks as if some horrible infection had seized him.

Doc. Why I can't say but I think he does.

Lif. And I'll give you the true proof immediately (*takes a glass of water and throws it on him.*)

Jef. What's that for, how dare you use me thus. (*in great passion.*)

Lif. There, you see what a dislike he has to water.

La

La Fluor. That is a symptom, which confirms our suspicions.

Doc. (*with an air of skill*) An evident sign of the Hydrophobia.

La Fluor. Yes ! of the Hydrophobia.
(*Lisette comes with another glass of water to throw at him, he starts.*)

Lis. See, see, how he looks only at the sight of water.

Jef. If you dare throw any more upon—(*holds up his hand.*)

Doc. Lisette let him alone, it is dangerous to push the poor creature to extremities, Doctor, suppose we Magnetize him ?

La Fluor. No, Magnetism in cases like this can have no effect.

Doc. What remedy then ?

La Fluor. I know of but one, and that is to smother him.

Lis. The only thing in the world.

Doc. And we ought to lose no time, if it must be done.

Jef. What smother me. (*falls on his knees to the Doctor*) Oh ! Sir have pity on me.

Doc. Don't be frightened, it will be over in ten minutes.

Jef. But I had rather not.

Doc. Ungrateful wretch, do you consider the consequence of living.

Lis. For shame Jeffry, don't ask such a thing.

Doc. But since he wont consent with a good grace, we must seize him all three together.

Jeff. Ah mercy what will become of me.

Lif. (*aside to Jeffry*) Run out of the house and never come back if you wou'd save your life. [*Jeffry runs off.*]

La Fluer. He shan't escape, stop him there.

[*Exit after him.*]

Doc. Why he has run into the street, what a deal of mischief he may cause, and as I am alive, he has run away with all the keys in his pocket.

Lif. But luckily the doors are open.

Doc. But why does not the Doctor come back.

Lif. Depend upon it he will not leave him, till he has him secured in some safe place where he can do no mischief.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Con. Dear Sir, come to the assistance of your patient, he has follow'd me to my chamber, and frightened me out of my senses, I thought he was going to die, indeed Sir he is very ill, I am sure he can't live long.

Enter MARQUIS, creeping slowly to the couch, as if unable to walk.

Mar. Oh Doctor relieve me from this pressure or I die.

Doc. I wish my brother physician was return'd. (*alarmed*) Come Sir, lean your head this way, where is your complaint.

Mar. Here, here it lies (*laying his hand to his stomach*) I fear this is the last hour of my life.

Doc.

Doc. No, no, I hope not (*Magnetizing him sometimes with one end of the wand and sometimes with the other.*)

Mar. The malady changes its place, oh, my head, remove it from my head, make it descend (*the Doctor more frightened*) now it flies to my heart, it sets it on fire, it tares it in pieces.

Doc. I wish the Doctor wou'd return.

Mar. My tortures redouble—vultures gnaw me, can't you remove them (*attempts again to Magnetise*) no, no, my strength fails me—my eyes lose their sight—I die—(*groans, sinks on the couch and remains motionless.*)

Lif. Oh! he's dead—he's dead—he's dead. (*crying.*)

Con. (*in tears too*) What will become of us all—he's dead—he's dead.

Doc. I am quite shocked at it—but my dear children, don't make such a noise (*trembling*) the neighbours will hear you, and they will say I have kill'd him, with some of my experiments.

Lif. It was that fatal wand you put upon his heart.

Doc. Yes, I suppose I directed the fluid the wrong way, but perhaps he only fainted,—who knows but we may recover him,—I will go and find some of my new invented drops, which may perhaps restore him, (*feels in his pocket*) and that poor unhappy Jeffy has taken away the key of my cabinet where all my drops are.

Con. Break open the locks then, there is no time to lose.

Doc. And Doctor Mystery not to return, every thing conspires to ruin me, I was loth to receive this patient into my house,—my heart foreboded some ill consequence, dear me, dear me. [*Exit in great uneasiness.*]

Mar. (*rising*) If my scheme succeeds, the consequence will be such as you little dream of,—where is La Fluer.

Lif. Gone to secure Jeffry, somewhere out of the house.

Mar. If he does not return soon, all my long concerted plan is overturned.

Lif. Here he is.

Enter LA FLUER.

La Fluer. I have lodged him safe for these two days.

Mar. (*taking off his robe*) Give me your clothes, and take this immediately and be dead.

La Fluer. Dead! what do you mean?

Mar. Ask no questions, but lie down on that couch and counterfeit being dead.

Lif. Your master has been doing it this half hour.

La Fluer. (*dressing himself*) It is very strange, but since you command it——

Mar. Dare not stir, or breath,—all depends on your acting well, you must have your face powder'd (*Lifette powders his face*) that he may not know you.

La Fluer. Now I am in character.

Mar.

Mar. Where are my people?

La Fluer. At the tavern in the next street, both disguised like Doctors.

Mar. That's right, I fly to them directly. (*going*)

La Fluer. Your night cap, your night cap.

Mar. And give me your wig. (*puts it on*) I hear the Doctor coming, farewell, play your part to a miracle.

[*Exit.*]

Con. And heaven prosper your designs.

La Fluer. (*sitting on the couch*) But what does all this mean, I don't understand?

Lis. Hush, dead people never speak. (*throws him down on the couch.*)

Enter DOCTOR.

Doc. Well, how is he, what does he say?

Lis. Why like all other persons in his state, he does not complain.

Doc. Hold this bottle to his nose, and sprinkle this upon his face.

Con. Alas, he is gone, and nothing can be of use.

Doc. How a few moments has changed him, he's as white as ashes; lay your hand upon his heart Lisette, and feel if it beats at all, for my part, I am so disconcerted with the accident I am fit for nothing.

Lis. (*lays her hand on his heart*) All is still, Sir.

Doc. Is there no motion?

Lis. None in the least—(*slaps his face*)—like marble—(*slaps again*)—has little feeling in it.

Doc.

Doc. Doctor Mystery not returning I conceive this was a plot upon me.

Lif. And this poor creature was in the plot you think, and died on purpose to bring it about.

Doc. No, but the other found he cou'd not cure him, and so left the disgrace of his death to me, and my enemies will take the advantage of it,—considering how many of my patients have died lately.

Lif. What are we to do with the body?

Doc. I have yet one hope left, it is my last resource and I wont hesitate, but about it instantly.

Con. What resource?

Doc. (to Lifette) He is certainly dead, is he not?

Lif. Certainly! there can be no doubt of that.

Doc. And do what we will nothing worse can happen to him.

Lif. No, certainly, not in this world.

Doc. Well then, I will try an experiment upon him, which I once read, and I have often had a vast mind to try it upon Jeffry, but as he was alive it might have proved fatal.

Lif. What is it?

Doc. No matter you shall see it performed, and I can't say I have much doubt of its success. Begin to take off some of his garments, while I go and get all the apparatus ready. [Exit.

La Fluer. But I am not such a fool to stay till you come back; my master may say what he will, but I will go away.

Lif.

Lif. Nonsense man, have you not undertook to be dead, come finish your part with a good grace.

Con. Pray do, La Fluor.

La Fluor. But what experiment is he going to try upon me, I always hated Doctors, and would never let any one of them come near me.

Con. But this is not a doctor, the college have refused to admit him, so don't be afraid.

La Fluor. O! if that's the case.

Lif. (*throws him down as before*) Hush! play your part.

Enter DOCTOR, with a bag of instruments.

Doc. Lifette, help me with these instruments, and then run and watch that skillet of oil on the fire, and when it boils bring it hither.

Lif. But suppose any body should come in while you are trying the experiment.

Doc. Right, I'll lock the door, my fright makes me forget every thing. [*Exit.*]

La Fluor. Let me see the instruments.

Lif. Pshaw, what signifies seeing them, a'n't you to feel them?

Doctor. (*speaking without*) What, force into a man's house whether he will or no.

Con. I hear a noise, (*looks out*) it is the Marquis returned, and all his schemes perhaps will be fulfilled. (*La Fluor lays down again.*)

Enter

Enter MARQUIS, PICCARD, and FRANCOIS, disguised as Doctors, the Marquis having changed his dress, a hat mask over his face.

Enter DOCTOR, PICCARD and FRANCOIS go behind.

Mar. I have powerful reasons for entering this house I came hither accompanied by these physicians, sent with me by the college to demand a patient, who was this morning brought hither by a notorious professor of Quackery, the young gentleman is of family and nearly allied to me.

Doc. (aside) I am undone!

Mar. Where is he, Sir—I must see him and speak with him.

Lis. At present you can't speak with him, he is in a better world. (*pointing to La Fluor.*)

Mar. Alas! behold him there, or am I deceived, no it is he himself whom I see,—and he is dead. Gentlemen I call you as witness he is dead, and that yonder stands the assassin. (*Piccard and Francois examine the body. Piccard puts on his spectacles.*)

Fran. (feeling his pulse) Yes, he is dead, but he is not dead according to our rules. (*they place themselves at the table.*)

Mar. O my dear friend, and are you gone, but your death shall be revenged, villain (*to the Doctor*) tremble, for thy life shall answer for this. Gentlemen, gentlemen, please to take notes of what you see and hear in this house. (*the Doctor writes.*)

Lis.

Lif. Dear Sir have pity on my poor master he *has* killed, killed the poor gentleman to be sure, but it was without malice.

Doc. But you know gentlemen this is not the first patient, that has been killed during an operation.

Pic. Aye, by the authority of the college.

Doc. (to the Marquis) Dear Sir my only hope is in your mercy.

Mar. Then despair, for know I am the Marquis de Lancy, and call to your remembrance, with what insolence you rejected all my overtures to espouse your ward, here is the advantageous contract I repeatedly sent to you, and which you had the arrogance to return to me without even deigning to look at it.

Doc. Only deliver me from this trouble, and I will sign it without reading it at all.

Mar. But will the Lady also sign it?

Con. No, for how could I wed another when he (the Doctor) is the object of my love.

Doc. But consider, my dear Constance, that I am old, and ugly, jealous, and infirm, indeed I am, indeed I am, I protest Constance.

Con. But my love for you is so implanted in my heart.

Mar. If that's the case,—come Sir follow us. (*going*)

Doc. Stay, give me the contract, and let me sign it. (*aside*) I will once more have recourse to the wand.

Mar. What imports your signing, if your ward will not.

Doc.

Doc. She will sign.

Con. Never.

Doc. Give me the contract, and hold that (*gives the wand to the Marquis, takes the contract and signs it.*)

Mar. What's this?

Doc. Keep it, never let it go from you.

Con. Yes, I feel a desire to sign, give me the contract.

Doc. Aye, I was sure of it. (*Constance signs*) And there Marquis is the contract. (*giving it him.*)

La Fluer. Ah! I breathe again, I am a little better.

Doc. (*Starting*) Why he is not dead.

La Fluer. No, I am mending apace.

Doc. Gentlemen tear in pieces the process. (*to La Fluer*) Oh Sir, what misery have you brought upon me.

La Fluer. And what misery would your damn'd instruments, and your boiling oil have brought upon me.

Doc. How did you hear, in that fit what I said.

La Fluer. Very easily, Sir return him the wand, and the ladies I dare say will fall in love with him again.

Doc. (*looking at him, then at the Marquis*) My eyes are open, I recollect them both, but this was the sick man (*to the Marquis.*)

La Fluer. But I was the dead one.

Doc. I am cheated, defrauded,—what, ho, neighbours,—here are thieves, murderers (*calling.*)

Mar. Nay, Doctor, reflect upon the arts you made use of, to keep my Constance yours, even in spite of her

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

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her inclination, then do not condemn the artifice I employed to obtain her, with her own consent. A reward like this, urged me to encounter every hazard, and every danger.—For believe me, Doctor, there is no Magnetism, like the powerful Magnetism of Love.

F I N I S.

ATLANTIC MAGNETISM

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THE
FARCE
OF THE
VILLAGE LAWYER.
IN TWO ACTS.
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL,
SMOKE-ALLEY.

M,DCC,XCII.
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Scout, the Village Lawyer.

Snarl, a rich old Mercer.

Charles, Son to Snarl.

Justice Mittimus, a justice.

Countryman.

Constables.

Sheepface, a Shepherd.



W O M E N.

Kate, Wife to Sheepface.

Mrs Scout, the Lawyer's wife.

THE
VILLAGE LAWYER.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A rural Prospect.*

Enter SCOUT and WIFE.

Scout.

NAY, nay good wife not so loud, or I vanish. Five and twenty years have I expos'd my organs of hearing (aye, and though I say it, without whining too) to the encounter of the toughest lungs in Westminster Hall, with no worse effect as yet, than a moderate deafness of the left ear; and a whizzing from time to time in the right, but that dear lovely, indefatigable tongue of thine, so far outdins the bar itself, that though a lawyer——

Mrs S. A lawyer! why in that trim you look more like a client, than a lawyer, and no one, to see you in such a dress, wou'd imagine you had ever carried on a suit, in any one's name but your own. Out upon you, you are a disgrace to the profession, and had you a grain of spirit——

Scout. Spirit! oh, there at least you wrong me, and I defy any practitioner of twice my standing to produce more instances of spirit, than I have; who exposes himself to the displeasure of the judges; or the censure of

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THE VILLAGE LAWYER.

the courts. Shew me the man that sets the pedantic regulations of common practice more at defiance than I have done; hav'n't I been obliged to quit the London courts only for displaying too much spirit on a certain occasion?

Mrs S. Very fine truly! and do your boast of your blunders, and make a merit of your disgrace?

Scout. This accident to be sure forces me to try my talents in the obscurity of rural practice; and yet since our removal to this village, though next door to Justice Mittimus, the best accusom'd Magistrate in the whole country, no favourable opportunity has offer'd; not a hare has been snar'd, or a head broke, or (what is stranger still) a single bastard born, though we have been here a whole fortnight, nay the very cattle keep out of pound, to spite me. But come have a little patience, times will mend.

Mrs S. And in the mean time, your wife is to starve, and your daughter, to lose the opportunity of settling herself in the world, by a match with one or other of the young men, who court her, and whom the poverty of your appearance frighten away.

Scout. Why to say the truth there is nothing in my dress that can bring either lovers to my daughter, or clients to myself. Mankind is govern'd by shew, and the surest way to obtain the countenance of the world is never to appear to want it. Cou'd I but once put on the appearance of business, the reality perhaps wou'd soon follow, let me see—cou'dn't I—yes I have it—I'll

THE VILLAGE LAWYER.

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go, and purchase me a handsome suit of clothes immediately.

Mrs S. A handsome suit of clothes! what, without a farthing in your pocket?

Scout. Why not?—in London all your handsome suits are purchas'd the same way.—What colour shall I chuse? bats-wing—or——

Mrs S. Oh no matter for the colour if you can find any one kind enough to trust you with the cloaths.

Scout. Then to lose no time, I'll step over the way to the rich drapers, my neighbour Snarl's.

Mrs S. To neighbour Snarl's! have a care what you do there. You know his Son Charles is in love with our Harriet, and wou'd have married her before now, but for fear of his father; I wou'd not for the world you should do any thing to overthrow my daughter's hopes.

Scout. Never fear, step in and fetch my hat and gown.

[*Exit Mrs S.*]

I have just time to slip it on; it will give me a more creditable appearance before old Snarl, and these rags of mine into the bargain.

Enter Mrs SCOUT, with gown and hat.

Aye, this will do.—How many sleek, spruce, demure looking gowns are there in the world, as well as this, good for nothing else, but covering things not fit to be seen.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE.—SNARL'S *shop, Day-book, pen and ink, cloath on counter, &c.*

Enter SNARL and CHARLES.

Snarl. Well Son, I order'd you to enquire me out a Shephead instead of that dog Sheepface ; didn't I ?

Char. Why surely Father, you have no fault to find with Sheepface.

Snarl. No ; only that he is a thief ! an arrant thief !

Char. I always found Sheepface a very faithful servant.

Snarl. To *you* he may, but not to *me* ; he has been but a month in my service, and there are fourteen of my wethers missing, now it is impossible so great a number in so short a time cou'd die of the rot, as he says.

Char. You don't consider what a havock a disorder sometimes makes.

Snarl. With the help of a Doctor, I grant you, but my sheep had no Doctor, poor things ! yet they cou'd not have made more haste if they had been prescrib'd for, by the whole faculty.—As for that dog, Sheepface, I have suspected him for sometime : but last night I caught him in the fact, and this morning I mean to bring him before Justice Mitimus ; but first of all, I must know exactly, what's my loss. Reach me the account of the flock. (*sits down*) And if neighbour Gripe, the constable enquires for me ; send him this way.

Enter

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Enter SHEEPFACE.

Char. (aside to Sheepface.) Sheepface all's out I find, father's confoundedly angry, try what you can do to soften it, but beware of speaking. *[Exit.]*

Snarl. Let me see;—"bought of Farmer Clod."—

Sheep. Save your good worship, Sweet Master Snarl.

Snarl. How villain, have you the impudence to appear in my sight, after the tricks you have play'd me.

Sheep. Only to tell your sweet worship, that neighbour Gripe has been talking to me about sheep-stealing, and Justice Mitimus, and your worship, and a power of things, and so I said I wou'dn't make a secret of it to my good master's worship any longer.

Snarl. Your affected innocence, sha'n't save you, you rascal; didn't I catch you last night killing one of the fattest of my wethers.

Sheep. Only to keep it from dying.

Snarl. Kill it, to keep it from dying!

Sheep. Of the rot, an' please your worship. Its a secret I learnt from the doctor in our town. He cur'd most of his patients the same way.

Snarl. The doctor, rascal! the doctor has a license to kill from the college.—Such sheep as mine too—there was not in all England, such another breed for Spanish wool.

Sheep. Be satisfied your worship with the blows you gave me, and let's make up matters, if its your worship's sweet will and pleasure.

Snarl.

Snarl. My will and pleasure is to hang you, rascal, to hang you.

Sheep. Consider your worship, I was married but yesterday, leave me to myself a week or two, and who knows but I may save you the trouble.

Snarl. No, rascal, the gallows is the quickest remedy of the two, and every bit as sure as t'other.

Sheep. Heaven give you good luck of it then, if it must be so, sweet Master Snarl, I must go look for a lawyer, I see, or *might* will overcome *right*. Oh dear, that an honest man should be treated so, only for killing a few sheep to save 'em from dying. [Exit.

Snarl. (*sitting down*) A dog! but he shall pay for this.—Let me see—two, and two are four——

Enter SCOUT.

Scout. The coast is clear at last—now or never.

Snarl. And seven—no, nine——

Scout. (*aside*) Yonder's a piece of cloth now wou'd suit me to a hair. Give me leave Sir, to——

Snarl. Who's there? Gripe I suppose. Wait a moment honest Gripe.

Scout. I am lawyer Scout your neighbour—I am come to——

Snarl. I am lawyer Scout, my neighbour's very humble servant; but he and I have no business together, that I know of,—“Carried over”——

Scout. You'll have another story to tell to-morrow, or I'm much mistaken (*aside*)—I find Sir, upon looking

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ing over my late father's papers, an account of a debt left unpaid, and I am come——

Snarl. Its no business of mine ; I owe no man a farthing.

Scout. I wish I cou'd say as much for myself ; but I find that *my* father was indebted to *yours* in a small balance of 50 pounds, and as a man of honor I am come home to pay it you.

Snarl. (rising) My dear Sir, ten thousand pardons, for my forgetfulness. I recollect you perfectly now. Yes, you liv'd in the next village, and you and I were sworn comrades formerly. Pray Sir, be seated. (*hands a chair.*)

Scout. Dear Sir, if those who are indebted to me, had a little of my punctuality, I should be a richer man than I am, but to have my name in any one's book is a thing I can't bear.

Snarl. And yet the generality of people bear it very patiently.

Scout. I am upon thorns in a manner, while I owe one a farthing, and for that reason I am come to know when you'll be at leisure to receive the money.

Snarl. No time like the present.

Scout. True, I have it at home, ready told ; but as I have the management of my father's effects, only as guardian for my daughter Harriet, its proper that the other guardians shou'd be by at the payment.

Snarl. Very true Sir, then what do you think of to-morrow at three o'clock?

Scout.

Scout. With all my heart, but I have interrupted you perhaps. (*rises*) Why Sir, you do more business than all the shopkeepers in this part of the country put together.

Snarl. I can't complain.

Scout. No, you have such a way with you, that those who buy once, can't for the blood of them, help coming to you again. A pretty bit of cloth this—

Snarl. Very pretty.

Scout. One meets in your shop, such a generosity of treatment, a politeness of behaviour, that makes it pleasanter to *pay* money to you than to receive it elsewhere. The wool seems tolerably fine.

Snarl. Right Spanish wool every hair of it, Sir.

Scout. So I thought; now we talk of Spanish wool, if I am not mistaken, Mr Snarl, you and I went to school together formerly.

Snarl. What, to old Ironfist?

Scout. The same; you were a very handsome youth I remember.

Snarl. So my mother always said.

Scout. Egad, for old acquaintance sake, you and I must eat a bit of dinner together to-day. I have a fine goose at home, that a client sent me from Norfolk.

Snarl. A goose! that's my favourite dish.

Scout. And my wife shall dress it by a family receipt. Its a treasure, that receipt's a perfect treasure. Her uncle, the late Alderman Dumpling, pass'd through the

the whole circle of corporation honours, and died Mayor by virtue of that receipt.

Snarl. Aye! Aye!

Scout. Then Mrs Scout will be happy to see you; now I think on't, I promis'd her, that you should have my custom for the future, and to make a beginning I don't care if I have the pattern of a suit of cloaths from you now.

Snarl. Very happy to accommodate you Sir; what colour wou'd you choose?

Scout. Colour! why here's a pretty one enough to my mind Sir.

Snarl. Very pretty indeed Sir; its an iron grey. Shall I cut off the quantity you want, to have it ready?

Scout. To have it ready; no Mr Snarl, pay as you go, that's my rule; pay as you go.

Snarl. Ecod, an excellent rule it is.

Scout. Do you remember Mr Snarl, the evening we were together at the goose and gridiron?

Snarl. What the evening I so roasted our curate.

Scout. The same; you were very severe on him. You had a world of wit.—Pray what must I pay you a yard for this cloth?

Snarl. Why Sir, another shou'd pay me nineteen and sixpence; but come, you shall have it at nineteen shillings.—Now I think of it. Here's your quantity ready cut.

Scout. Ready cut—that's lucky indeed. (*snatches up the cloth.*)

B

Snarl.

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Snarl. Stop a moment, till I measure it before you.

Scout. O fie! do you think I have any doubt of you.

Snarl. But the price.——

Scout. Poo, I never haggle with a friend; I leave all that to you. Good day.

Snarl. Let my shopman carry it over, and bring back——

Scout. No, no, don't take him from business. It is but a step you know, and I'd carry it twice as far to oblige you. Compliments to Mrs Snarl;—good-bye to you, good-bye. *[Exit, Snarl follows.]*

SCOUT'S HOUSE.

Enter KATE and SHEEPFACE.

Kate. Lookye, if you want a Lawyer to bring you out of a scrape, my Master's the man for your money.

Sheep. I know it, he stood my friend once when brother and I were put to trouble;—wou'd you believe it only for mending the complexion of a bald fac'd horse—but I have such a treacherous memory, I don't know how it came about, but some how or other I forgot to pay him.

Kate. He'll not think of that perhaps: at any rate take care not to tell him, who the plaintiff is; for I know he wou'd not on any account be concern'd against Mr Snarl.

Sheep. I'll only tell him of my master, without mentioning any name; and he'll think I mean the Farmer I liv'd with, when I courted you first.

Kate.

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Kate. Do so, here he comes.

[*Exit.*

Enter SCOUT.

Scout. Sure I shou'd know that face, I think—Yes, the same, Harkye didn't I save you and your brother from being hang'd some time since at York.

Sheep. Yes, your worship, yes.

Scout. By the same token, one of you forgot to pay me.

Sheep. Yes, that was brother.

Scout. The other was sick at the trial, and died some-time after in prison.

Sheep. That was not I.

Scout. So I see.

Sheep. For all that I was sicker, nor brother! and so as I was saying, I am come to beg of your worship to speak for me before the Justice against his worship my master.

Scout. What the great farmer in the neighbourhood?

Sheep. He lives in the neighbourhood sure enough, and your worship shall be paid to your heart's content.

Scout. Let me hear your case, and be sure you tell it without disguise.

Sheep. You must know then, an' please your worship, my master gives me but little wages, very small wages, indeed, and so to take amends for that, without doing him any damage, I thought as how I'd best do a little business on my account with a worthy neighbour, a butcher by trade.

Scout. And what kind of business do you carry on?

B 2

Sheep.

Sheep. Under favour. I hinder sheep from dying of the rot.

Scout. There's no harm in that; how do you contrive——

Sheep. Please your worship, I cut their throats, before they have time to catch it.

Scout. A very effectual remedy truly, and your master perhaps is unreasonable enough to say you do so only to sell the carcases, and keep the money to yourself?

Sheep. Yes, your worship, and I can't bear it out of his head, because last night he saw me—I mean—I—must I tell the truth?

Scout. Yes, tell the truth here, or how shall we be able to lie to any purpose elsewhere.

Sheep. The truth of the matter then is, that last night, after I was married, having a little leisure time upon my hands, I took a walk as far as our pens, and there as I was musing on I don't know what;—out I takes my knife, and so happening by mere accident to put it (craving your worship's pardon) under the throat of a fat wether, I don't know how it came about, but it was not long there, before the wether died all of a sudden as a body may say.

Scout. And there was some body looking on, the whole time, eh!

Sheep. Yes, master from behind the hedge, and so he will have it that 14 wethers, which I sav'd from catching the rot, died all along of me. And so as your worship

ship

ship may see, he laid such a shower of blows upon me as put the bride out of temper the whole night; but I hope your worship will stand my friend, and not let me lose the fruits of my honest industry all at once.

Scout. I understand you; there are two ways of proceeding in this affair; the first won't put you to a farthing of expence.

Sheep. Lets try that by all means.

Scout. With all my heart;—you have scrap'd up something handsome in the course of your practice on your master's sheep.

Sheep. Heaven knows I have been up late and early for it.

Scout. Your savings are all in hard cash, I suppose.

Sheep. Yes, your worship.

Scout. You must hide the whole sum immediately in the safest place you can think of.

Sheep. That I will, without fail.

Scout. Your master will be obliged to pay all costs, and charges.

Sheep. So he ought; he can afford it.

Scout. And without a penny out of your pocket.

Sheep. Just as I wou'd have it.

Scout. He'll be put to the trouble of having you hang'd.

Sheep. Zounds, let us try the other way first.

Scout. Well then you are to be brought before Justice Mitimus.

Sheep. So I am told.

Scout. Take notice of this.

Sheep. Never fear me.

Scout. To every question, ask'd you, either by the court, the plaintiff, lawyer, or myself, make no reply but in the language of your own ewes, when they call their lambs; you can speak that language, can't you?

Sheep. Its my mother tongue.

Scout. The blows you have received on your head, have suggested a scheme which assisted by Mittimus's credulity may perhaps save you: but I expect to be well paid.

Sheep. That you shall as I am an honest man; good-day your worship. Lord, Lord! what troubles we poor folks have to keep our own in this world. Your servant your worship; I shall remember. Baa, baa, baa. [Exit.

Scout. So, if the contrivance I have thought of to elude my neighbour's demand, does not succeed; the money I get from this new client may stop his mouth perhaps. [Exit.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE — *Rural prospect.**Enter SNARL.**Snarl.*

THIS is a very busy day with me ; I am to receive different sums of money from my worthy neighbour lawyer Scout, and to eat a goose with him, drefs'd after a receipt of the late worshipful Alderman Dumping. Well, I always said the aldermen were a useful body of men. But suppose I call in to see how matters stand, by way of asking how he does ; here's a savoury finell. Egad they have put down the goose already. I'll go and have a sop in the pan. *[Exit.*

SCENE.—*A room in SCOUT's House.**Enter SCOUT and WIFE.*

Scout. Quick, quick old Snarl is coming up ; I hear him on the stairs. Now mind your cue wife.

Mrs S. Never fear me ; I'll be a good nurse I warrant me.

Enter SNARL.

Scout. (in a chair as sick.) Wi-f-e here's the apothecary.

Snarl. The apothecary !

Scout. He brings me the cooling mixture.

Snarl. The cooling mixture.

Mrs

Mrs S. O dear Sir, I hope you have brought something to give my poor husband a little ease. He has been in the condition you see this fortnight past.

Snarl. This fortnight woman, why——

Mrs S. Yes, this day fortnight, of all the good days in the year, he was taken with a lunacy fit, and has not been out of the room since.

Snarl. Zounds not out of the room; why he came to my house this morning by the same token he bought four yards of iron grey cloth of me, and I am come for the money. Good morrow Mr Scout.

Scout. Good morrow, good Mr Drench.

Snarl. Mr Drench!

Mrs S. He takes you for the apothecary Sir, pray leave the room for heaven's sake, if you can give him no relief.

Snarl. But patience; you remember Mr Scout, this morning——

Scout. Yes, this morning, I bid my wife lay by for you——

Snarl. Aye; I knew he wou'd remember it.

Scout. I bid her lay by for you carefully, a large glass full of my——

Snarl. A glass full! I am come for my money. Zounds is that the coin I am to be paid in.

Mrs S. Dear Sir, retire.

Snarl. When I am paid, and not before.

Scout.

Scout. I beseech you let me have no more of these odious pills; they had like to have made me give up the ghost.

Snarl. I wish they had made you give up my cloth.

Scout. (rising) Wife, see, see, three large buzzing butterflies with amber heads, and chrystal wings——there they go——there——tally o! hoies, hoies, tally o! ho, ho!

Snarl. I see none of them.

Mrs S. But you see he raves.

Scout. (falling back in chair) Save me good folks from the doctor, and a fig for the disease.

Snarl. O he talks good sense now—Now I'll speak to him—Neighbour Scout.

Scout. (jumping up) My client, my lord, Sir Hugh Witherington!

Snarl. Sir Hugh Witherington!

Scout. Charges the defendant Sir Hugh Montgomery——

Snarl. Gomery! why is it possible I cou'd have mistaken another for him.

Mrs S. Nay now you have tormented the poor man sufficiently, let him have a little rest.

Snarl. Stay, he looks as if he wou'd speak to me.

Scout. O dear Mr Snarl.

Snarl. He knows me; I said so.

Scout. I beg ten thousand pardons.

Snarl. No apologies—well.——

Scout.

Scout. That since my arrival in this village, I haven't been to see you.

Snarl. Not been to see me! why this very day you know——

Scout. Yes, to day, to make my excuses, I sent an attorney of my acquaintance.

Snarl. An attorney! Eh, shall I never see my cloth again? but its all a sham, you yourself was the very person, by the same token your father ow'd mine 50 pounds: Aye, aye, you may shake your head, but I sha'n't quit the place, without either my cloth or my money.

Scout. This wont do I find, I must try another method. (*aside*) Wife, wife, don't you hear them? the thieves are breaking in at the door—but I'll bite 'em—this way—here they come—my musket—I'll shoot 'em. Stop thief! stop thief—(*collars Snarl*)—my musket, my musket! [*Exit.*

Snarl. A thief! my musket, ecod, it may be dangerous, to argue with a madman, and a blunderbuss.

Re-enter SCOUT, with a birch broom, which he levels at Snarl, who supposing it a musket, scrambles off crying out.

O Lord! o dear!

Scout. Ha, ha, ha! he's gone at last.

Mrs S. Yes, yes, he's gone. You have no further occasion for me; but stay you here for fear of his return.

[*Exit.*

Scout.

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Scout. So, I have got a reprieve for some time at least; here he comes again: Stop thief—stop thief—stop thief——O its my new client.

Enter SHEEPFACE.

Sheep. At your worship's service, Justice Mittimus is ready, and the court will sit immediately.

Scout. Wait till I put on my gown, and be sure you remember the instructions I gave you.

Sheep. Never fear, your worship: Baa; practice makes perfect they say.

Scout. This way; we have no time to lose.

Sheep. I have been improving myself this half hour past, in our pens, and now I am so fluent in talking like a sheep, that I question if his worship, and the whole bench together could beat me at it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*The Court at the Justice's—Table, 3 chairs, Clerk, &c. discovered.*

MITTIMUS, 2 JUSTICES, and SNARL.

Mit. Well, the court is assembled; and the parties may appear. Where is your lawyer, neighbour Snarl?

Snarl. I am my own lawyer.

Enter SCOUT, SHEEPFACE, and CONSTABLES.

Scout. (*aside to Sheepface*) How! rascal, you have impos'd upon me. Is that the plaintiff?

Sheep. Yes, that's his worship, my good master.

Scout. (*aside*) How shall I get out of this scrape?—If I go off, it will rouze his suspicions; I'll e'en stay and outface him.

Snarl.

Snarl. (*seeing Scout*) Heyday, who have we here?
the very fellow as I live.

Mit. Neighbour Snarl, you and the Plaintiff begin—

Snarl. Then you must know that this thief—

Mit. Come, come, no abuse.

Snarl. The short and the long of it then is, that this
feoundrel shepherd of mine that was, has robb'd me of
fourteen wethers.

Scout. That remains to be prov'd.

Snarl. (*aside*) His voice by Jupiter.

Mit. What proof have you?

Snarl. Proof—why I—I sold them this morning,—
no I don't mean that—I gave him in charge four yards
—no I don't mean that—fourscore sheep, I should say,
and there are but threescore and six forthcoming.

Scout. I deny the fact.

Snail. Well if I had not left the other in a lunacy
fit, I shou'd swear this was the very man.

Mit. This is the very man, without doubt—but
that is not the point at present—the fact neighbour
Snarl—prove the fact.

Snarl. I prove it by my oath—I mean by the ac-
count of my flock;—what's become of the four yards
—fourteen sheep, I should say, that are missing?

Scout. They are dead of the rot.

Snarl. Zounds! 'tis he himself.

Mit. Again, why I tell you once more, neighbour,
nobody doubts that. It is asserted that your sheep died
of the rot. What do you answer to that?

Snarl.

Snarl. I answer that it is a confounded lie, and the proof on't is hiding myself behind the hedge, who shou'd come up but this fellow, and laying hold of one of the fattest of my wethers.—Sits down beside me, and after cajoling me for a while about Witherington, Gomery, he makes no more ado, but carries off four yards of it.

Mit. Four yards of your wethers!

Snarl. Eh, no—my cloth—I say my cloth—the other——

Mit. What other, neighbour—what other?

Scout. Dear Sir, he's mad—raving mad.

Mit. I fear so—harkye, neighbour Snarl, not all the Justices in the county, no nor their clerks either, cou'd make any thing of your evidence. You talk of fourteen wethers stole from you, and you jumble up with that four yards of cloth, and Whittington, and I don't know what.—Stick to your wethers I say, or I must discharge the prisoner, but the shortest way is to examine him myself.—Come here my good fellow—hold up your head; what is your name?

Sheep. Baa.

Snarl. He lies; his name is Sheepface.

Mit. Well Sheepface, or Baa, no matter for the name; tell me, is it true that Mr Snarl gave you four-score sheep in charge?

Sheep. Baa.

C

Mit.

Mit. How! oh, his fears get the better of him perhaps, come, come, don't be alarm'd—did Mr Snarl catch you at night killing one of his wethers?

Sheep. Baa.

Mit. Heyday, what can this mean?

Scout. Why, sir, the blows the plaintiff gave the poor fellow on his head, have affected his brain, and put him, as your worship sees, beside himself. He's to be trepan'd as soon as the court breaks up, and Mr Minchmeat the surgeon says, it is the whole *Materia Medica*, to a dose of jalap, that he never recovers.

Snarl. Oh for the matter of that, it was dark night, and when ever I strike, I always strike home, and when and where I can.

Scout. There Sir, he confesses the fact, a voluntary confession.

Mit. Aye, aye, a voluntary confession; release the prisoner, I find no cause of complaint against him.

[*Exit Constables.*]

Snarl. But I appeal—As to you Mr Irongrey, we shall meet. (*to Scout.*)

Mit. O fie Mr Snarl, you are much to blame.

Snarl. To blame quotha; one runs off with my cloth; the other cuts the throats of my wethers: one pays me with Gomery, and the other with Baa; yet after all I am to blame. As for you Mr Justice—I'll appeal to a higher court; and that you shall find, Mr Wifecacre.

[*Exit.*]

Scout. (*to Sheepface*) Go thank his worship, go.

Sheep.

Sheep. Baa, baa.

Mit. Enough, enough ! poor fellow, go and be trepan'd directly ; go. [Exit.

Sheep. Baa.

Scout. Well I have brought you off with flying colours, you see ; you are a man of your word I know ; and I am sure you will pay me generously as you have promis'd me.

Sheep. Baa.

Scout. Yes, yes ; you play'd your part very well, but that isn't the point now—my fee ;—do you see—my fee.

Sheep. Baa.

Scout. What, am I to be outwitted by a walking scrubbing post ? a two legg'd bellwether ? a——

Sheep. Baa.

Scout. So I am outdone here I find—but come, will you assist in bringing about my daughter's marriage. If the scheme succeeds, if you and your wife, my maid Kate, play your parts well, I shall think myself sufficiently paid—if not, I'll shew you what it is to attempt cheating a lawyer.—But to your hiding place scoundrel, do you hear ?

Sheep. Baa, baa.

[Exit.

Scout. The devil baa you : but come, his worship seems so persuaded of the fellow's dangerous situation, that it will be no hard matter to persuade him he's at the point of death : but here he comes, and Kate along

with him. The work's begun I see; I must stay and lend a hand.

Enter MITTIMUS, and KATE.

Mit. Poor fellow! dead do you say, and so suddenly too?

Kate. Yes—ye—es, Sir.—Oh, oh! o dear. (*crying*)

Scout. Poor wench!—An ugly affair this for Mr Snarl.

Mit. don't weep so child; I'll see justice done you.

Kate. Oh! my husband! my poor dear husband! Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Mit. Nay, be comforted; consider you were married only yesterday morning, and——

Kate. Aye, that's the reason; had he liv'd a day or two longer it wou'd have been some conso-la-ti-on, oh, oh, oh!

Mit. The murderer shall be punished; I have given the necessary orders already, and you shall shortly have the comfort of seeing him hang'd.

Scout. Hang'd! poor neighbour Snarl! so valuable a member of the community too. He'll be a public loss neighbour Mittimus; a public loss!

Mit. True he was a useful man in the country, but what can I do; here's a man murder'd; and his widow demands justice.

Scout. But what service wou'd it be to you Kate to have Mr Snarl hang'd—wou'd it not be better to——

Kate.

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Kate. Why Sir, I am not revengeful, and if there was any friendly way of making up matters, you know how I love your worship's god-daughter.

Mit. My god-daughter! what concern has she in this affair?

Kate. Why an' please your worship, Charles, Mr Snarl's only son is in love with Miss Harriet; your worship's god-daughter; but Mr Snarl won't consent to the marriage. Now your worship is a man of learning, and if you set about it, I am sure might contrive something to please all parties.

Mit. I have it. We'll hush matters up on condition that Mr Snarl consents to the match, but neighbour Scout, do you consent?

Scout. Why I had no intention of marrying my daughter yet; but to save Mr Snarl from being hang'd, come I consent.

Mit. They are bringing him this way, I see, leave us together.

Scout. I'll but just fill up the blanks of a *bond*, which you'll oblige him to sign; otherwise he might retract you know.

[*Exit Scout and Kate.*]

Enter SNARL and CONSTABLES.

Mit. Well neighbour Snarl, the poor wretch you beat, they say is dead, and you confess'd the fact you know.

Snarl. I did; a blister on my tongue for it.

C 3

Mit.

Mit. The law must take its course; but first let me know whether you wou'd rather be hang'd, or consent to your Son's wedding.

Snarl. Neither one, nor t'other.

Mit. Lawyer Scout has a daughter, beautiful, and well accomplish'd, and your Son is in love with her.

Snarl. What's that to me?

Mit. Now matters might be hush'd up, if you consent to their marriage.

Snarl. I'll be hang'd first.

Mit. Away with him to prison then.

Snarl. Hold! hold! I'll consent.

Enter SCOUT and CHARLES.

Scout. Here's a bond ready for signing, and Mr Snarl if any of my family, can be of service to you, in your present misfortune, you may command me.

Snarl. Eh, what do you want another four yards of cloth rascal?—but come give me this bond. There, (*signs it.*)

Mit. Come, Charles, you and I will be witnesses.—So you have had a fortunate escape neighbour Snarl, I wish you joy of your good luck.

Snarl. Yes, this has been a lucky day for me truly.

Enter two COUNTRYMEN dragging in SHEEPFACE.

Coun. Bring him along.

Sheep. Mercy good folks!

Mit. Whence comes this ghost?

Coun. Why a'nt please your worship, we found this fellow hid under a heap of barley in our barn, so we brought

brought him before your worship, to make him give an account of himself.

Mit. What's become of the blows, your master gave you on the head?

Sheep. Gone along with his fourteen wethers.

Snarl. What rascal, you are not dead then?

Sheep. Baa.

Snarl. Let me come at him; I have paid for the killing, and it is but fair, I shou'd have the worth of my money, so if I am not allow'd to choak him I retract the consent I gave.

Scout. With all my heart; so you may pay the penalty of your bond, which is two thousand guineas.

Snarl. Two thousand devils!—But come, no joking apart, you'll pay me the fifty pounds your father ow'd mine?

Scout. Yes, when you can produce me his note.

Snarl. Mercy upon me! but then my four yards of cloth.

Scout. I'll wear them at your Son's wedding.

Snarl. Well, at any rate, give me my share of the goose.

Scout. It flew back this morning to Norfolk.

Snarl. Then this rascal shall pay for all, and I'll begin by having him hang'd.

Cbar. 'Tis time I own the truth Father, he has done nothing, but by my direction, and to supply my necessities, therefore suffer me to meet your future indulgence,

gence, by the means of conquering all such temptations henceforward.

Snarl. Hem!—well, it must be so then, I think; and to prevent any future abuse, I'll sell off all my sheep, and then they'll neither die of the rot, nor shall I need a shepherd.

Scout. Well so far I have succeeded fully, both for myself and client; but a cause in which we are all interested remains yet to be determin'd; which we must learn from the decision of this tribunal. Whether the *Village Lawyer* is to be struck off the roll, or not.

F I N I S.

18 JU 70

THE
F A R C E
OF THE
MODERN ANTIQUES,
OR THE
MERRY MOURNERS.
IN TWO ACTS.
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL,
SMOKE-ALLEY.

M,DCC,XCII.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Mr Cockletop,	—	Mr QUICK,
Frank,	— —	Mr MUNDEN,
Joey,	— —	Mr BLANCHARD,
Napkin,	— — —	Mr WILSON,
Hearty,	— —	Mr POWEL,
Thomas,	— —	Mr THOMPSON.



W O M E N.

Mrs Cockletop,	— —	Mrs MATTOCKS,
Mrs Camomile,	—	Miss CHAPMAN,
Belinda,	— — —	Mrs HARLOWE,
Nan,	— — —	Mrs CROSS,
Flounce,	— — —	Mrs ROCK,
Betty,	— — —	Miss BRANGIN.

MODERN ANTIQUES,

OR THE

MERRY MOURNERS.

ACT I.

SCENE.—MRS CAMOMILE'S House.

Enter MRS CAMOMILE and BETTY.

Mrs Camomile.

BETTY, any body here since?

Bet. No madam, but here's a strange servant.

Mrs Ca. Mrs Cockletop desired me, as I pass'd along Charing-Cross; to enquire for one for her, at the Register-Office, and this is he, I suppose, ha, ha, ha, she's *too* fine a lady, to look after these things herself.

Bet. Walk up young man.

[*Exit.*

Enter JOEY.

Joey. Servant. (*nods.*)

Mrs Ca. Quite a rustic! how long have you been in town?

Joey. Our town?

Mrs Ca. London.

Joey. I thought as how you meant our town, I com'd from Yorksop, in the county of Norfolk, to get a place.

Mrs Ca. Your name?

Joey. What of it?

Mrs

Mrs. Ca. What is it?

Joey. Oh! my name is Joey; but volks call'd me Mr Joey all the way up; that I com'd upon the coach roof, for as it's near Christmas time; all the infide passengers were turkeys. I quitted our village in a huff, with one Nan Hawthorn, my sweet-heart; cause why, the got jealous, and sawcy given.

Mrs. Ca. The wages, this lady gives to her foot-boy, are eight guineas a year.

Joey. Guineas! that won't do, I must have eight pounds.

Mrs. Ca. Well, if you insist upon eight pounds, ha, ha, ha.

Joey. Oh! I'm hired. (*lays his hat and stick upon the table.*)

Mrs. Ca. You can give, and take a message.

Joey. Yes sure. (*a loud knocking without.*)

Mrs. Ca. Then, let's see, run.

Joey. Where?

Mrs. Ca. To the door, you blockhead.

Joey. (*goes to the door, and stands.*) Well, I be's at the door, what now?

Mrs. Ca. The deuce! open the street door.

Joey. (*going*) Oh! here comes a lady.

Enter BELINDA, in a riding dress.

Mrs. Ca. My dear Belinda! come up (*to Joey*) when you hear the bell.

Joey. These gentle volks don't mind what trouble they give a poor zarvant man. [Exit Joey.

Bel.

THE MERRY MOURNERS.

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Belin. My dear friend, I've quitted Southampton boarding school without leave; though. (*Lays her bat on the table.*)

Mrs Ca. My sweet girl! I'm very glad to see you, but is this a prudent step?

Belin. To be sure, when I was kept there, so long against my will, by my aunt.

Mrs Ca. Ah, Belinda! confess the truth, wasn't it to see your uncle's nephew, Frank, that you've scamper'd up to town?

Belin. Ha, ha, ha, 'pon my honour you're a witch; but suppose so, why not? you and I were school-fellows t'other day, yet here you're married; a propos, how is your dear husband?

Mrs Ca. The Doctor is well.

Belin. You're already happy with the man you love, while I'm kept at a boarding-school, when I'm able to teach my dancing-master.

Mrs Ca. Why then my dear Belinda, since your last letter, I've been planning schemes how to make you happy with the man you love.

Belin. My good creature, do tell me.

Mrs Ca. You know if your uncle, Mr Cockletop's tooth but aches, he fancies he'll die directly, if he hasn't my husband Doctor Camomile's advice, he's the grand oracle of his health, the barometer, and thermometer of his animal system; now as the Doctor is at Winchester, on a visit to some of his old College chums, and won't leave his good orthodox bottle of

old port, to visit him here in London; he shall visit the Doctor at Winchester; if we can but get your uncle to leave town, on that hangs my grand scheme for the establishment of you and Frank; your aunt's maid, Mrs Flounce, and Mr Napkin the butler are my confederates.

Belin. Oh charming! but I must know it though.

Enter JOEY, stands some time mute.

Joey. Well?

Belin. And well?

Joey, I'm com'd up, as you bid me.

Mrs Ca. But you shou'dn't have come, 'till you had heard the bell.

Joey. And wounds, it's ringing yonder, hard enough to pull church steeple down.

Mrs Ca. and Belin. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs Ca. Joey, carry those to your master. (*gives him a basket of plants*) Plants and Simples, cull'd for him, by the Doctor.—Your uncle will now be a botanist, as well as an antiquarian.

Belin. Ha, ha, ha! but my aunt's new fangled rage for private theatricals, are to the full as unaccountably ridiculous, as my crazy uncle's passion for musty antiquities.

Mrs Ca. Come be chearful my sweet Belinda, for I'm going there directly, on your affairs.

Belin. My kind friend!

Mrs

Mrs Ca. Call a coach (to *Joey*, who takes up his stick, and puts on *Belinda's* hat.) Ha, ha, ha! why you've put on the Lady's hat.

Joey. (Takes off the hat and compares it with his own.) Ecod one would think the Lady had put on mine. [Exeunt *Mrs Camomile*, and *Belinda*.

Joey. (Laying hold of the basket.) Your London Ladies are so *manifed*, with their Switch Rattans, and their coats and waistcoats, and their tip-top hats, and their cauliflower cravats; that ecod, I shall be in London a long time before I know a man from a woman, (Takes up the basket, and Exit.)

SCENE.—*Mrs COCKLETOP's Dressing Room*, *Mrs COCKLETOP* discover'd dressing, *FLOUNCE* attending.

Mrs C. What a strange incident, my marrying this old Mr Cockletop; 'pon my honour, was I single, I'd have the most beautiful Theatre in my house, and his nephew Frank, shou'd be the Manager, of late he looks at me in a very particular manner; I can scarce think it possible for these features, to strike any body with admiration.

Flounce. Ma'am those features must strike every body with admiration.

Mrs C. You flatter 'em.

Flounce. Not in the least ma'am—but what signifies your beauty, or my skill in setting it off, my master since he's turn'd his brain——

Mrs C. Aye, since my husband has turn'd Antiquarian——

Flounce. With his curiosities, foreign cockleshells, mouldy farthings, and all his old fashioned trumperies,—I dare say, he'd sell you for the wing of a butterfly.

Mrs C. Flounce; I'll take you to see *Lear*, to-morrow night at Lord Rantum's private Theatre.

Flounce. Thank'ee ma'am; but Miss Toepit's maid told me all of them, except your Ladyship, made a strange piece of bungling work of their play there last Wednesday.

Mrs C. Work! Oh heavens, if Shakespeare cou'd have taken a peep at them, ha, ha, ha! *Romeo and Juliet* the play; the hero, on breaking open the tomb, totally forgot what he had to say next; in vain, the prompter whispers the word; poor Juliet might have remained in Capulet's Monument, 'till Doomsday; at length impatient; (for it grew monstrous cold) I softly bid him speak; why don't you speak? *He*, taking it, for what he should say, with all the fervor of distracted love, burst out "speak, speak, why don't you speak." Ha, ha, ha!

Enter JOEY, with a basket, which he throws on the Toilette.

Joey. My first piece of service in my new place.

[*Exit Joey.*]

Mrs C. Ah! (*screams.*)

Enter

THE MERRY MOURNERS.

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Enter MR COCKLETOP, with a scroll of Parchment.

Mrs C. (angrily.) Astonishing, Mr Cockletop, you won't even let me have my dressing room to myself.

Cock. Oh Mrs Cockletop, what a prize! I have bought one of the long books of Livy, a manuscript so capitally illegible, that no man on the globe can distinguish or read a letter of it; let's see, what change he has given me. (*reckons money.*)

Flouice. Full of snails. (*To the plants flinging them off the table, knocks the money out of Cockletop's hand, and Exit.*)

Cock. The botanical plants from Doctor Camomile, carefully pick 'em up, every leaf has the virtue——

Enter FRANK, in a riding dress.

Frank. Will they heal my wounded pocket? (*picks up the money.*)

Cock. (takes the money from him.) Eh! what you lizard! the valuable simples.

Mrs C. Do my dear, let poor Frank have a little money, give him a few guineas.

Frank. Aye Sir, a few guineas cou'd never come in better time, as I'm just whip and spur, you see? hey, spank to Southampton.

Mrs C. (alarmed) Pray Frank, what business have you there?

Frank. What! but to see, my lovely cousin.

Cock. (putting up the money.) Eh!

Mrs C. Oh! is that your business.

Cock. May be you like——

Mrs C. Aye, do you admire my niece?

Frank. Admire! I love her to distraction.

Cock. the sweet girl I doat on myself (*aside*) get out of my sight you Locust.

Mrs C. Love her! after all my fond hints to him (*aside*) pray sir, give me leave to express my obligations to you, when I was rehearsing Imogen with you t'other night, and was to have fainted in your arms—

Cock. Aye, you villain, you stepp'd *aside*, and let my dear wife tumble backwards, and knock her fine head against the brass fender—take a double hop out of your two boots, you jackdaw, how dare you stand before me with your horse-whip in your hand?

Enter FLOUNCE.

Flounce. Ma'am, Mrs Camomile.

Mrs C. Sir, command your nephew to think no more of my niece; love another, you Amateur; stand from the entrance.

[*Exit Mrs Cockletop in a passion, Flounce following.*]

Frank. Why, my dear uncle, you are really a good natured old lad, but for this nonsensical passion for antiquities, in which you have no more judgment than my boot.

Cock. What's that?

Frank. Didn't you give twenty pounds for the first plate ever Hogarth engrav'd; though 'twas only a porter pot from the barley mow?

Cock. No.

Frank.

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Frank. Didn't you throw a lobster in the fire, swearing it was a salamander?

Cock. Yes, but that was when I was sick. In bodily health my mind is bright and polish'd; but you most audacious dromedary! traduce my skill in antiquities!—Hark'ee, when you can prove to me, that it's possible I can be imposed on in antiques, that is when I am in bodily health, I consent to give you Belinda; here's my hand on't. Begone, your face is as odious to me as a new copper halfpenny. [*Exit.*]

Enter HEARTY. (*Calls after Mr Cockletop.*)

Sir Here's the receipt.

Frank. Ah Hearty! you're my uncle's steward, receiver of his cash, and yet do tip me a few guineas; cheat him a little, my honest fellow.

Hear. Mustn't.

Frank. Plague of the money! I'm sure I want it; my friend Jack Frolic, the player frank'd me into Covent-Garden, sat down in the upper boxes, between Miss Trump, and Mrs Roll about, when the curs'd orange woman thrust in her basket, with "sweet gentleman treat the ladies," I was obliged to clap my hand on my pocket, say my purse gone 'pon my honour; no entering a public place for the light finger'd gentry; so the ladies treated the sweet gentleman; coming home yesterday, caught in a soaking shower; "your honour; coach unhir'd," in I jumps, not recollecting his dismal honour hadn't a shilling to pay for't; so as the fellow clapt to one door, out I pops at t'other,
but

but then I got mobb'd by the watermen, and broke my nose over a post running away from the link boy.

Hear. Why Frank, I'll lend you my own money with all my heart.

Frank. No, before I strip you of what you may yet want to cherish your old age, I'll perish; yet this is my Belinda's birth day, by heavens, I will wish, aye, and give her joy, though I foot it every mile to Southampton, and dine on water-creffes, by the ditch-side.

[*Exit Frank.*]

Hear. Spirited lad! I hope by means of this letter, I shall be able to serve him. I'll sell my old master the small collection of odd sort of rarities *I've* made him, but as his knowing them to be mine may lessen their value in his opinion; this letter rouses his desire to buy them; then if I can but make him believe they are from Italy, or Herculaneum, or—(*Enter Joey in a livery.*) You're the new footmen?

Joey. Yes, I be's, I've put on my livery.

Hear. Here's a letter for your master, give it to him directly.—(*Gives the letter and exit.*)

Joey. So I must give this letter *too*; Ecod! they're resolved in London to keep no cats that wont catch mice.

Enter NAN with a sweeping brush.

Nan. (*singing as she enters*) "A service in London is no such disgrace." (*begins to sweep.*)

Joey. Isn't that?

Nan. Why Joey. (*surpriz'd.*)

Joey.

Joey. Nan! how glad I be's to see thee. (*kisses her.*)

Nan. But what brings you here, and in this fine laced coat?

Joey. Why I be fix'd here, for a zarvant man.

Nan. Zure! lard how comicle! and I hired here to day as maid.

Joey. Hills and mountains will meet. O dear—
O—dear!

Nan. I'm now sent in here by Mrs Flounce, to do up lady's dressing room, that it seems some clumsy booby has thrown leaves about'n.

Joey. I'm not a booby Nan; I find you're as saucy tongued as ever.

Nan. O la! was it you Joey! I ax pardon.

Joey. 'Twas all along of your crossness, I com'd up to London.

Nan. And 'twas your false heartedness drove me to seek my bread here.

Joey. Well, since good luck has brought us into one house—we'll never quarrel, nor be unkind any more.

Nan. Nor I never more will be jealous.—O ho! you've had this letter from Poll Primrose; oh! you deceitful! (*snatches the letter from Joey, and breaks it open.*)

Joey. The devil! a 'dy'e see, what you've done now, this letter was for meafter—if I hav'n't a mind.—

Nan. Reads, "Sir, encouraged!" why Joey don't be angry, the first letter I ever get for my lady, you shall

shall open for me, that you shall. [*Exit Nan, singing,*

"Better my fortune as other girls do."

Joey. (*Solus*) Ecod! you've spoil'd my fortune! what will become of me? before I've time enough to be set down in my place, I shall be kick'd out on't.

Enter FRANK.

Frank. Where's Hearty? (*Joey gives him a letter, he looks at it.*) For my uncle, how came it open?

Joey. It's open'd.

Frank. Why if it's you that——do you know that opening another man's letter is transportation.

Joey. Is it? then ecod I'll take the blame upon myself, rather than Nan should go to Botany Bay, (*aside*) 'twas I broke it open Sir—but I meant only to——to break it open——all accident.

Frank. (*Reads letter*) "Sir, Encouraged by your character, I shall to morrow in person offer you for sale some *Antique Rarities*!" this promises something, (*aside*) well my lad, keep your own secret, and I'll bring you out of this curs'd scrape.

Joey. Do Sir.

Frank. Any wafers here?

Joey. I believe there's some in that box; but I'll get you a *bapertb*.

Frank. My old conceited uncle has engaged to give me Belinda, when I can prove that its possible to impose on him in Antiquities. This may do it, and bring me a convenient sum besides, for with all the ridiculous enthusiasm of a virtuoso, my uncle has small reading,

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reading, no taste, but has a plentiful stock of credulity. (*waifers the letter.*)

Joey. Why I could have done that myself.

Frank. There you dog, stand to it stoutly (*gives Joey the letter*) that's the very one you received.

Joey. A thousand thanks, kind Sir, (*going*)

Frank. But I shall want a disguise; (*aside*) harkyee, you've put on your new livery since you came, where are your own cloaths?

Joey. In the butler's pantry, for you must know, Sir, when I com'd I was waundy hungry, so I went there to get a snack.

Frank. Quick, go give the letter.

Joey. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit Joey.*]

Frank. (*solus*) Ha, ha, ha! yes, uncle, if you have cash to buy Antiquities, I'm a stupid fellow indeed, if I can't find some to sell you, and if I succeed; hey to Southampton with the triumphant news to Belinda.

[*Exit Frank.*]

SCENE.—COCKLETOP'S Study.

Enter COCKLETOP with spectacles on, reading letter,

JOEY following.

Joey. That's the very letter, I was desired to give it you, I assure you, Sir, it was not open'd.

Cock. The things this learned man mentions here are really very curious.

Joey. Sir, here be Mr Napkin, the butler, coming.

Enter Napkin.

Nap. Sir, a man wants you *there below*.

Cock,

Cock. Then Sir, do you send him up *here above*.

Nap. (to Joey) Eh! what are you idling here? come, come, I'll shew you the business of a footman, you must toast the muffins for mine and Mrs Flounce's breakfast.

Joey. I will Sir, and broil a beef-stake for my own.

[*Exit Napkin, Joey following.*]

Cock. (*solus*) Only that my brain is for ever running on my wife's charming niece Belinda; (oh! how I do love her: I love every thing old, but girls, and guineas;) I should certainly be second a Sir Hans Sloane—I'd be a *Solander*, and a Monmouth Geoffry.—Now, who's this?

Enter FRANK, disguised in Joey's first cloaths with a small hamper on his shoulders.

Frank. If my uncle knows me *now*, he must have good spectacles. (*aside*) Measter told me, as he told you in a letter, he'd call on you to-morrow with some rarities.

Cock. Oh, then you belong to the gentleman who sent me this letter, where does your master live?

Frank. At Brentford, but I be's from Taunton Dean, and as I was coming to Town to day, he thought I might as well drop them here; if you'll buy them, these be they.

Cock. Oh! what he's sent *you*, with the things that are mentioned here (*pointing to the letter.*)

Frank. I warrant 'em all waundy rich; he gave me such strict charge about'n.

Cock.

Cock. Rich! ah, these fordid souls can't conceive that the most extreme delight to the eye of an antiquarian is beautiful brown rust, and heavenly green verdigrease. Let's see, (*reads*) the first is a Neptune's trident from the barbarian gallery.

Frank. That's it—(*gives a toasting fork.*)

Cock. (*reads.*) One of Niobe's tears, preserv'd in spirits.

Frank. That—(*gives a phial.*)

Cock. Curious! a piece of household furniture from the ruins of Herculaneum, comprizing the genuine section of the Escorial. Precious indeed! (*aside*) section of the Escorial; aye then it must be in the shape of—

Frank. That's it —(*gives an old gridiron.*)

Cock. (*reading*) "The cap of William Tell, the celebrated Swiss patriot, worn when he shot the apple off his son's head.

Frank. I've forgot to bring any thing even like that, what shall I do (*aside*) I warrant it's here Sir.

Cock. I hope it is, for I will not buy one without all.

Frank. Then all you shall have, (*aside*) Pretends to look in the hamper, but picks up Cockletop's hat, and with a penknife, cuts out the brim. "That's 'it may hap?"

Cock. Great! this is indeed, what the Romans call'd the *Pi-leus*, or Cap of Liberty: puts it on his head and reads;) "half a yard of cloth from Otahiete, being a part of the mantle of Queen Oberea, presented by her to Captain Cook."

Frank. Zounds, I was in such a hurry to get to work, that I've forgot half my tools.

Cock. Where's the cloth from Otahiete?

Frank. I dare say it's here, (*feels the coat he has on*) no, mustn't hurt poor Joey. Eh! (*cuts of the skirt of Cockletop's coat while he's admiring the things*) belike that's it,—(*gives it.*)

Cock. What wonderful soft texture; we've no such cloath in England, this must have been the fleece of a very fine sheep.

Frank. Aye, taken from the back of an old stupid ram.

Cock. Speak of what you understand you clown, much talk may betray little knowledge. Cut your coat according to your cloath.

Frank. Yes, Sir, I cut your coat according to your cloth. I must fix him in his opinion now, with a little finesse, (*aside.*) Measter do expect fifty pounds for this balderdash.

Cock. Here's the money.

Frank. No, if he even thought you such a fool to give it, he must be a rogue to take it, but he shan't make me a party. I'll let him know, I'm an honest man; damm'e if I don't throw them in the kennel, and quit his service—(*going to take them.*)

Cock. (*basily*) Leave them there, and take the money to your master, or I'll make him send you to the devil, you thick scull'd buffalo.

Frank. Not a penny of it will I touch.

Cock.

Cock. Here my good fellow; here's a guinea for yourself; there.—(*gives money.*)

Frank. Thank you, Sir; though I do think you're an old fool, and that you're most confoundedly humm'd.

Cock. Old fool! get you out of my house you scoundrel, or I'll—(*takes up a blunderbuss,*) blow you to Taunton Dean you dog, I will. (*Frank runs off.*)

Enter MRS COCKLETOP and MRS CAMOMILE, (they both scream.

Mrs Ca. Heavens! Mr Cockletop, will you kill us?

Mrs C. Lord! what's on your head?

Cock. The cap of liberty; oh the super-beautiful purchase I have just made; such a charming addition to my little curious collection; Mrs Camomile you've taste, I'll give you a treat.—I'll shew her all, (*aside.*)

Mrs C. (looking at the things) Heavens! who has done this!

Cock. Pliny the elder.

Enter FLOUNCE.

Mrs C. Here take these, and fling them——

Cock. Lay your fingers on them, and I'll—Strabo, Campden—and Bishop Pocock—madam you shou'd, (*to Mrs Camomile*) that is you—you do know—you're a Dillitnete. I say you are a celebrated Dili—and—now what a fine discourse an F. R. S. would make on these, madam, I say.

Mrs C. Bless me! who has trimm'd you thus?

Cock. Sir Ashton Lever, I wish your husband Doctor Camomile was in town; I've here *such a feast*,

for the venerable *Bede*. Travellers, come, and lay at my feet, the wonderful fruits of their wise researches. Awake!—prepare your understanding, here's a tear of—the devil, I forgot who cried this tear (*aside*.) Hem! it's a precious drop preserv'd in spirits.

Flounce. Ha, ha, ha!

Cock. Get along you most scandalous tongued, I desire Mrs Cockletop you'll order your slip-slop out of the museum, then here is a most valuable—(*takes up the toasting fork*.)

Enter JOEY.

Joey. Here, I'm sent to broil beef-stakes, and toast muffins, the cook said Mr Frank took, and brought out of the kitchen the——

Cock. They all cost me only fifty pounds; this is a Neptune's trident, and this piece of furniture from Herculeaneum, the model of the Escorial, built in honour of St Lawrence who was broil'd on——

Joey. Thank'e, Sir; I was looking for the toasting fork, and gridiron. [*takes them and exit*].

Flounce. Ha, ha, ha!

Cock. What is that?

Mrs C. Why Mr Cockletop what have you been about here?

Mrs Ca. Only look.

Cock. I believe I'm bit. Taunton Dean, he was a rogue. (*looks at his coat and hat*) Is my face genuine?

Mrs C. Why 'tis an antique; but indeed my dear, you don't look well.

Cock.

Cock. Don't I?

Mrs Ca. This may help my scheme, to get him out of town (*aside*) my dear Sir, I wou'd not shock you, but you look——

Cock. Do I?

Mrs Ca. My husband, the Doctor, often told me, that your *bodily* illness always had an effect upon your mind.

Cock. No man living understands my constitution, but Doctor Camomile; I must be (*feeling his pulse*) phlebotomiz'd.

Mrs Ca. When a gentleman of your knowledge is so grossly dup'd, it's a certain sign——

Cock. It is, that I'm ill, or I never cou'd have been taken in.

Mrs C. Lud, I wish your husband, the Doctor, was in town.

Mrs Ca. I advise Mr Cockletop to go to him to Winchester.

Mrs C. Here the Napkin, order horses too: Your poor master will go to the Doctor at Winchester.

Enter NAPKIN.

Cock. Aye, aye, to the Doctor,—to Winchester.

[*Exeunt Mr and Mrs Cockletop.*]

Mrs Ca. Napkin, ha, ha, ha! here's an opportunity for our plan; you know, as we've all without success repeatedly endeavoured to persuade the old couple, to settle some provision on their neice and nephew Frank and Belinda.

Nap.

Nap. Aye, we must try stratagem.

Mrs Ca. The excuse your mistress gives is the chance of her having children of her own, whom she can't wrong, by lavishing their patrimony on others.

Nap. Ha, ha, ha! then to put her out of all hopes of *that*, as you have settled, we'll make her believe my master's dead, and as I am now going into the country with him, leave that to me.

Mrs Ca. I fancy 'twill be easy, as she already thinks him ill——

Nap. And weak; heard him threaten to climb up the mouldering walls of Nettleston Abbey in search of a sprig of ivy, or an owl's nest, and if I can't invent a story to bring the old gentleman tumbling down——

Mrs Ca. Ha, ha, ha! and make your mistress the mourning widow, establish the dear, amiable young couple, well and happy.

Nap. 'Twill be an excellent joke to laugh at over their wedding supper, but I must prepare for the journey.

Mrs Ca. And I, home, to comfort poor Belinda, only do you act your part, most dolefully natural, and we must prosper. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

 ACT II.

SCENE.—MRS CAMOMILE'S House.

Enter FRANK in high spirits, and JOEY.

Frank.

HOLLO! Mrs Camomile! here's a nick, ha, ha, ha! honest fellow; my horse is at the livery stables t'other side of Westminster bridge, you'd best step on before me, have him out ready, you'll not have a moment to lose (*Exit Joey*) ha, ha, ha! well my mock curiosities may have a better effect on my uncle than Hearty's real ones; if they can help to cure him of an absurd whim, that makes him the dupe of impostors, flinging his money after things of no utility (*looks at his watch*) getting late, I'd like to see if Mrs Camomile has any commands for her friend Belinda, (*Enter Belinda*) then hey for my divine Belinda.

Belin. Pray Sir, whither in such a monstrous hurry.

Frank. My love, in the name of miracles how did you get here?

Belin. You know we've the best friend in the world, in dear Mrs Camomile, the mistress of this house.

Enter MRS CAMOMILE.

Mrs Ca. Come, come, you happy pair of turtles—this room is the stage for a little comedy I'm to act with your aunt, of which I hope your union will prove the denouement.

Enter

Enter FLOUNCE.

Flounce. Madam, my mistress is just drove up to the door.

Belin. Oh heavens! if she finds that I have run to town. (*going.*)

Mrs Ca. Stop, she'll meet you on the stairs.

Belin. This way, Frank—when my aunt comes in here, we'll slip down.

Mrs Ca. But Belinda, you'll tell Frank what we're both at, and trip directly home, and you and all the servants on with your fables.

Frank. Sables! what, to celebrate my true-love's birth-day, no, now that my crusty uncle's out of town, and I have cash, I'll have such a roaring entertainment at home——Tol——derol lol. (*sings.*)

Belin. Will you hold your tongue, and come along. (*pulls him.*) [*Exit Belinda and Frank.*]

Mrs Ca. If my little plot on their aunt but prospers——Flounce, run and desire Napkin to con over the lesson I taught him, and look as dismal as an executor left without a legacy.

Flounce. And Madam, I'll bid him keep his handkerchief to his eyes for fear an unfortunate laugh should come on his face, and spoil all——Here's my mistress, madam, I wish you success. [*Exit Flounce.*]

Enter MRS COCKLETOP, elegantly dressed.

Mrs C. Oh Mrs Camomile!

Mrs Ca. Well, how do you do?

Mrs

Mrs C. Our house seems so melancholy since my poor dear man has left town, that now I can't bear to stay at home.

Mrs Ca. (aside) And when he was at home, you was always gadding.

Mrs C. I forgot to shew you my dress, had it made up for Cordelia, in our intended play at Mr Pathos's; as you were not there, I put it on to consult your taste.

Mrs Ca. Oh my dear creature, I forgot to thank you for my ticket, but excuse me, that an engagement——

Mrs C. Ha, ha, ha! You had no loss, for our tragedy was converted into a ball.—Lear you know was our play—which we got up with every care and elegance; Well, Ma'am, Colonel Toper, who was to have play'd Gloster, having conquer'd too many bottles of Burgundy after dinner, (*mimicks*) “No, damme, I be for none of your stage—I'll sit in the side boxes among the ladies, begin your play by yourselves.”——So says my Lord Brainless, I'll make an apology, and I'll——“Ladies and Gentlemen, Colonel Toper having been taken suddenly ill, hopes for your usual indulgence to accept a dance instead of the tragedy.”——The fiddles struck up Mrs Cassey, and audience and actors join'd in a country dance——'Pon my honour, tho' I laugh I am exceedingly melancholy.

Mrs

Mrs. Ca. You've nothing to make you uneasy; you are sure, that with my husband, Doctor Camomile, Mr Cockletop is in safe hands.

Mrs. C. Well, Mrs Camomile it astonishes me how you can be cheerful while your husband's absent; but indeed it's rather unfortunate when people are found with hearts of more sensibility than others.

Enter BETTY.

Bet. Why, Ma'am, here's Mr Napkin just come below.

Mrs. C. But is his master return'd too?

Mrs. Ca. Well, if he is not, why should that alarm you?

Mrs. C. Then perhaps Napkin has brought word, where is he? why don't he come up—Napkin—*(calls)* Torture me with suspense—Oh Lord Mrs Camomile if any thing's the matter, I shall die. *(agitated.)*

Enter NAPKIN, much splash'd, in a large Travelling Dress, and seemingly fatigued.

Nap. My dear good master. *(crying.)*

Mrs. C. My husband—Oh Lord! speak, pray speak.

Nap. Madam, will you have him brought up to town, or shall he be buried in the country? *(weeps)*

Mrs. Ca. Dead!

Nap. I wish, Henry the Eighth had levell'd Nettleston Abbey, my sweet master's thirst of knowledge—such a height—top of the old spire—his head giddy—feeble limbs—stretching too far, a stone giving way
—though

—though I caught him by the heel—head foremost—
corner of a tombstone—dash——Oh!

[Weeps and Exit.

Mrs C. My fears are true—I faint—I die—please to
reach that chair.

(Mrs Camomile places a chair; Mrs Cockletop deliberately wipes it with her handkerchief, seats herself—
takes out a smelling bottle, applies it, and affects to
swoon.)

Mrs Ca. Nay, nay, my dear friend, pray be com-
forted.

Mrs C. (recovering.) Comforted, did you say? how is
that possible, my dear Mrs Camomile, when I've heard
you yourself remark that mourning don't become me
—though if I was to dress like Almeria in the Mourn-
ing Bride——

Mrs Ca. To confess the truth, I was afraid to tell
you, but I before knew of this melancholy event, and
there that foolish boy your nephew Frank, through
his zealous respect for the memory of his uncle, has,
contrary to all custom and decorum, already ordered
the whole family to put on the black clothes that were
only t'other day laid by when the mourning for your
brother-in law expir'd.

Mrs C. Madam, you're very obliging.

Mrs Ca. I see his loss bears hard upon your mind,
therefore it mayn't be proper so soon troubling you
with worldly affairs—but now my dear, you'll have no
children

children of your own, indeed you should think of some establishment for your niece Belinda.

Mrs C. I'll first establish my husband's nephew Frank, merely to shew I prefer my dear man's relations to my own.

Mrs Ca. This will answer the same purpose, as Frank marries Belinda, (*aside.*)—Well shall I tell the lad your good intentions towards him?

Mrs C. You're very good, I'll tell him myself—but I'll first consult you my good friend on the thoughts I have in my mind how to make him happy, but in my interview with the boy I wouldn't have any body else by; the hour of sorrow's sacred, it's a cruel world, and people luxurious, sensual, gay, and fortunate, have no feeling for the disconsolate widow.

Mrs Ca. My dear creature endeavour to keep up your spirits.

Mrs Ca. Ah friend, what should a poor woman do that has lost so good a husband, but try to—get a better. (*aside.*) [Exeunt.

SCENE.—COCKLETOP'S House.

Enter FRANK, elevated with wine, and BELINDA, both in mourning—and NAN.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! this is the most whimsical thought of your friend Mrs Camomile.

Belin. Isn't it charming?

Frank. Your aunt, and indeed the whole family, except Mrs Flounce, actually believe, that my uncle's dead;

dead; this is your natal day, the birth of beauty; I'll give an entertainment upon my soul, ha, ha, ha! pert Mrs Flounce says, Oh, Sir; I can't run any bills with the trades people—but dem bills and credit, while we've money—my uncle's curiosity guineas shall fly—Illuminate the rooms, brilliant lustres, gerandoles and chandeliers.

Nan. Yes sir! la! now where's Joey to do all this? Mr John, light the clusters, jeridoles, and chanticleers. *(calls off.)*

Belin. Lord Frank what's come to you?

Frank. Money and long separated friends have a joyful meeting—prepare the saloon-bell, we will have a ball.

Nan. Air the balloon, for master's going to play ball.

Frank. And lay supper, then let Napkin send for a pipe and tabor for a dance we must have, tol, lol, lol.

Belin. But indeed now this is extravagance.

Frank. Can't I afford a little extravagance? an't my kind aunt to give me my uncle's cash, then my Belinda you and I go to church, and Hymen in his saffron robes shall lead us to the rosy bower.

Belin. For Heavens sake Frank, a little decency before the servants, how unfeeling they must think you.

Frank. I'll shew you the feeling of servants for such a master.

Enter THOMAS and two maids in mourning.

Harkee! Tom, the coachman, you know your master's no more.

D

The.

Tbo. Aye, Sir, death has whip'd his horses to their journey's end, to our great sorrow.

Frank. Poor Tom! I'm told you're so griev'd, you have sworn never to touch a drop of punch as long as you live.

Tbo. Me! I'll be damn'd if I ever swore any such thing.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! a jovial bout the servants shall have. Fly, and every one bring in his hand something toward the good cheer of the night. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE.—*A Saloon illuminated, table and cloth laid.*

Enter COCKLETOP in a storm cap.

Cock. All my doors open, this blowy night reminds me of Lisbon earthquake, but my storm cap has protected me,—odd my not finding Belinda at Southampton—I wish I had come into town over London-bridge; that now is a sort of young ruin—but then over Westminster-Bridge, to see my man Joey, mounted like the emperor of Morocco's blackamoor—I'm not sorry Napkin left me, nobody knows now I've been after my sweet Belinda—how glad my loving wife will be when she finds I am come home and well——(*looks out.*) Eh, my deeree has company—this don't speak much feeling for my illness.

Enter THOMAS with plates, not perceiving him.

Tbo. While Napkin is uncorking the wine, I'll see if I can't spread a table cloth as well as a hammer cloth. (*Lays plates.*) I wonder who drives my old master

master now in t'other world?—does he go up or down hill?

Cock. Eh! now who has put Thomas my coachman into mourning?—As I left you a pied zebra, why do I find you a black bear? (*Strikes him with a cane.*)

Tbo. Gee up! (*Suddenly turning, is terrify'd and sneaks off.*)

Cock. What's all this about?

Enter NAN with fallad, places it on table, then plucks a bit.

Nan. I love's beet-root.—(*puts it to her mouth.*)

Cock. Yes, and so do I.—Tell me young woman, for whom are you in mourning.

[*Exit Nan screaming.*]

Haven't I mistook the house? I believe I'm at next door.

Enter NAPKIN and FLOUNCE.

Nap. Ha, ha, ha! Flounce if you had seen how capitally doleful I play'd my part.

Flounce. None of your dolefuls now master's out of town, Mistrefs safe at Mrs Camomile's, the house to ourselves and the young pair—since Mr Frank will treat us to a little hop.

Nap. Aye Flounce, for music you know I'm no bad scraper.

Flounce. No, Napkin, nothing gives so much spirit to a dance as a pipe and tabor—so send out and see if one can be had.

Enter two Maids and Footmen, with a violin.

Nap. My fiddle John. (*takes it*) Now listen Flounce for our country dance; only mind the violin, why I'll lift up Jacky Bull sprightly enough to move the dead, aye, even to make our old master caper about.—(*plays*—*Servants join the dance, in the midst of which Cockle-top comes dancing before them, they scream and run off all frighten'd, except Napkin.*)

Cock. So my good friend, I bring you into the country, you leave me sick, sneak away, and here I find you like Nero at Rome, rasping your Cremona, explain what brings you all in black—if any body's deceas'd, why do you celebrate the funeral rites with feasting and fiddling; and if no body's dead, why change my dovehouse into a rookery. (*Napkin puts a handkerchief to his eyes.*) Oh then there is somebody! who is it? Eh, tell me! Vexation, an't I to know? Sblood, are people to die in my house, and the master not to be told?

Nap. What, or who shall I say? (*aside*)

Cock. What am I to think of all this?

Nap. Why Sir, from seeing us all in black—you're to think—that—that——

Cock. What?

Nap. That we're in mourning.

Cock. But for whom? it can't be my friend Mrs Camomile, or my nephew Frank? oh Lord, if it should be Miss Belinda——no, no, they wou'dn't fiddle and dance for them——now there is one belov'd person that

that I don't care a farthing for (*aside*)——yet I left her so well——I see they are afraid to shock me——Napkin is it——is it——

[*Napkin shakes head and exits slowly.*]

Cock. It is—my—wi—wi——wife——'tis so, his silence is a funeral oration. (*capers about.*)

Enter JOEY shivering as if cold.

Joey. Oh, ho! it be a bitter sharp night, my hands are stone.

Cock. Are you petrified, I wish you were; I'd put you in a case.

Joey. But, Sir, here we come home, and find all our servants in mourning, and when I ask for whom, they shake their heads and walk away.

Cock. Joey, its for——for your mistress.

Joey. My Lady dead! I believe I ought to cry (*aside*)——(*Lifts up the skirt of his coat.*)

Cock. The gentle friend and companion of my youth. (*weeps*)

Joey. Yes, I should cry. (*aside.*) Oh! (*cries.*)

Cock. The best of wives——(*forrowful*)

Joey. The kindest mistress, (*imitating*)

Cock. Yet my servants' rejoicing shews how ill she was beloved.

Joey. Yes Sir, I said to myself when I com'd, Joey, said I, you have got a good master, but a bad mistress.

Cock. Stay, I'm releas'd from her extravagant vagaries, why she'd give as much for a little toilette patch box as would purchase the black letter palace of pleasure

sure—her week's hair dressing would buy me Colly Cibber's Foppington wig—then her temper.

Joey. She was a wixen devil.

Cock. With her lace cap and her fripperies,—her private plays, with her denouement and catastrophe.

Joey. If I didn't suspect she play'd in private with that Mr Denoumong behind the tapestry.

Cock. I've no right to be so sad.

Joey. Yes, Sir, we mun be glad, ha, ha, ha, ha! he, he, he!

Cock. The funeral over—I'll do what I've long wished, convert her dressing-room into my museum—the room has an eastern prospect—the windows face Athens—though disgraced now by cockspur Perfumery, and Fleet-street jannery—I'll remove her things out of it.

Joey. Kick them down stairs, an't you man of the house?

Cock. I am! you're but a boy—but I see you've spirit—follow me to her dressing-room.

Joey. Yes, Sir.—Hem!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mrs COCKLETOP and NAN in mourning.

Mrs C. Every room, every article of furniture only reminds me of my dear man—my belov'd Frank's ill-tim'd mirth don't correspond with his haste in getting every body into mourning, but indeed my poor husband was never an uncle to him.

Nan. Oh madam, you look so well in your weeds.

Mrs

Mrs C. Do I?——though I revere the memory of my late husband, yet his ridiculous passion for shells, fossils, and antique nonsense was got to such an-intolerable height——I was determined on the first opportunity I'd fling all his rubbish out of the house, and now I'll do it, it's a good large room, and I think tastily fitted up will make me a most beautiful little theatre—the thought charms me, but alas my charmer is no more. I'll instantly go up, and throw all his old coppers and crocodiles out—his museum (as he call'd it) is a most horrid place, but I will have it clear'd out, do you come and help me.

Nan. Yes, an't please you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter JOEY with ban-boxes, and toilette furniture.

Joey. Ha, ha, ha! if our mistress could but pop her head out of her coffin and see what a fine rummage we have made among her falderals, trinketies, and ginglibobs (*reads the inscription of a bottle.*) A, by itself A-l-o-lo-t-i-ti-on, lotion for the face, (*drinks*) face! ecod I think it's a good notion for the stomach—the very thing I wanted to warm my gay little heart—they say what people set their hearts on in this world, runs so much in their heads, that even in t'other they can't rest if they should be disturbed—Maister says he'll give these to the flames—I'll ask him to give them to my flame pretty Nan——if she gets this here cap upon her pate, and our lady mistress was to come stalking in with a candle in her dead hand.

Enter

Mrs

Enter MRS COCKLETOP with a candle.

And then says Nan, with a trembling voice "Who's here" not perceiving her.

Mrs C. Don't be afraid Joey, its only me.

Joey. Mercy on us. (*trembling.*)

Mrs C. Heaven's! who pulled my things about this way?

Joey. Now the devil was in our master, that he couldn't let'n bide.—I thought we should have her up (*aside.*)

Mrs C. Who did it?

Joey. Will it quiet your poor soul? (*frightened.*)

Mrs C. Bid Nan make haste down to me.

Joey. Down! then she's, (*points down,*) Ah, these London ladies lead tory rory lives, (*aside.*)

Mrs C. Nan, (*calls.*)

Joey. Don't hurt Nan—I'll go for a Parson.

[*Exit terrified.*]

Mrs C. Parson! then my intentions to marry Frank is already known among the servants—but I'll see how Flounce dare to let my room be ranfack'd in this manner.

[*Exit in a passion.*]

SCENE.—*Changes to a dark Apartment.—A table covered with green cloth on.*

Enter JOEY with a candle.

Joey. I've left the parson in the room—who's there? but he insists it be auld master that's dead—the good gentleman that just now with me for madam's death
cried

cried so fine, all alive and merry : but this stupid minister won't believe it, so if he meets her there, and her spirit still disturbed about her rumplified caps, she'll give it him for certain ; I know nought where master's got to, and the servant's seem all to hide. Can't find Nan, I would we were both safe again in the country—Well, I've saved this drop of cordial—who's you ? Heaven defend us she is come again—I have no hopes now but my bottle and this table. (*Puts out candle and gets under the table.*)

Enter MRS COCKLETOP.

Mrs C. Frank! (*calls*) this is the room I desired Mrs Canomile to bid him meet me in, and here he comes this way—Frank—(*calls in a low voice*) I'm glad there's no light though ; to discover my blushes at the open declaration I must make him.

Enter COCKLETOP.

Cock. As dark as an Egyptian catacomb. Belinda venturing to town must be on the report of her aunt's death, and if Hearty has told her—I'll speak to her here.

Mrs C. Are you there?

Cock. Yes, 'tis she. I wish we had a light—where are you, you little guinea pig?

Mrs C. Eh, my dear when I bury Mr Cockletop.

Cock. Bury me—(*aside.*)—When for you I'll make a mummy of Mrs Cockletop.

Mrs

Mrs C. Angels and Ministers! it's the ghost of my deceas'd husband come to upbraid me—oh much wrong'd spouse!

Cock. Spouse! it's the spirit of my wife—Oh Lord! oh great injured goblin! (*falls on their knees at opposite sides.*)

Joey. Oh here's the parson striving to lay my mistress—but she'll surely tear his head off—it's my poor dear master—help, murder!

Enter HEARTY with candles—MRS CAMOMILE and BELINDA.

Mrs C. Eh! what work's here?

Joey. My lady's ghost tearing old master to pieces.
(*Rising in haste, oversets the table and runs off.*)

Mrs C. Mr Cockletop alive!

Cock. My wife not dead.

Frank. Uncle, you promis'd that when proved to be deceived in Antiquities, Belinda should be mine, (*speaking in a feigned voice.*) Now zure besides the fifty pounds, give her to poor Taunton Dean.

Cock. Was't you? take her; I was a wise man till my brain got Love coddl'd—so my dear let's forgive Frank and Belinda, and forget our follies.

Hear. Come, come, let us transfer our passion for ancient virtue to the encouragement of Modern Genius.—Had not Rome, and Athens, cherish'd the arts of their times, they'd have left no antiquities for us to admire.

Mrs

Mrs C. Why rake for gems in the ashes of the dead,
And see the living arteft pine for bread.

Frank. Give,

While you live.

Heirs that find cash in corners,

Will at your Funeral, make Right Merry Mourners.

F I N I S.

MODERN ANTIQUES or

Mr. C. W. ... in the office of the dead.
And for the ... time the dead.

18 JUL 70

THE
F A R C E
OF
CHIT CHAT,
OR
PENANCE FOR POLYGAMY.
IN ONE ACT.
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL,
SMOKE-ALLEY.

M,DCC,XCII.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir Oliver Languish.
Singleton.

W O M E N.

Lady Languish.
Mrs Languish.
Lucy.



CHIT CHAT,

OR

PENANCE FOR POLYGAMY.

SCENE.—I.

Enter SIR OLIVER LANGUISH meeting SINGLETON.

Singleton.

SIR Oliver, good morning. I'm come to pay a debt of friendship but whether to condole or congratulate "is the question." You see I'm a modern friend, prepared for either, give me the * * "cue of passion" for a sigh will cost me no more than a smile.

Sir O. Smile, smile you rogue. Cou'd you not take the cue from my countenance.

Single. Were I to do that, I should cry, you look so merry.

Sir O. I suppose then, you are envious of my happiness.

Single. Not I truly. But if your countenance differs not from mankind in general, I shou'd suppose you very miserable.

Sir O. Why so?

Single. By reason, 'tis the fashion for the countenance, to feign what the heart does not feel. But are you really happy?

Sir O. As happy as love and beauty, can make me.

Single. Your first wife, was a careful woman, you'll miss her.

Sir O. Not I indeed.

Single. I am just arrived, so that I know not how long she may have been dead, though sometime, I should suppose, since you are so well reconciled and out of mourning.

Sir O. Dead? no such good luck Singleton.

Single. 'Tis an ungrateful task to be interested in the situation of a friend whose affairs seem to be of so delicate a nature and yet you know, 'tis true friendship urges enquiry. What were the circumstances of the dissolving your—you understand—I spare the feelings of a friend—I would no more renew the blush of dishonour, on the cheek of friendship, than I would raise the blush of virtue on the cheek of innocence—I wou'd preserve the one and partake of the other—therefore tell me the circumstances; I am anxious to know the cause of—

Sir O. The cause of my second marriage, I presume—to tell you truly there were two causes.—Love on my part and beauty on hers'.

Single. I am glad to find you are so enwrapt, with the idea of your new and youthful possessions, as to forget the disgrace which must have attended the forfeiture of your old—

Sir O. Forfeiture of my old, what new tenets are these? I find no such in Thelypthora. By that code

of matrimonial laws I have free right and title to retain the old as well as the new possessions. But in respect to the *old* 'tis a matter I shall never dispute, if any person can prove he has a right to the remainder of my lease.

Single. You are dreaming of leases, while I am talking of ladies.

Sir O. You're mistaken Singleton, I can neither dream nor think of any thing but my wives.

Single. You are surely craz'd, Sir Oliver.

Sir O. If I be craz'd you will not wonder when you have seen the beautiful cup which tempted me to take the intoxicating draught. But Singleton are you married yet?

Single. Married!—no, I cou'd never love tyranny so well as to wear the chains, for the pleasure merely of shackling another. *besides when both parties are tired of rattling them, they can never be unfastened but by the key of dishonour.* Matrimony is only the back string of Cupid to prevent his falling before he can walk alone. But when he can go of himself he should be left at liberty to range where he pleases.

Sir O. You disgrace the holy state which is productive of so great honours.

Single. Yes but they are *branching* honours—in-
stead of enobling they degrade us—you shall never per-
swade me to chace the deer of cupid within the pale
of matrimony, while I can pursue them on the com-

mon of nature—besides, confined game is seldom the property of the owner—but for freedom's sake often strays into the net of the poacher—the net of my heart is never open to receive such as escape the pale, but those whom affection leads into my toils—the first I shou'd take to my arms, but the latter I shou'd press to my bosom.

Sir O. But Singleton, are you such a fair sportsman in the chace of beauty as might be trusted to pursue a stray deer. Wou'd you return her unhurt?

Single. I wou'd; and wou'd likewise whip him who dare transgress such rules of honour, as constitute the real sportsman——

Sir O. It wou'd be curious and interesting to hear those rules—I doubt they are as little known as practis'd in the chace of love; can you recollect them?

Single. Yes.—the first is—take care you break not the fence of your neighbour—the second, lay no snare in the field of another, lest you be deem'd a poacher—the third, shou'd you find a wanton deer o'erleaping the pale of hymen, check instantly her course but mind you tell no tales.

Sir O. Break no fence, lay no snare—tell no tales—why you are an honefter fellow than I thought you—and though you won't let Hymen kindle his torch for you—if you'll attend the chit chat of a matrimonial breakfast you will judge how far he has lighted me on the road to happiness.

SONG

PENANCE FOR POLYGAMY.

1

S O N G.

Oh the pleasures of my life,
Since I've wed another spouse,
To please me will be all their strife;
To please me will be all their strife:
Enjoyment reigns throughout my house.

Oh the chit chat there will be,
Oh the chit chat there will be,
The chit chat there will be,
With many wives when they agree.

Death I'll never mind a straw,
If he should either spoufy chuse,
As plenty may be had by law,
I'll not so small a gift refuse.

Oh the chit chat, &c. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A breakfasting Parlour—discovers a table prepared for breakfast.*

Enter LADY LANGUISH followed by MRS LANGUISH,
(*The former an old Dowager, the latter a handsome young Lady.*)

Lady L. Lucy tell your master breakfast waits for him.

Mrs L. Stay Lucy I'll call him myself. (*going.*)

Lady L. Pray madam give me leave to command my own servants. I say, go Lucy.

Mrs L. I say, stay Lucy. If you command your own servants you have no right to command me madam—'tis the duty of every good wife, to wait upon her husband.

Lady.

Lady L. If 'tis so, I'll call himself. (*going.*)

Mrs L. Indeed you shall not with me madam. (*returns.*)

Lady L. Then I'll go without you, madam. (*going.*)

Mrs L. Stay, madam, rather than you should have trouble, let Lucy go.

Lady L. 'Tis pity madam, but you had suffered her to go at first, rather than to have given yourself and me so much trouble—go Lucy. [*Exit Lucy.* it if be thus you are to contradict me in the management of my household.——

Mrs L. Your household indeed! am I not as much the wife of Sir Oliver as yourself madam? and have I not therefore as much right to direct all his affairs as you have.

Lady L. No, madam you have not—whose money made Mr Languish what he is—but mine—you wou'd never have had the honour to marry a knight, had not my fortune been the means of creating him Sir Oliver.—You have the assurance to *madam* me when you shou'd have more respect for my title when you speak to me you shou'd consider 'tis Lady Languish you are before.

Mrs L. Although your money might have procured you the title—my charms have acquired an equal share of it's honours—I pray you therefore to remember, that I am as much *Lady Languish* as yourself *madam*.

Lady L. No, *Madam*. You may possibly claim an equal right to the *person* of Languish, but not to the

title

title—precedence and possession must have in these cases the preference, Mrs Languish.

† *Mrs L.* I shall dispute this point with you *Madam*, before Sir Oliver—here he comes.

Enter SIR OLIVER and SINGLETON.

Mrs L. Pray Sir Oliver, have I not an equal right to the title of Lady Languish, with this Lady?

Sir O. That's a question, my dear, the doctor has not yet resolved, I'll ask him the question through one of the newspapers, mean time give me leave to introduce Mr Singleton to your acquaintance. (Singleton starts and appears surpriz'd) What's your thoughts Singleton? are you struck with her charms.

Single. No, but I am struck at her condescension and your command of temper.

Sir O. Why to be sure, 'tis a trying situation, although it be agreeable to Thelyphthora.

Single. (*approaches and salutes Mrs Languish*) *Madam* Thelyphthora, I am happy to have the honour of thus congratulating you on your nuptials—the politeness of the name becomes the charms of the owner.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir O. Thelyphthora! (*laughs*) why you dunce, Thelyphthora is a book.

Single. A book! she's very handsomely bound. Sir Oliver, though you have lost your own senses, you shall not persuade me that I have lost mine. To carry on the joke—what subject does she treat of? If I might

might guess from the title page, it can be nothing but love.

Sir O. You simpleton! I tell you again *Thelyphthora* is a book in favour of Plurality of Wives, written by one Doctor—Doctor.

Single. He must be a mad doctor who could write such doctrine. I beg your pardon, I now understand you.

Sir O. Understand me! Come let us sit down to breakfast. (*they sit.*)

Lady L. I cannot bear Sir Oliver to see you sit down to breakfast in your morning gown, it appears so disrespectful, besides it by no means becomes you. Bring your master his coat, Lucy.

Mrs L. I beg Sir Oliver you will not alter your dress, there's not the least occasion to change what becomes you so well, and is so proper to breakfast in.

Lady L. Why don't you go Lucy.

Lucy. I'm going my Lady. [*Exit Lucy.*]

Lady L. You will disoblige me mightily, Sir Oliver, if you do not change your dress. Mrs Languish would think a shroud as becoming a thing as you could possibly wear.

Sir O. I am much obliged to her.

Mrs L. And you madam, cou'd fancy Sir Oliver wou'd become a glass case, provided he was embalnmed first.

Sir O. This is only a proof of their affection. (*to Singleton.*)

Single.

PENANCE FOR POLYGAMY.

11

Single. If I thought it was not enough to convince you, I would recommend you to hang yourself, and a further trial——

Enter Lucy with a coat.

Lucy. There's the coat my Lady.

Lady L. Help your master to put it on Lucy.

Sir O. Give it me. (*rises and pulls off his gown.*)

Mrs L. 'Tis very well Sir Oliver, this is a proof of your willingness to oblige me.

Sir O. (*puts the coat half on*) My dearest I would disoblige the world to please my charmer.

Lady L. You wou'd Sir Oliver! ungrateful wretch! you forget the obligations due to me for riches, honour, and above all my eternal love and tenderness.

Sir O. What must I do, Singleton.

Single. Wou'd you oblige both the ladies.

Sir O. Was it possible I wou'd.

Single. Then wear neither coat nor gown.

Sir O. Well said Singleton. Now ladies I hope you are both satisfied of my desire to please you? (*throws the coat away.*)

Mrs L. Now madam are you satisfied, Sir Oliver is content to run the risque of catching his death, rather than displease your Ladyship.

Lady L. You mistake, Mrs Languish; 'tis rather than displease your honourable personage, that he risks his life. Fie upon you.

Mrs L. Fie upon you Madam.

Sir

Sir O. Are you not yet content my dears? what wou'd your consciences expect? If you mean to have my company to breakfast, you will immediately drop the dispute.

Lady L. I am content. For she can't triumph. (*aside*)

Mrs L. So am I, Sir Oliver. Since she has not got the better. (*aside*)

Single. Are you not cold Sir Oliver.

Sir O. O fie, Singleton; where's your gallantry? who can be cold that fits like me, near two such beautiful furs.

Both Ladies. Gallant Sir Oliver!

Single. 'Twill be fortunate if you don't find your happiness warped between them. (*aside*.)

Lady L. Wou'd you chuse tea or coffee, Sir Oliver.

Mrs L. Tea to be sure madam, who wou'd drink coffee to breakfast.

Lady L. Sir Oliver, madam, is always used to drink it for breakfast. Tea affects his nerves.

Mrs L. That's entirely owing to your carelessness, begging your pardon, madam, by giving it him too strong and too warm, otherwise it wou'd not; take this cup to oblige me, and to make a trial of its stomachic quality—'tis neither too hot nor too cold, Sir Oliver.

Sir O. Your care and tenderness, my dear, demand my acquiescence. (*takes tea*.)

Lady L. Sir Oliver, do you mean to poison yourself? if you have lost all desire to oblige me, give me leave

leave to perform my duty you know nothing agrees with you so well as coffee—here Sir Oliver the cup you are so partial to.

Sir O. Not to abuse both your tenderness, I'll drink a cup of each.

Mrs L. If you take a drop of coffee—I shall consider it an ungrateful denial of my tender request—what interest can I have in desiring you take tea in preference to coffee, but my regard for my dear Sir Oliver's health?

Sir O. (*puts down the coffee*) That's true my dearest, I cannot abuse such tenderness.

Lady L. Sir Oliver, you're a base man—to treat a perseverance of attention to your welfare with such a cruel denial. (*cries.*)

Sir O. Zounds, woman! you'll neither let me have tea nor coffee, must I go without my breakfast as well as almost naked—was ever man so tormented between those who shou'd endeavour to make him happy.

Both. I am sure I am doing my utmost, Sir Oliver.

Sir O. Yes, first to starve me to death with cold and then with hunger—what shall I do now to please them, Singleton.

Singl. I really can't advise, unless you go without your breakfast.

Sir O. No, I wont do that neither, I have it—my dears as you will not suffer me to have tea or coffee, may I have a little milk and water.

B

Lady

Lady L. I don't care what you have, provided you drink no tea.

Mrs L. Nor I neither, so that you drink no coffee.

Sir O. That's kind my dears, very kind Singleton, is it not? see what it is to have *two* careful wives, how the one serves to rectify the mistakes of the other.

Single. Your situation, Sir Oliver, is truly enviable.

Sir O. Oh this is but a small part of the happiness I expect. Lucy bring me a basin of milk and water.

[*Exit Lucy.*

Lady L. Bless me, Sir Oliver, I had not the least suspicion of your being in your slippers. I thought I had entirely persuaded you to leave them in your chamber every morning.

Sir O. You had my lady, but this lady here prevailed upon me to wear them—it being the first request I cou'd not refuse it.

Lady L. I see, Sir Oliver, the pride I have always taken in your person, manners and dress must be no more—this lady's dominion begins with the destruction of mine.

Sir O. What shall I say, Singleton.

Single. You'll be for ever miserable unless you convince her of the contrary.

Enter LUCY with a basin.

Sir O. Lucy bring me my shoes.

Lucy. Immediately, Sir. [*Exit Lucy.*

Mrs L. You are determined Sir Oliver to thwart me in every thing, there's not one poor request that you

you have granted me since I became your wife. I see all your fondness was pretence, Lady Languish has possession of every reality, while I am mock'd only with its semblance.

Sir O. See there, Singleton, 'tis impossible to please them both.

Enter LUCY with shoes.

Single. Indeed I don't know what you'll do now, Sir Oliver.

Sir O. Eh, a good thought strikes me. (*takes the shoes*) My dears you shall see my desire to please you both. (*puts on the shoes*) I have obliged you my lady. (*puts down the heels*) To please you madam I have made them slippers. I am sure now you must both be pleased.

Lady L. Do you mean, Sir Oliver, not only to disoblige me but to deride me also. To insult me with such mockery—you deserve—but you're the basest of men to use me in this manner. (*cries.*)

Sir O. I can't bear her tears, give me my buckles.

Mrs L. Her tears are sufficient to make me miserable.

Sir O. Was ever man so situated? why there then, damn the shoes, and damn the slippers. (*throws them away*) After stripping myself almost naked, I have now neither coat nor gown, shoes nor slippers—if I stay longer they'll strip me to my skin. 'Tis a proper penance for me to suppose I cou'd please two wives, when I have been these twenty years striving to please one.

B 2

Both.

Both. I'll not leave you until you have complied with my request.

Mrs L. I am determined your ladyship shan't be mistress. [Exeunt.

Manent Singleton.

The folly of Polygamy I think Sir Oliver has sufficiently experienced; although the weakness of the Doctrine is below comment, yet its wickedness deserves our severest reprehension, for it wou'd overturn a system of policy founded on nature, reason and religion, a system which is the cement of social happiness. After laughing at such folly who can help being serious at finding the blunders of the weak, and the designs of the vile levelled at the interest of our species.

F I N I S.

18 JU 70

THE
C O M E D Y
OF THE
CHEATS OF SCAPIN.
IN THREE ACTS.
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL,
SMOKE-ALLEY.

M,DCC,XCII.
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



Thrifty, an old Miser, and Father to Octavian,	} MR BULLOCK, Sen.
Gripe, Father to Leander,	MR OGDEN.
Leander, Son to Gripe, and privately married to Lucia,	} MR BULLOCK, Jun.
Octavian, Son to Thrifty, and privately married to Clara,	} MR MORGAN.
Scapin,	MR HIPPESELEY.
Shift, Servant to Octavian,	MR CHAPMAN.
Sly, Servant to Leander,	MR CLARKE.

W O M E N.

Lucia, in love with Leander,	MISS WARREN.
Clara, in love with Octavian.	MRS YVOGNER.

THE
CHEATS OF SCAPIN.

ACT I.

Enter OCTAVIAN and SHIFT.

Octavian.

THIS is unhappy news; I did not expect my father
in two months, and yet you say he is return'd
already.

Shift. 'Tis but too true.

Oct. That he arriv'd this morning?

Shift. This very morning.

Oct. And that he is come with a resolution to marry
me?

Shift. Yes, Sir, to marry you.

Oct. I am ruin'd and undone; prithee advise me.

Shift. Advise you?

Oct. Yes, advise me. Thou art as furly, as if thou
really could'st do me no good. Speak: has necessity
taught thee no wit? hast thou no shift?

Shift. Lord, Sir, I am at present very busy in con-
triving some trick to save myself; I am first prudent,
and then good-natur'd.

Oct. How will my father rage and storm, when he
understands what things have happen'd in his absence?
I dread his anger and reproaches.

Shift.

THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN.

Shift. Reproaches ! would I could be quit of him so easily ; methinks I feel him already on my shoulders.

Os. Disinheriting is the least I can expect.

Shift. You should have thought of this before, and not have fall'n in love with I know not whom, one that you met by chance in the Dover Coach : she is indeed a good snug lass, but God knows what she is besides ; perhaps some——

Os. Villain.

Shift. I have done, Sir, I have done.

Os. I have no friend that can appease my Father's anger, and now I shall be betray'd to want and misery.

Shift. For my part I know but one remedy in our misfortunes.

Os. Pr'ythee, what is it ?

Shift. You know that rogue and arch-cheat, Scapin.

Os. Well ; what of him ?

Shift. There is not a more subtle fellow breathing ; so cunning, he can cheat one newly cheated ; 'tis such a wheedling rogue, I'd undertake in two hours he shall make your father forgive you all ; nay, allow you money for your necessary debauches : I saw him in three days make an old cautious Lawyer turn chymist and projector.

Os. He is the fittest person in the world for my business ; the impudent varlet can do any thing with the peevish old man. Pr'ythee go look him out, we'll set him a-work immediately.

Shift. See where he comes—Monsieur Scapin.

Enter

THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN.

5

Enter SCAPIN.

Scap. Worthy Sir!

Shift. I have been giving my master a brief account of thy most noble qualities: I told him thou wert as valiant as a ridden cuckold, sincere as whores, honest as pimps in want.

Scap. Alas, Sir, I but copy you: 'tis you are brave; you scorn the gibbets, halters, and prisons which threaten you, and valiantly proceed in cheats and robberies.

Off. Oh Scapin! I am utterly ruin'd without thy assistance.

Scap. Why, what's the matter, good Mr Octavian?

Off. My father is this day arrived at Dover with old Mr Gripe, with a resolution to marry me.

Scap. Very well.

Off. Thou knowest I am already married: how will my father resent my disobedience? I am for ever lost, unless thou canst find some means to reconcile me to him.

Scap. Does your father know of your marriage?

Off. I am afraid he is by this time acquainted with it.

Scap. No matter, no matter, all shall be well; I am public-spirited: I love to help distressed young gentlemen; and thank heav'n I have had good success enough.

Off. Besides, my present want must be consider'd; I am in rebellion without any money.

Scap. I have tricks and shifts too to get that: I can cheat upon occasion; but cheating is now grown an ill trade; yet heav'n be thank'd, there were never more cullies

cullies and fools; but the greatest rooks and cheats allow'd by public authority ruin such little undertraders as I am.

Off. Well, get thee straight about thy business: canst thou make no use of my rogue here?

Scap. Yes, I shall want his assistance; the knave has cunning, and may be useful.

Shift. Aye, Sir; but like other wise men, I am not over-valiant: pray leave me out of this business: my fears will betray you; you shall execute, I'll sit at home and advise.

Scap. I stand not in need of thy courage, but thy impudence, and thou hast enough of that: come, come, thou shalt along; what, man, stand out for a beating? that's the worst can happen.

Shift. Well, well.

Enter CLARA.

Off. Here comes my dearest Clara.

Cl. Ah me, Octavian! I hear sad news: they say your father is return'd.

Off. Alas! 'tis true, and I am the most unfortunate person in the world; but 'tis not my own misery that I consider, but yours: how can you bear those wants to which we must be both reduc'd?

Cl. Love shall teach me, that can make all things easy to us; which is a sign it is the chiefest good: but I have other cares. Will you be ever constant? shall not your father's severity constrain you to be false?

Off. Never, my dearest, never.

Cl.

Cl. They that love much may be allow'd some fears.

Scap. Come, come; we have no time to hear you speak fine tender things to one another: pray do you prepare to encounter with your father.

Os. I tremble at the thoughts of it.

Scap. You must appear resolute at first: tell him you can live without troubling him; threaten him to turn foldier; or, what will frighten him worse, say, you'll turn poet. Come, I'll warrant you, we bring him to composition.

Os. What would I give 'twere over?

Scap. Let us practise a little what you are to do. Suppose me your father, very grave, and very angry.

Os. Well.

Scap. Do you look very carelessly, like a small courtier upon his country acquaintance; a little more furly:—very well:—now I come full of my fatherly authority.—Octavian, thou makest me weep to see thee; but alas! they are not tears of joy, but tears of sorrow. Did ever so good a father beget so lewd a son? nay, but for that I think thy mother virtuous, I should pronounce thou are not mine; *Newgate* bird, rogue, villain, what a trick hast thou play'd me in my absence? marry'd! yes: but to whom? nay, that thou knowest not. I'll warrant you some waiting-woman corrupted in a civil family, and reduc'd to one of the play-houses, remov'd from thence by some keeping coxcomb, or——

Cl. Hold, Scapin, hold——

Scap.

Scap. No offence, Lady, I speak but another's words. Thou abominable rascal, thou shalt not have a groat, not a groat. Besides, I will break all thy bones ten times over; get thee out of my house.——Why, Sir, you reply not a word, but stand as bashfully as a girl that is examin'd by a bawdy judge about a rape.

Os. Look, yonder comes my father.

Scap. Stay, Shift; and get you two gone: let me alone to manage the old fellow. [*Exit Os. and Clar.*]

Enter THRIFTY.

Thrif. Was there ever such a rash action?

Scap. He has been inform'd of the business, and is now so full of it that he vents it to himself.

Thrif. I would fain hear what they can say for themselves.

Scap. We are not unprovided. [*At a distance.*]

Thrif. Will they be so impudent as to deny the thing?

Scap. We never intend it.

Thrif. Or will they endeavour to excuse it?

Scap. That perhaps we may do.

Thrif. But all shall be in vain.

Scap. We'll try that.

Thrif. I know how to lay that rogue my son fast.

Scap. That we must prevent.

Thrif. And for the Tatterdemallion, Shift, I'll thresh him to death; I will be three years a cudgelling him.

Shift. I wonder'd he had forgot me so long.

Thrif. Oh, ho! yonder the rascal is, that brave governor! he tutor'd my son finely.

Scap.

THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN.

Scap. Sir, I am overjoy'd at your safe return.

Thrif. Good-morrow, Scapin—indeed you have follow'd my instructions very exactly, my son has behav'd himself very prudently in my absence; has he not, rascal, has he not? (*to Shift.*)

Scap. I hope you are very well.

Thrif. Very well—thou say'st not a word, Varlet, thou say'st not a word.

Scap. Had you a good voyage, Mr Thrifty?

Thrif. Lord, Sir! a very good voyage; pray give a man a little leave to vent his choler.

Scap. Would you be in choler Sir?

Thrif. Aye, Sir, I would be in choler.

Scap. Pray with whom?

Thrif. With that confounded rogue there.

Scap. Upon what reason?

Thrif. Upon what reason! hast thou not heard what hath happen'd in my absence?

Scap. I heard a little idle story.

Thrif. A little story, quoth-a! why, man, my son's undone, my son's undone.

Scap. Come, come, things have not been well carried; but I would advise you to make no more of it.

Thrif. I'm not of your opinion, I'll make the whole town ring of it.

Scap. Lord, Sir, I have storm'd about this business as much as you can do for your heart, but what are we both the better? I told him, indeed, Mr Octavian, you do not do well to wrong so good a father: I

preached him three or four times asleep, but all would not do; till at last, when I had well examin'd the business, I found you had not so much wrong done you as you imagine.

Thrif. How, not wrong done me, to have my son marry'd without my consent to a beggar!

Scap. Alas, he was ordain'd to it.

Thrif. That's fine indeed; we shall steal, cheat, murder, and so be hang'd, then say we were ordain'd to it.

Scap. Truly, I did not think you so subtle a philosopher; I mean, he was fatally engag'd in this affair.

Thrif. Why did he engage himself?

Scap. Very true indeed, very true; but fye upon you now, would you have him as wise as yourself? young men will have their follies, witness my charge, Leander; who has gone and thrown away himself at a stranger rate than your son. I would fain know if you were not once young yourself; yes, I warrant you, and had your frailties.

Thrif. Yes, but they never cost me any thing; a man may be as frail and as wicked as he please, if it cost him nothing.

Scap. Alas, he was so in love with the young wench, that if he had not wed her, he must have certainly hang'd himself.

Sbift. Must! why he had already done it, but that I came very seasonably and cut the rope.

Thrif.

Thrif. Didst thou cut the rope, dog? I'll murder thee for that; thou shouldst have let him hang.

Scap. Besides, her kindred surpriz'd him with her, and forc'd him to marry her.

Thrif. Then should he have presently gone, and protested against the violence at a notary's.

Scap. O Lord, Sir, he scorn'd that.

Thrif. Then might I easily have disannull'd the marriage.

Scap. Disannul the marriage?

Thrif. Yes.

Scap. You shall not break the marriage.

Thrif. Shall not I break it?

Scap. No.

Thrif. What, shall not I claim the privilege of a father, and have satisfaction for the violence done to my son?

Scap. 'Tis a thing he will never consent to.

Thrif. He will not consent to!

Scap. No: would you have him confess he was hector'd into any thing? that is to declare himself a coward: Oh fye, Sir, one that has the honour of being your son, can never do such a thing.

Thrif. Pish, talk not to me of honour; he shall do it, or be disinherited.

Scap. Who shall disinherit him?

Thrif. That will I, Sir.

Scap. You disinherit him! very good.

Thrif. How, very good?

Scap. You shall not disinherit him.

Thrif. Shall not I disinherit him?

Scap. No.

Thrif. No!

Scap. No.

Thrif. Sir, you are very merry; I shall not disinherit my son?

Scap. No, I tell you.

Thrif. Pray who shall hinder me?

Scap. Alas, Sir, your own self, Sir; your own self.

Thrif. I myself?

Scap. Yes, Sir, for you can never have the heart to do it.

Thrif. You shall find I can, Sir.

Scap. Come, you deceive yourself; fatherly affection must shew itself, it must: do not I know you were ever tender-hearted?

Thrif. Y'are mistaken, Sir; y'are mistaken:—Pish, why do I spend my time in tittle-tattle with this idle fellow?—hang-dog, go find out my rake-hell—(to Shift) whilst I go to my brother Gripe and inform him of my misfortune.

Scap. In the mean time, if I can do you any service—

Thrif. O! I thank you, Sir, I thank you.

[Exit Thrift.

Shift. I must confess, thou art a brave fellow, and our affairs begin to be in a better posture—but the money, the money—we are abominable poor, and my master has the lean vigilant duns, that torment him
more

more than an old mother does a poor gallant, when she solicits a maintenance for her discarded daughter.

Scap. Your money shall be my next care—let me see I want a fellow to—canst thou not counterfeit a roaring bully of Alfatia?—Stalk—look big—very well. Follow me, I have ways to disguise thy voice and countenance.

Shift. Pray take a little care, and lay your plot so that I may not act the bully always; I would not be beaten like a bully.

Scap. We'll share the danger, we'll share the danger.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

Enter THRIFTY and GRIPE.

Gripe.

SIR, what you tell me concerning your son, hath strongly frustrated our designs.

Thrif. Sir, trouble not yourself about my son; I have undertaken to remove all obstacles, which is the business I am so vigorously in pursuit of.

Gripe. I troth, Sir, I'll tell you what I say to you: the education of children, after the getting of 'em, ought to be the nearest concern of a father. And had you tutor'd your son with that care and duty incumbent on you, he never could so slightly have forfeited his.

B 3

Thrif.

Thrif. Sir, to return you a sentence for your sentence: those that are so quick to censure and condemn the conduct of others, ought first to take care that all be well at home.

Gripe. Why, Mr Thrifty, have you heard any thing concerning my son?

Thrif. It may be I have; and it may be worse than of my own.

Gripe. What is't I pray! my Son?

Thrif. Ev'n your own Scapin told it me, and you may hear it from him or some body else: for my part, I am your friend, and would not willingly be the messenger of ill news to one that I think so to me. Your servant: I must hasten to my council, and advise what's to be done in this case. Good bye till I see you again.

[Exit Thrifty.]

Gripe. Worse than his son! for my part I cannot imagine how; for a son to marry imprudently without the consent of his father, is as great an offence as can be imagin'd, I take it: but yonder he comes.

Enter LEANDER.

Leand. Oh, my dear father, how joyful am I to see you safely return'd! welcome, as the blessing which I am now craving will be.

Gripe. Not so fast, friend a'mine; soft and fair goes far, Sir. You are my son, as I take it.

Leand. What d'ye mean Sir?

Gripe. Stand still, and let me look ye in the face.

Leand. How must I stand, Sir?

Gripe.

Gripe. Look upon me with both eyes.

Leand. Well, Sir, I do.

Gripe. What's the meaning of this report?

Leand. Report, Sir?

Gripe. Yes, report, Sir, I speak English, as I take it :
What is't that you have done in my absence?

Leand. What is't, Sir, which you would have had
me done?

Gripe. I do not ask you, what I would have had you
done ; but what have you done?

Leand. Who I, Sir? why, I have done nothing at
all, not I, Sir.

Gripe. Nothing at all?

Leand. No, Sir.

Gripe. You have no impudence to speak on.

Leand. Sir, I have the confidence that becomes a
man, and my innocence.

Gripe. Very well, but Scapin, d'ye mark me, young
man, Scapin has told me some Tales of your behaviour.

Leand. Scapin!

Gripe. Oh, have I caught you? That name makes
you blush, does it? 'tis well you have some grace left.

Leand. Has he said any thing concerning me?

Gripe. That shall be examin'd anon : in the mean
while get you home, d'ye hear, and stay till my return;
but look to't, if thou hast done any thing to dishonour
me, never think to come within my doors, or see my
face more ; but expect to be miserable as thy folly and
poverty can make thee. [Exit Gripe.

Leand.

Leand. Very fine ; I am in a hopeful condition : this rascal has betray'd my marriage, and undone me : now there is no way left but to turn outlaw, and live by rapine ; and to set my hand in, the first thing shall be to cut the throat of that perfidious Pick-thank Dog that has ruin'd me.

Enter OCTAVIAN and SCAPIN.

Oct. Dear Scapin, how infinitely am I obliged to thee for thy care !

Leand. Yonder he comes : I'm overjoy'd to see you, good Mr Dog !

Scapin. Sir, your most humble servant, you honour me too far.

Leand. You act an ill fool's part ; but I shall teach you.

Scap. Sir ? *[Beats him.]*

Oct. Hold, Leander.

Leand. No, Octavian, I'll make him confess the treachery he has committed ; yes, Varlet, Dog, I know the trick you have play'd me : you thought perhaps no body would have told me. But I'll make you confess it, or I'll run my sword into your guts.

Scap. Oh, Sir, Sir, would you have the heart to do such a thing ? have I done you any injury, Sir ?

Leand. Yes, rascal, that you have, and I'll make you own it too, or I'll swinge it out of your already tann'd thick hide. *[Beats him.]*

Scap. The devil's in't. Lord, Sir, what d'ye mean ? Nay, good Mr Leander, pray, Mr Leander ; 'Squire Leander——As I hope to be sav'd——

Oct.

OS. Pr'ythee be quiet ; for shame ; enough.

[Interposes.

Scap. Well, Sir, I confefs indeed that——

Leand. What ! fpeak, rogue.

Scap. About two months ago you may remember, a maid fervant dy'd in the houfe.——

Leand. What of all that ?

Scap. Nay, Sir, if I confefs you muft not be angry.

Leand. Well, go on.

Scap. 'Twas faid ſhe dy'd for love of me, Sir : but let that pafs.

Leand. Death ! you trifling Buffoon.

Scap. About a week after her death, I drefst up myſelf like her ghof, and went into Madam Lucia, your Miſtreſs's Chamber, where ſhe lay half in, half out of bed, with her woman by her, reading an ungodly Play-book.

Leand. And was it your impudence did that ?

Scap. They both believe it was a ghof to this hour. But it was myſelf play'd the Goblin, to frighten her from the ſcurvy cuſtom of lying awake at thoſe unſeaſonable hours, hearing filthy Plays, when ſhe had never ſaid her prayers.

Leand. I ſhall remember you for all in time and place : but come to the point, and tell me what thou haſt ſaid to my father.

Scap. To your father ? I have not ſo much as ſeen him ſince his return, and if you'd aſk him, he'll tell you ſo himſelf.

Leand.

Leand. Yes, he told me himself, and told me all that thou hast said to him.

Scap. With your good leave, Sir, then he ly'd; I beg your pardon, I mean he was mistaken.

Enter SLY.

Sly. Oh, Sir, I bring you the most unhappy news.

Leand. What's the matter?

Sly. Your Mistress, Sir, is yonder arrested in an action of 200*l.* They say 'tis a debt she left unpaid at London, in the haste of her escape hither to Dover; and if you don't raise money within these two hours to discharge her, she'll be hurry'd to prison.

Leand. Within these two hours?

Sly. Yes, Sir, within these two hours.

Leand. Ah my poor Scapin, I want thy assistance.

[Scapin walks about furlily.]

Scap. Ah my poor Scapin! Now I'm your poor Scapin, now ye've need of me.

Leand. No more: I pardon thee all that thou hast done, and worse if thou art guilty of it.

Scap. No, no, never pardon me; run your sword in my guts, you'll do better to murder me.

Leand. For heaven's sake think no more upon that, but study now to assist me.

OS. You must do something for him.

Scap. Yes, to have my bones broken for my pains.

Leand. Would you leave me, Scapin, in this severe extremity?

Scap. To put such an affront upon me as you did.

Leand.

Leand. I wrong'd thee, I confess.

Scap. To use me like a scoundrel, a villain, a rascal, to threaten to run your sword in my guts.

Leand. I cry thy mercy with all my heart; and if thou wilt have me throw myself at thy feet, I'll do't.

Oct. Faith, Scapin, you must, you cannot but yield.

Scap. Well then: but d'you mark me, Sir, another time better words and gentler blows.

Leand. Will you promise to mind my business?

Scap. As I see convenient, care shall be taken.

Leand. But the time you know is short.

Scap. Pray, Sir, don't be so troublesome: how much money is't you want?

Leand. Two hundred pounds.

Scap. And you?——

Oct. As much.

Scap. (to Leander.) No more to be said; it shall be done: for you the contrivance is laid already: and for your father, though he be covetous to the last degree, yet, thanks be to heav'n, he's but a shallow person, his parts are not extraordinary: do not take it ill, Sir, for you have no resemblance of him, but that ye're very like him. Begone; I see Octavian's father coming, I'll begin with him.

[Exit Oct. and Leand.]

(Enter THRIFTY.) Here he comes, mumbling and chewing the Cud, to prove himself a clean beast.

Thrif. Oh, audacious boy, to commit so insolent a crime, and plunge himself in such a mischief!

Scap. Sir, your humble servant.

Thrif.

Thrif. How do you, Scapin?

Scap. What, you are ruminating on your son's rash actions?

Thrif. Have I not reason to be troubled?

Scap. The life of man is full of troubles, that's the truth on't: but your philosopher is always prepar'd. I remember an excellent proverb of the ancients, very fit for your case.

Thrif. What's that?

Scap. Pray, mind it, 'twill do ye a world of good.

Thrif. What is't, I ask you?

Scap. Why, when the master of a family shall be absent any considerable time from his home or mansion, he ought rationally, gravely, wisely, and philosophically, to revolve within his mind all the concurrent circumstances, that may, during the interval, conspire to the conjunction of those misfortunes and troublesome accidents that may intervene upon the said absence, and the interruption of his oeconomical inspection into the remissness, negligences, frailties, and huge and perillous errors, which his substitutes, servants, or trustees, may be capable of, or liable and obnoxious unto; which may arise from the imperfection and corruptness of ingenerated natures, or the taint and contagion of corrupted education, whereby the fountain-head of man's disposition becomes muddy, and all the streams of his manners and conversation run consequently defil'd and impure: these things premis'd, and fore-consider'd, arm the said prudent philosophical

Pater-

Pater-familias, to find his house laid waste, his wife murder'd, his daughters deflower'd, his sons hang'd;

Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.

and to thank heav'n 'tis no worse too. D'ye mark, Sir?

Thrif. S'death! Is all this a proverb?

Scap. Aye, and the best proverb, and the wisest in the world. Good, Sir, get it by heart: 'twill do ye the greatest good imaginable; and don't trouble yourself: I'll repeat it to you till you have gotten it by heart.

Thrif. No, I thank you, Sir, I'll have none on't.

Scap. Pray do, you'll like it better next time; hear it once more, I say——When the master of a——

Thrif. Hold, hold, I have better thoughts of my own; I'm going to my Lawyer; I'll null the marriage.

Scap. Going to law! Are you mad to venture yourself among lawyers? Do you not see every day how the sponges suck poor clients, and with a company of foolish nonsensical terms, and knavish tricks, undo the nation? No, you shall take another way.

Thrif. You have reason, if there were any other way.

Scap. Come, I have found one. The truth is, I have a great compassion for your grief; I cannot, when I see tender fathers afflicted for their son's miscarriages, but have bowels for 'em; I have much ado to refrain weeping for you.

Thrif. Truly, my case is sad, very sad.

Scap. So it is? Tears will burst out; I have a great respect for your person. (*counterfeits weeping.*)

Thrif.

Thrif. Thank you with all my heart; in troth we should have a fellow-feeling.

Scap. Aye, so we should; I assure you there is not a person in the world whom I respect more than the noble Mr Thrifty.

Thrif. Thou art honest, Scapin. Ha'done, ha'done.

Scap. Sir, your most humble servant.

Thrif. But what is your way?

Scap. Why, in brief, I have been with the brother of her whom your wicked son has married.

Thrif. What is he?

Scap. A most outrageous roaring fellow, with a down hanging look, contracted brow, with a swell'd red face inflam'd with brandy; one that frowns, puffs, and looks big at all mankind, roars out oaths, and bellows out curses enough in a day to serve a garrison a week; bred up in blood and rapine, used to slaughter from his youth upwards; one that makes no more conscience of killing a man, than cracking of a louse; he has killed sixteen, four for taking the wall of him, five for looking too big upon him, two he shot pissing against the wall: in short, he is the most dreadful of all the race of bullies.

Thrif. Heav'ns! how do I tremble at the description? but what's this to my business?

Scap. Why, he (as most bullies are) is in want, and I have brought him, by threatening him with all the courses of law, all the assistance of your friends, and your great purse, (in which I ventured my life ten times,

times, for so often he drew and run at me) yet, I say, at last I have made him hearken to a composition, and to null the marriage for a sum of money.

Thrif. Thanks, dear Scapin, but what sum?

Scap. Faith, he was damnably unreasonable at first, and 'gad I told him so very roundly.

Thrif. A pox on him, what did he ask?

Scap. Ask? Hang him, why he asked 500*l.*

Thrif. 'Ouns and heart, 500*l.* Five hundred devils take him—and fry and frickasee the dog; does he take me for a mad-man?

Scap. Why, so I did; and after much argument, I brought him to this: Damme, says he, I am going to the army, and I must have two good horses for myself, for fear one should die; and those will cost at least threescore guineas.

Thrif. Hang him rogue! why should he have two horses? But I care not if I give threescore guineas to be rid of this affair.

Scap. Then, says he, my pistols, saddle, horse cloth, and all will cost twenty more.

Thrif. Why, that's fourscore.

Scap. Well reckoned: 'faith this arithmetic is a fine art. Then I must have one for my boy will cost twenty more.

Thrif. Oh the devil! confounded dog! let him go and be damn'd, I'll give him nothing.

Scap. Sir.

Thrif. Not a fous, damn'd rascal, let him turn foot soldier and be hang'd.

Scap. He has a man besides ; would you have him go a-foot.

Thrif. Aye, and his master too, I'll have nothing to do with him.

Scap. Well, you are resolved to spend twice as much at Doctors-Commons, you are ; you will stand out for such a sum as this, do.

Thrif. Oh damn'd unconscionable rascal ! well if it must be so let him have the other twenty.

Scap. Twenty ! why it comes to forty.

Thrif. No, I'll have nothing to do in it. Oh, a covetous rogue ! I wonder he is not ashamed to be so covetous.

Scap. Why, this is nothing to the charge at Doctors-Commons ; and though her brother has no money, she has an uncle able to defend her.

Thrif. O eternal rogue ! well I must do't, the devil's in him I think !

Scap. Then, says he, I must carry into France money to buy a mule, to carry——

Thrif. Let him go to the devil with his mule, I'll appeal to the Judges.

Scap. Nay, good Sir, think a little.

Thrif. No, I'll do nothing.

Scap. Sir, Sir, but one little mule ?

Thrif. No, not so much as an ass !

Scap. Consider.

Thrif.

Thrif. I will not confider, I'll go to law.

Scap. I am fure if you go to law, you do not confider the appeals, degrees of jurifdiction, the intricate proceedings, the knaveries, the craving of fo many ravenous animals that will prey upon you, villainous harpies! promoters, tipftaves, and the like; none of which but will puff away the cleareft right in the world for a bribe. On the other fide, the proctor fhall fide with your adverfary, and fell your caufe for ready money: your advocate fhall be gained the fame way, and fhall not be found when your caufe is to be heard. Law is a tormenter of all torments.

Thrif. That's true: why, what does the damn'd rogue—reckon for his mule?

Scap. Why, for horfes, furniture, mule, and to pay fome fcores that are due to his landlady, he demands, and will have, two hundred pounds.

Thrif. Come, come, let's go to law.

[*Thrifty walks up and down in a great heat.*]

Scap. Do but reflect upon——

Thrif. I'll go to law.

Scap. Do not plunge yourfelf.

Thrif. To law, I tell you.

Scap. Why, there's for procuracy, prefentation, councils, productions, proctors, attendance and Scribbling vaft volumes of Interrogatories, depositions, and articles, consultations and pleading of doctors, for the register, fubftitute, judgments, Signings——expedition fees, befides the vaft presents to them and their wives.

Hang't the fellow is out of employment, give him the money, give it him I say.

Thrif. What, two hundred pounds!

Scap. Aye, aye, why you'll gain 150*l.* by it, I have fumm'd it up; I say give it him, I'faith do.

Thrif. What two hundred pounds!

Scap. Aye; besides, you ne'er think how they'll rail at you in pleading, tell all your fornications, bastardings and commutings in their courts.

Thrif. I defy 'em; let them tell of my whoring, 'tis the fashion.

Scap. Peace; here's the brother.

Thrif. O heaven! what shall I do?

Enter SHIFT disguised like a Bully.

Shift. Damme, where's this confounded dog, this father of Octavian? Null the marriage! By all the honour of my ancestors I'll chine the villain.

Thrif. Oh, oh! [*Hides himself behind Scapin.*

Scap. He cares not, Sir, he'll not give the 200*l.*

Shift. By heaven he shall be worms meat within these two hours.

Scap. Sir he has Courage, he fears you not.

Thrif. You lye, I have not courage, I do fear him mortally.

Shift. He! he! he! Ounds he! would all his family were in him, I'd cut off root and branch: dishonour my sifter! This in his guts: What fellow's that? ha!

Scap. Not he, Sir.

Shift. Nor none of his friends?

Thrif.

Thrift. No, Sir: hang him, I am his mortal enemy.

Shift. Art thou the enemy of that rascal?

Thrift. Oh! aye, hang him——Oh damn'd bully!

[Aside.

Shift. Give me thy hand, old boy, the next Sun shall not see the impudent rascal alive.

Scap. He'll muster up all his relations against you.

Thrift. Do not provoke him, Scapin.

Shift. Would they were all here: Ha! hah! hah!

[He foyns every way with his sword.

Here I had one through the lungs, there another into the heart: Hah! there another into the guts: Ah, rogues! there I was with you: Hah!——hah!

Scap. Hold, Sir, we are none of your enemies.

Shift. No, but I will find the villains out while my blood is up; I will destroy the whole family. Ha, ha,——hah!

[Exit Shift.

Thrift. Here, Scapin, I have 200 guineas about me, take 'em. No more to be said. Let me never see his face again; take 'em, I say: this is the devil.

Scap. Will you not give 'em him yourself?

Thrift. No, no! I will see him no more: I shall not recover this these three months. See the business done. I trust in thee honest Scapin: I must repose somewhere: I am mightily out of order——A plague on all bullies I say.

[Exit Thrift.

Scap. So there's one dispatched; I must now find out Gripe: He's here; how heaven brings 'em in my nets one after another!

Enter

Enter GRIPE.

Scap. Oh heaven! unlook'd for misfortune; poor Mr Gripe, what wilt thou do? (*Walks about distractedly*)

Gripe. What's that he says of me?

Scap. Is there nobody can tell me news of Mr Gripe?

Gripe. Who's there? Scapin?

Scap. How I run up and down to find him to no purpose! Oh! Sir, is there no way to hear of Mr Gripe?

Gripe. Art thou blind? I have been just under thy nose this hour.

Scap. Sir——

Gripe. What's the matter?

Scap. Oh! Sir your son——

Gripe. Ha, my son——

Scap. Is fallen into the strangest misfortune in the world.

Gripe. What is't?

Scap. I met him a-while ago, disorder'd for something you had said to him, wherein you very idly made use of my name. And seeking to divert his melancholy, we went to walk upon the pier: amongst other things, he took particular notice of a new Caper in her full trim: the captain invited us aboard, and gave us the handsomest collation I ever met with.

Gripe. Well, and where's the disaster of all this?

Scap. While we were eating he put to sea; and when we were a good distance from the shore, he discovered himself to be an English Renegade that was entertain'd

in

in the Dutch Service, and sent me off in his longboat to tell you, that if you don't forthwith send him two hundred pounds, he'll carry away your son prisoner: Nay for ought I know, he may carry him a slave to Algiers.

Gripe. How, in the devil's name? 200*l.*

Scap. Yes, Sir; and more than that, he has allowed me but an hour's time; you must advise quickly what course to take to save an only son.

Gripe. What a devil had he to do a shipboard?—Run quickly, Scapin, and tell the villain, I'll send my Lord Chief-Justice's Warrant after him.

Scap. O law! his Warrant in the open sea; d'ye think Pirates are fools?

Gripe. I'th' devil's name, what business had he a shipboard?

Scap. There is an unlucky fate that often hurries men to mischief, Sir.

Gripe. Scapin, thou must now act the part of a faithful servant.

Scap. As how, Sir?

Gripe. Thou must go bid the Pirate send me my son, and stay as a pledge in his room, till I can raise the money.

Scap. Alas, Sir, think you the captain has so little wit as to accept of such a poor rascally fellow as I am, instead of your son?

Gripe. What the devil did he do a shipboard?

Scap.

Scap. D'ye remember, Sir, that you have but an hour's time?

Gripe. Thou say'st he demands——

Scap. 200*l.*

Gripe. 200*l.* Has the fellow no conscience?

Scap. O law! the conscience of a Pirate! why, very few lawful captains have any.

Gripe. Has he not reason neither? Does he know what the sum of 200*l.* is?

Scap. Yes, Sir, Tarpawlins are a sort of people that understand money, though they have no great acquaintance with sense. But for heaven's sake, dispatch.

Gripe. Here take the key of my compting-house.

Scap. So.

Gripe. And open it.

Scap. Very good.

Gripe. In the left-hand window lies the key of my Garret; go take all the cloaths that are in the great chest, and sell them to the brokers to redeem my son.

Scap. Sir, you're mad; I shan't get 50*s.* for all that's there, and you know how I am straitned for time.

Gripe. What a devil did he do a shipboard?

Scap. Let shipboard alone, and consider Sir, your son. But heaven's my witness, I ha' done for him as much as was possible, and if he be not redeem'd, he may thank his father's kindness.

Gripe. Well, Sir, I'll go see if I can raise the money, was it not ninety*score* pounds you spoke of?

Scap. No, 200*l.*

Gripe.

Gripe. What, 200*l.* Dutch, ha?

Scap. No, Sir, I mean English money, 200*l.* Sterling.

Gripe. I'th'devil's name, what business had he a shipboard? confounded shipboard!

Scap. This shipboard sticks in his stomach.

Gripe. Hold, Scapin, I remember I received the very sum just now in gold, but did not think I should have parted with it so soon. [*He presents Scapin his Purse, but will not let it go; and in his transport pulls his arms to and fro', whilst Scapin reaches at it.*]

Scap. Aye, Sir.

Gripe. But tell the captain he is a son of a whore.

Scap. Yes, Sir.

Gripe. A dogbolt.

Scap. I shall, Sir.

Gripe. A thief, a robber, and that he forces me to pay him 200*l.* contrary to all law or equity.

Scap. Nay, let me alone with him.

Gripe. That I will never forgive him dead or alive.

Scap. Very good.

Gripe. And that if ever I light on him, I'll murder him privately, and feed dogs with him.

[*He puts up his purse, and is going away.*]

Scap. Right Sir.

Gripe. Now make haste, and go and redeem my son.

Scap. Aye, but d'ye hear, Sir, where's the money?

Gripe. Did I not give it thee?

Scap. Indeed, Sir, you made me believe you would, but you forgot, and put it in your pocket again.

Gripe.

Gripe. Ha——my griefs and fears for my son make me do I know not what.

Scap. Aye, Sir, I see it does indeed.

Gripe. What a devil did he do a shipboard? damn'd pirate, damn'd renegade, all the devils in hell pursue thee. (*Exit.*)

Scap. How easily a miser swallows a load, and how difficultly he disgorges a grain; but I'll not leave him so; he's like to pay in other coin, for telling tales of me to his son. (*Enter Octavian and Leander.*) Well, Sir, I have succeeded in your business, there's a col. which I have squeezed out of your father.

Off. Triumphant Scapin.

Scap. But for you I can do nothing. (*to Leander.*)

Lean. Then may I go and hang myself. Friends both, Adieu.

Scap. D'ye hear, d'ye hear, the devil has no such necessity for you yet, that you need ride post. With much ado I've got your business done too.

Lean. Is't possible?

Scap. But on condition that you permit me to revenge myself on your father for the trick he has serv'd me.

Lean. With all my heart, at thy own discretion, good honest Scapin.

Scap. Hold your hand, there's a col.

Lean. My thanks are too many to pay now: Farewel, dear son of Mercury, and be prosperous.

Scap. Gramercy, pupil. Hence we gather.

Give son the money, hang up father.

END OF ACT II.

 ACT III.

Enter LUCIA and CLARA.

Lucia.

WAS ever such a trick play'd, for us to run away from our governess, where our careful fathers had placed us, to follow a couple of young gentlemen, only because they said they lov'd us? I think 'twas a very noble enterprize! I am afraid the good fortune we shall get by it, will very hardly recompence the reputation we have lost by it.

Cla. Our greatest satisfaction is, that they are men of fashion and credit, and for my part I long ago resolv'd not to marry any other, nor such an one neither, till I had a perfect confirmation of his love; and 'twas an assurance of Octavian's that brought me hither.

Luc. I must confess, I had no less a sense of the faith and honour of Leander.

Cla. But seems it not wonderful, that the circumstances of our fortune should be so nearly ally'd, and ourselves so much strangers? besides, if I mistake not, I see something in Leander, so much resembling a brother of mine of the same name, that did not the time since I saw him make me fearful, I should be often apt to call him so.

Luc. I have a brother too, whose name's Octavian, bred in Italy, and just as my father took his voyage, returned home; not knowing where to find me, I be-

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lieve

lieve is the reason I have not seen him yet. But if I deceive not myself, there is something in your Octavian that extremely refreshes my memory of him.

Cla. I wish we might be so happy as we are inclined to hope; but there's a strange blind side in our natures, which always makes us apt to believe, what we most earnestly desire.

Luc. The worst at last, is but to be forsaken by our fathers: and for my part I had rather lose an old father than a young lover, when I may with reputation keep him, and secure myself against the imposition of fatherly authority.

Cla. How unsufferable is it to be sacrificed to the arms of a nauseous blockhead, that has no other sense than to eat and drink when 'tis provided for him, rise in the morning, and go to bed at night, and with much ado be persuaded to keep himself clean!

Luc. A thing of mere flesh and blood, and that of the worst sort too, with a squinting meagre hang-dog countenance, that looks as if he always wanted physic for the worms.

Cla. Yet such their silly parents are generally most indulgent to, like apes, never so well pleased as when the're fondling with their ugly issue.

Luc. Twenty to one, but to some such charming creatures our careful fathers had designed us.

Cla. Parents think they do their daughters the greatest kindness in the world, when they get them fools for
their

their husbands; and yet are very apt to take it ill if they make the right use of them.

Luc. I'd no more be bound to spend my days in marriage to a fool, because I might rule him, than I would always ride an ass, because the creature was gentle.

Cla. See, here's Scapin, as full of designs and affairs, as a callow statesman at a treaty of peace.

Enter SCAPIN.

Scap. Ladies!

Cla. Oh, Monsieur Scapin! what's the reason you have been such a stranger of late.

Scap. Faith, ladies, business, business has taken up my time; and truly I love an active life, love my business extremely.

Luc. Methinks though, this should be a difficult place for a man of your excellencies to find employment in.

Scap. Why faith, Madam, I'm never shy to my friends: my business is, in short, like that of all other men of business, diligently contriving how to play the knave, and cheat to get an honest livelihood.

Cla. Certainly men of wit and parts need never be driven to indirect courses.

Scap. Oh, madam! wit and honesty, like oil and vinegar, with much ado mingle together, give a relish to a good fortune, and pass well enough for sauce, but are very thin fare of themselves. No, give me your

knave, your thorough-pac'd knave; hang his wit, so he be but rogue enough.

Luc. You're grown very much out of humour with wit, Scapin, I hope your's has done you no prejudice of late.

Scap. No, Madam, your men of wit are good for nothing, dull, lazy, restive snails; 'tis your undertaking, impudent, pushing fool that commands his fortune.

Cla. You are very open and plain in this proceeding, whatever you are in others.

Scap. Dame fortune, like most others of the female sex, (I speak all this with respect to your ladyship) is generally most indulgent to the nimble mettled block-heads; men of wit are not for her turn, ever too thoughtful when they should be active: why, who believes any man of wit to have so much as courage? no, ladies, if ye've any friends that hope to raise themselves, advise them to be as much fools as they can, and they'll never want patrons: and for honesty, if your ladyship think fit to retire a little further, you shall see me perform upon a gentleman that's coming this way.

Cla. Prithee, Lucia, let us retreat a little, and take this opportunity of some divertisement; which has been very scarce here hitherto.

Enter SHIFT with a Sack.

Scap. Oh Shift.

Shif. Speak not too loud my master's coming.

Scap.

Scap. I'm glad on't, I shall teach him to betray the secrets of his friend. If any man puts a trick upon me without return, may I lose this nose with the pox, without the pleasure of getting it.

Shift. I wonder at thy valour, thou art continually venturing that body of thine, to the indignity of bruises and indecent bastinadoes.

Scap. Difficulties in adventures, make them pleasant when accomplished.

Shift. But your adventures, how comical soever in the beginning, are sure to be tragical in the end.

Scap. 'Tis no matter, I hate your pusillanimous spirit: revenge and leachery are never so pleasant as when you venture hard for them; begone: here comes my man.

Enter GRIPE.

Oh, Sir, Sir, shift for yourself, Sir, quickly Sir, for heaven's sake.

Gripe. What's the matter, man?

Scap. Heaven! is this a time to ask questions? will you be murder'd instantly? I am afraid you will be kill'd within these two minutes.

Gripe. Mercy on me! kill'd for what?

Scap. They are every where looking out for you.

Gripe. Who? who?

Scap. The brother of her whom your son has married; he's a captain of a privateer, who has all sorts of rogues, *English, Scotch, Welch, Irish, French*, under his command, and all lying in wait now, or searching for

you to kill you, because you would null the marriage: they run up and down, crying, where is the rogue Gripe? where is the dog? where is the slave Gripe? they watch for you so narrowly, that there's no getting home to your house.

Gripe. Oh, Scapin! what shall I do? what will become of me?

Scap. Nay, Heaven knows; but if you come within their reach, they will *de avit* you, they will tear you in pieces;—hark.

Gripe. O Lord!

Scap. Hum, 'tis none of them.

Gripe. Canst thou find no way for my escape, dear Scapin?

Scap. I think I have found one.

Gripe. Good Scapin, show thyself a man now.

Scap. I shall venture being most immoderately beaten.

Gripe. Dear Scapin, do; I will reward thee bounteously: I'll give thee this suit when I have worn it eight or nine months longer.

Scap. Listen! who are these?

Gripe. God forgive me, Lord have mercy upon us.

Scap. No, there's nobody; look, if you'll save your life, go into this sack presently.

Gripe. Oh! who's there?

Scap. Nobody: get into the sack, and stir not, whatever happens: I'll carry you as a bundle of goods through all your enemies to the major's house of the castle.

Gripe.

Gripe. An admirable invention, Oh Lord! quick.
(*gets into the sack.*)

Scap. Yes, 'tis an excellent invention, if you knew all; keep in your head. Oh, here's a rogue coming to look for you.

Scapin counterfeits a Welshman.

Do you hear, I pray you, where is Leander's father, look you.

(*In his own voice.*) How should I know? what would you have with him—lie close. (*aside to Gripe.*)

Have with him, look you, bur has no creat pus'ness, bat bar would have satisfactions and reparations, look you, for credits and honour; by St Tavy be shall not put the injuries and affronts upon my captains, look you now, Sir.

He affront the captain, he meddles with no man.

You lye, Sir, look you, and bur will give you beatings and chastisements for your contradictions, when bur Welfe plood's up, look you, and bur will cudgel your pack and your nottles for it; take you that, pray now. [beats the sack.

Hold, held, will you murder me? I know not where he is not I.

Hur will teach saucy jacks how they provoke bur welfe plood's and bur collars: and for the old rogue, bur will have his guts and his plood, look you, Sir, or bur will never wear leek upon St Tavy's day more, look you.

Oh! he has mawl'd me, a damn'd *Welsh* rascal.

Gripe. You? the blows fell upon my shoulders. Oh!

Scap.

Scap. 'Twas only the end of the stick fell on you, the main substantial part of the cudgel lighted on me.

Gripe. Why did you not stand further off?

Scap. Peace—here's another rogue.

(*In a Lancashire Dialect.*) *Yaw felee wi' th' sack there, done yaw knaw whear th' awld rascal Griap is?*

Not I; but he is no rascal.

Yaw leen, yaw dogue, yaw knaw weel enough whear he is, an yawden tell, ond that he is a fow rascot as any in aww the tawn; I's tell a that by'r Lady.

Not I Sir, I know neither, not I.

By th' mefs, an ay tack thee in bent, ay's raddle the bones on thee, ay's keeble the to some tune.

Me, Sir? I don't understand you.

Why, thaw'rt his mon, thaw hobble, I'll fmite th' naes o' thee,

Hold, hold, Sir, what would you have with him!

Why, I mun knock him down awith my kibbo, the first bawt to the grownt, and then I mun beat him to pap, by th' mefs, and after ay mun cut of the lugs and naes on 'em, and ay wot, he'll be a pretty sawatley fellee, bawt lugs and naes.

Why, truly, Sir, I know not where he is, but he went down that lane.

This lone, sayn ye? ays find him, by'r lady, an he be above grownt.

So he's gone, a damn'd Lancashire rascal.

Gripe. Oh good Scapin! go on quickly.

Scap. Hold here's another. (*Gripe pops in his head.*)

(*In*

(In an Irish tone.) *Doesst thou bear, Sackman? I pri-
thee whare is that damn'd dog, Gripe?*

Why, what's that to you? What know I?

*What's that to me, Joy? by my shoul, Joy, I will lay
a great blow upon thy fate, and the devil take me, but I
will make thee know whare he is indeed, or I'll beat
upon thee till thou dost know, by my salvation indeed.*

I'll not be beaten.

*Now the devil take me, I swear by him that made me,
if thou dost not tell whare is Gripe, but I will beat thy
father's child very much indeed.*

What would you have me do? I can't tell where he
is. But what would you have with him?

*What would I have with him? By my shoul, If I do see
him, I will make murder upon him for my captain's sake.*

Murder him? he'll not be murdered.

*If I do lay my eyes upon him, 'gad I will put my sword
into his bowels, the devil take me indeed. What hast thou
in that sack, Joy? by my salvation, I will look into it.*

But you shall not. What have you to do with it?

By my soul, Joy, I will put my rapier into it.

Gripe. Oh! O!

*What, it does grunt, by my salvation the devil take
me I will see it indeed.*

You shall not see my sack; I'll defend it with my life.

*Then I will make beat upon thy body; take that, Joy,
and that, and that, upon my soul, and so I do take my
leave, Joy.* (Beats him in the sack.)

A plague

THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN.

A plague on him he's gone ; he has almost killed me.

Gripe. I can hold no longer, the blows all fell upon my shoulders !

Scap. You can't tell me ; they fell on mine : Oh my shoulders !

Gripe. Your's ? Oh my shoulders !

Scap. Peace, they're coming.

In a hoarse Seaman's voice.

Where is the dog ? I'll lay him on fore and aft, sawinge him with a cat-o'-nine-tail, keel-haul, and then hang him at the Main-yard.

In broken French-English.

If dere be no more men in England, I will kille him, I will put my rapier in his body. I will give him two tree pushe in de gutte.

Here Scapin acts a number of them together.

We mun go this way—o'the right hand, no to th'left hand—lie close—search every where—by my salvation I will kill the damn'd dog—and we do catch 'en, we'll tear 'en in pieces, and I do hear he went thick away—no, straight forward. Hold, here is his man ; where is your Master——Damn me, where ? In Hell ? speak——Hold, not so furiously—and you don't tell us where he is, we'll murder thee——

Do what you will, Gentlemen, I know not.

Lay him on thick, thwack him soundly.

Hold, hold, do what you will, I ne'er betray my Master.

Knock

Knock'en down, beat'en soundly, to'en, at'en, at'en, at—

[As he is going to strike, Gripe peeps out, and

Scapin takes to his heels.

Gripe. Oh, dog, traitor, villain! is this your plot? Would you have murdered me, rogue? unheard of impudence.

Enter THRIFTY.

Oh, brother Thrifty! You come to see me loaden with disgrace; the villain Scapin has, as I am sensible now, cheated me of 200*l.* This beating brings all into my memory.

Thrif. The impudent varlet has gull'd me of the same sum.

Gripe. Nor was he content to take my money, but hath abus'd me at that barbarous rate that I am ashamed to tell it; but he shall pay for it severely.

Thrif. But this is not all, brother; one misfortune is the forerunner of another: just now I have received letters from London, that both our daughters have run away from their governesses, with two wild debauch'd young fellows, that they fell in love with.

Enter LUCIA and CLARA.

Luc. Was ever such malicious impudence seen—hah—surely, if I mistake not, that should be my father.

Cl. And the other mine, whom Scapin has us'd thus.

Luc. Bless us! return'd, and we not know of it.

Cl. What will they say to find us here?

Luc. My dearest father, welcome to England.

Thrif. My daughter Luce?

Luc.

Luc. The same, Sir.

Gripe. My Clara here too?

Cla. Yes, Sir, and happy to see your safe arrival.

Thrif. What strange destiny has directed this happiness to us?

Enter OCTAVIAN.

Gripe. Hey day!

Thrif. Oh, Son! I have a wife for you.

Oct. Good father, all your propositions are vain; I must needs be free, and tell you, I am engaged.

Thrif. Look you now; is not this very fine? Now I have a mind to be merry, and to be friends with you, you'll not let me now, will you? I tell you Mr Gripe's daughter here——

Oct. I'll never marry Mr Gripe's daughter, Sir, as long as I live: no, yonder's she that I must love, and can never entertain the thoughts of any other.

Cla. Yes, Octavian, I have at last met with my father, and all our fears and troubles are at an end.

Thrif. Lo ye now, you would be wiser than the father that begot you, would you? Did not I always say you should marry Mr Gripe's daughter? But you do not know your sister Luce.

Oct. Unlook'd for blessing! why she's my friend Leander's wife!

Thrif. How, Leander's wife!

Gripe. What, my son Leander!

Oct. Yes, Sir, your son Leander.

Gripe.

Gripe. Indeed ! Well, brother Thrifty, 'tis true the boy was always a good-natur'd boy. Well, now I am so overjoy'd, that I could laugh till I shook my shoulders, but that I dare not they are so sore. But look here he comes.

Enter LEANDER.

Leand. Sir, I beg your pardon, I find my marriage is discover'd nor would I indeed have longer conceal'd it; this is my wife, I must own her.

Gripe. Brother Thrifty, did you ever see the like, did you ever see the like ? ha !

Thrif. Own her ; quoth-a ! why kiss her, kiss her, man ; oddsbodikins, when I was a young fellow and was first marry'd, I did nothing else for three months. O my conscience I got my boy *O&i* there, the first night, before the curtains were quite drawn !

Gripe. Well, 'tis his father's nown child. Just so, brother, was it with me upon my wedding-day, I could not look upon my dear without blushing ; but when we were a bed, Lord ha' mercy upon us—but I'll no more.

Leand. Is then my father reconciled to me ?

Gripe. Reconcil'd to thee ! why I love thee at my heart, man, at my heart ; why 'tis my brother Thrifty's daughter, Mrs Lucy, whom I always designed for thy wife ; and that's my sister Clara marry'd to Mr *O&a* there.

E

Leand.

Leand. Octavian, are we then brothers? there is nothing that I could have rather wish'd, after compleating of my happiness with my charming Lucia.

Thrif. Come, Sir, hang up your compliments in the hall at home, they are old and out of fashion. Shift, go to the inn, and bespeak a supper may cost more money than I have got to pay for it, for I am resolv'd to run in debt to-night.

Shift. I shall obey your commands, Sir.

Thrif. Then, d'ye hear, send out and muster up all the fiddlers, blind or not blind, drunk or sober, in the town; let not so much as the roaster of tunes, with his crack'd cymbal in a case, escape you.

Gripe. Well, what would I give now for the fellow that sings the song at Lord Mayor's feast: I myself would make an epithalamium by way of sonnet, and he should set a tune to it; 'twas the prettiest he had last time.

Enter SLY.

Sly. Oh, Gentlemen, here is the strangest accident fallen out.

Thrif. What's the matter?

Sly. Poor Scapin.

Gripe. Ha! rogue, let him be hang'd. I'll hang him myself.

Sly. Oh, Sir, that trouble you may spare; for passing by a place where they were building, a great stone fell upon his head and broke his scull so, you may see his brains.

Thrif.

Thrif. Where is he?

Sly. Yonder he comes.

Enter SCAPIN between two, his head wrapt up in linen as if he had been wounded.

Scap. Oh me! oh me! gentlemen, you see me, you see me in a sad condition, cut off like a flower in the prime of my years: but yet I could not die without the pardon of those I have wrong'd; yes, gentlemen, I beseech you to forgive me all the injuries that I have done; but more especially I beg of you Mr Thrifty, and my good master Mr Gripe.

Thrif. For my part I pardon thee freely; go, and die in peace.

Scap. But 'tis you, Sir, I have most offended, by the inhuman bastinadoes which——

Gripe. Pr'ythee speak no more of it, I forgive thee too.

Scap. 'Twas a most wicked insolence in me, that I should with vile crabtree cudgel——

Gripe. Pish, no more, I say I'm satisfy'd.

Scap. And now so near my death, 'tis an inexpressible grief that I should dare to lift my hand against——

Gripe. Hold thy peace, or die quickly, I tell thee I have forgot all——

Scap. Alas! how good a man you are! but, Sir, d'ye pardon me freely, and from the bottom of your heart, those mercylefs drubs that——

Gripe. Pr'ythee speak no more of it; I forgive thee freely, here's my hand upon't.

Scap. Oh! Sir, how much goodness revives me!
(pulls off his cap.)

Gripe. How's that! friend, take notice, I pardon thee, but 'tis upon condition that you are sure to die.

Scap. Oh me! I begin to faint again.

Thrif. Come, fie brother, never let revenge employ your thoughts now; forgive him, forgive him without any condition.

Gripe. A deuce on't, brother, as I hope to be sav'd, he beat me basely and scurvily, never stir he did: but since you will have it so, I do forgive him.

Thrif. Now, then let's to supper, and in our mirth drown and forget all troubles.

Scap. Aye, and let them carry me to the lower end of the table;

Where in my chair of state I'll sit at ease,
And eat and drink, that I may die in peace.

F I N I S.

18 JU 70

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by MRS MARY LEE,

When ſhe was out of humour.

HOW little do you gueſs what I'm to ſay !
I'm not to aſk how you like Farce or Play :
For you muſt know, I've other buſineſs now ;
It is to tell ye, Sparks, how we like you.
How happy were we, when in humble guiſe
You came with honeſt hearts and harmleſs eyes ;
State, without noiſe and tumult in the pit :
Oh what a precious jewel then was wit !
Though now 'tis grown ſo common, let me die,
Gentlemen ſcorn to keep it company.
Indulgent nature has too bounteous been,
Your too much plenty is become your ſin.
Time was ye were as meek as now your proud,
Did not in cruſt cabals of criticks croud,
Nor thought it witty to be very loud ;
But came to ſee the follies you would ſhun ;
Though now ſo fondly antic here you're grown ;
T' invert the ſtage's purpoſe, and it's rules ;
Make us ſpectators, whiſt you play the fool.
Equally witty, as ſome valiant are ;
The ſad defects of both are expos'd here.
For here you'll cenſure that diſdain to write,
And ſome make quarrels here who ſcorn to fight.

The rugged Soldier, that from war returns,
 And still with th' heat of former actions burns;
 Let him but hither come to see a play,
 Proceeds an arrant courtier in a day:
 Shall steal from th' Pit, and fly up to the Box,
 There hold impertinent chat with tawdry Maux:
 Till ere aware the blust'rer falls in love;
 And *Hero* grows as harmless as a *dove*.

With us the kind remembrance yet remains,
 When we were entertain'd behind our scenes,
 Though now, alas, we must your absence mourn,
 Whilst nought but quality will serve your turn.
 Damn'd quality! that uses poaching arts,
 And (as 'tis said) comes mask'd to prey on hearts.
 The proper use of vizors once was made,
 When only worn by such as own'd the trade:
 Though now all mingle with 'em so together,
 That you can hardly know the one from t'other.
 But 'tis no matter; on, pursue your game,
 Till wearied you return at last, and tame;
 Know then 'twill be our turn to be severe;
 For when you've left your *fling* behind you there,
 You lazy drones, you shan't have harbour here. }

F I N I S.

THE
COMIC OPERA
OF
PEEPING TOM
OF
COVENTRY.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL,
SMOKE-ALLEY.

M,DCC,XCII.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



Tom,	—	—	—	Mr RYDER
Mayor,	—	—	—	Mr O'REILLY.
Harold,	—	—	—	Mr WOOD.
Crazy,	—	—	—	Mr BAKER.
Earl,	—	—	—	Mr SWINDAL.
Count,	—	—	—	Mr M'CREADY.

W O M E N.

Maud,	—	—	—	Mrs HITCHCOCK.
Emma,	—	—	—	Miss BOMANZINI.
Mayorefs,	—	—	—	Mrs HANNAM.

PEEPING TOM.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A View of the Country.*

Enter Count LEWIS, EMMA and Attendants.

Emma.

I Can scarce believe I am safe; but where's that young peasant that rescued me?

Lewis. That young fellow behav'd very well—he did indeed, my lovely Emma—but you are safe now. I give you joy.

Emma. Give me joy, no that you never shall—

Lewis. Now you are angry, but when we are married—

Emma. You and I married, that we never shall.

Lewis. Oh! that will be fine indeed, to be forced from Normandy, your father the Earl of Mercia says, you Count Lewis, shall wed my daughter Emma—But the enemy of all sport, a wicked Dane, darted like a ravenous falcon on you my pretty little dove, and because I would not fight, you will not marry me—now if I did, I might be kill'd and would not be married.

Emma. To run away and not even draw your sword.

Lewis. It is ill manners to draw—in the presence of the Ladies.

A 2

Emma.

Emma. To be sure you're a gallant champion for the ladies.

Lewis. I love the ladies—and love myself—for the ladies sake—Besides the Danes are a barbarous enemy, and I made a vow never to encounter a Dane.

Emma. Here comes my benefactor and deliverer.

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. Madam I've chastised the villains that have dared to insult you, but hope you have received no hurt!

Emma. Thanks to your kindness—but what is your name?

Harold. William, Madam.

Emma. William—while I am here in Coventry, this token will remind you, who it is you have obliged.

[Gives a ring.

Lewis. And young man, if you were a little more polish'd, I wou'd prefer you to be squire to my lady wife here.

Emma. Your wife! never. [Exit Harold.

Lewis. Never! Oh I will go, and tell your father—Oh! I— [Exit.

Emma. No, nothing shall ever unite me to a creature so contemptible.

SONG.

Glittering trisler, sport of fashion,

Gaudy insect ever ranging;

For some other feign a passion,

Free me in thy fancy changing.

Love

OF COVENTRY.

3

Love ne'er blooms where men are wanting,

Then how vain tyrannic power :

Is the foil unkind for planting,

Who can raise the blooming flower.

Self enamour'd swain all sighing,

Gazing tender admiration :

In our eyes their image eying,

There they pay their adoration.

True love, sure I will believe you,

While you love yourself so dearly ;

If I hate, I don't deceive you,

Yet I fear I love sincerely.

[Exit.

SCENE—*The Street.*

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. Charming Emma, when she knows me to be Harold, the son of Earl Goodwin, her father's professed enemy, my blooming hopes will be blasted in the birth.

Enter TOM and MOB.

Tom. Is any body here? joy! joy! huzza!

Harold. For what?

Tom. Because Earl Goodwin and his sons are banished.

Harold. My father myself and my brother banished.

[*Aside.*

Tom. Huzza! Bishop Dunstan has commanded King Edward, to command the Earl, to command the Mayor, to command me, to make proclamation at the cross, that

PEEPING TOM

that the Earl Goodwin and his sons are traitors in the land—and I am now going to do the job—come along good-folks—God bless the king and the cryer, knights, yeomen, young and old men—women and children—O yes!—O yes!— [Exit Tom and Mob.

Harold. Shall I venture into the town, if once Emma returns to her father's castle, probably I may never see her again; she is lodged here in the Mayor's house. If I am known to be Harold, it is instant death; but life without my Emma is not worth my care.

SCENE—A Chamber.

Enter MAYOR and MAUD.

Maud. Nay, now, don't I tell your worship you know, don't you believe any such thing—Lord what will the folks say, to see his honour the Mayor of Coventry make so free with Tom the taylor's wife?

Mayor. Let me hear them talk, and I'll set them in the stocks—Zounds! dare they censure a magistrate—Let me see them wink, and there's the ducking-stool—for a nod, the cage—inuendo, the pillory—and for a malicious whisper, five hundred twirls in the whirligig.

Maud. You know your worship I was virtuous—you know I was forced to leave madam, your wife's service, because I would not let you—you know I would not be naughty with you, and sooner than do so—I was forced to take up with Tom, who though a taylor, was honest!

Mayor. Aye! Tom's a rogue!

Maud.

Maud. A rogue, and like your worship!—
Why he is a bit of a magistrate—was not he a parish clerk, beadle and Sexton at one time; and is he not now overseer and church-warden.

Mayor. Aye—but who made him all this? he was no better than a clown, till I took him under my wing?

Maud. He's certainly a little beholden to your worship.

Mayor. Oh! he owes it all to your pretty face Maud—it was all for your sake,—your beauty—for you have provisions of all sorts—why you have got a beadle in that arched dimple—a constable's staff in that pretty mole—an overseer in that hazel-eye—a church-warden in those auburn-locks—and a pair of plump aldermen in that panting bosom.

Maud. Oh! Lord, I did not think I was such a great body.

Mayor. Yes, you are, indeed you are—talk of Godiva the Earl's new married Lady, and his daughter Emma—why I will wager that smile, against the whole kingdom of Mercia—egad, if those stars were to twinkle in the court of Gloster, King Edward would soon forget his vow of chastity.

S O N G.

MAYOR and MAUD.

The deuce a one but you, pretty Maud,
I love indeed 'tis true, pretty Maud,
One kiss, nay prithee hush,

Maud. I vow you make me blush;

B

May.

May. Like a rose bud in a bush, pretty Maud.

Maud. Do let me go away, Mr Mayor,
What will the people say, Mr Mayor,

May. Let them prattle as they will,
Of love I'll have my fill,
Like a dove I'll coo and bill;

Maud. You shall not coo and bill, Mr Mayor.

May. Pretty Maud, pretty Maud,
By all that's great and grand, pretty Maud;
Golden chain, and lilly wand, pretty Maud.

Maud. 'Tis all of little use,
Chain and wand I must refuse,
For the needle, thimble, goose,
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor.

Maud. I tell you what now, Mr Mayor, you shall
not talk to me in that way any more, that's what you
shall not.

Mayor. But I will—I will tell you what—I will call
upon you by and by—do not be out—I know Tom
will be ringing his bells.

Maud. Lord your honour, if your Lady shou'd know.

Mayor. My Lady, poh! poh! she's at home, God
blefs her, let her stay there.

Maud. Aye, but then the neighbours.—

Mayor. Neighbours!—the pillory—the stocks—the
whirligig—I'll tell you Maud, I'll send you a present
of some French wine, that I had from Count Lewis,
and egad we'll be so snug and so comfortable; you go
home and I'll be with you by and by.

Tom.

Tom. (listening) My wife will be a Mayor soon and I shall be an Alderman. [Exit Maud.]

Enter TOM, stands in her place.

Mayor. I'll send you the wine and there's something to buy a bit of dinner. (*gives Tom money.*)

Tom. I'm obliged to your worship.

Mayor. (Surprized at seeing Tom instead of Maud) Tom, aye, aye, how do you do Tom, how do you do, how do you do.

Tom. Pretty well I thank your worship;—but, Sir, is this for a corporation dinner?

Mayor. No, no, (what the devil brings this fellow here, *aside*) pray have you not a ringing to day at the Guy of Warwick, Tom.

Tom. Oh yes we jingle a peal of triple babs, for a leg of mutton and trimmings.

Mayor. (Egad though very lucky, I shall have Maud all to myself, *aside*) Tom you are a good ringer.

Tom. Pretty well, Sir.

Mayor. Yes, you are Tom, you are, you will certainly win. Mind your bells, Tom.—Do not neglect going, you'll certainly win, Tom.—But whatbr ought you to me now Tom?

Tom. Though merry I be I never was so treated in my whole life, why you know our old mad Crazy, the beadle, I thought he might make some blunder in proclaiming the proclamation of Earl Goodwin and his sons as traitors, so I took the bell and rung the people all about me, and there I stood like a hen and chick-

ens, but I no sooner cried O yes! O yes! than I heard a voice like a gander in the marshes, screaming out O no! O no! and who should this be, but old Crazy; for I having got the city bell, he hobbled with the 'pothecary's pestle and mortar, and clattered with such a devil of a noise, folks could not hear, and because I told him to be quiet, he flew at me, and tripped up the leg of old Corporal Standfast, tumbled over Kilt the Tinker, and overturned Father Fogarty, the fat Frier, and has mauled my nose in this manner—look—he fit for an office, indeed, an old driveller.

Mayor. Why you most impudent of all rascals, who am I?

Tom. Why Sir, you're the Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor. And did not I appoint him beadle?

Tom. Why Lord Sir he is so infirm, that when he stands at the church-door with the poor's box, his hand shakes so, that the gentle folk's charity-farthings fall out of the box—why he has not one of his twelve senses left but his scratching.

Mayor. Sirrah he has all his talents about him—he's been a devilish shrewd fellow.

Tom. Yes he is a man of sharp talons as my nose can testify.

Mayor. Oh! here he comes.

Enter CRAZY.

Crazy. You a Mayor—there's a fig for your crown and sceptre.

Tom.

Tom. There your worship, the fellow has made a king of you.

Crazy. Tell me of kings—I that have seen Edward the Martyr, the glorious Alfred, and Canute the great!

Tom. Yes, but did Canute the great give you authority to scratch my nose?

Crazy. I'll Canute you—I that have been beadle here ever since the days of Edmond Ironside.

Tom. Aye, and a devilish clever fellow he was.

Crazy. What do you mean?

Tom. I mean that you are cursed shabby about the noddle,—you have lived a great while.

Mayor. Come be quiet Tom—here I command you to read the proclamation—now show him you can proclaim it right—mind in king Edward's name, you are to offer a reward of five hundred marks, to any man that will bring in Goodwin, Earl of Warwick, dead or alive.

Crazy. Yes I will—This is to give notice, that by command of Earl Goodwin, King Edward shall have 500 marks for bringing in the head of the Mayor of Coventry, dead or alive.

Tom. That sensible fellow has made a pretty proclamation.

Crazy. Now, an't I an old chaunter?

Mayor. Yes—I'll trust you with the public affairs, but you shall have nothing to do with mine.

Tom. So—between the magistrate and his deputy, the affairs of the public are likely to fare well—he has

not sense enough to help you in your love affairs with the girls, as he used to do.

Mayor. I'll try him. (*aside*) Can't you contrive to keep Tom from going home?

Crazy. What you are going to Maud?—well I will, I will.

Mayor. Mind your bells, Tom, mind your bells.

Tom. I will.

S O N G.

Tom. Merry are the bells,
And merry do they ring.

Cra. Merry was myself, and merry cou'd I sing.

Cho. Merry is your ding-dong, happy gay and free,
Merry with a sing-song, merry let us be.

May. Waddle goes your gait,

Tom. Hallow are your hofe,

May. Noddle goes your pate,

Tom. And purple is your nose.

Cho. Merry is your ding-dong, happy gay and free,
And with a merry sing-song, merry let us be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*changes to* TOM'S HOUSE.

Enter MAUD.

Maud. There never was a young woman so beset as I am by his worship—If I tell Tom, there's a quarrel—and then there's no staying; for in Coventry the Mayor has such a power of interest—I've a great mind

to

to tell madam his lady, now I will be quit of him one way or other for his bad opinion of one, that I will. When people get up a little in the world—lord, they think there's nothing but to use poor folks as they please—hang the town—how is my Tom altered since I came into it.

S O N G.

What pleasure to think on the times we have seen,
'Twas May-day I first saw my Tom on the green;
So neat was I drest, and sprightly a mien,
A king was my love and I was his queen.

The garland presented by Tommy

From the hands of my Tommy.

A side look I stole at my lover by chance,
Which straight he return'd with so tender a glance;
My heart leap'd with joy when I saw him advance
And well did I guess 'twas to lead off the dance.

For none danc'd so neat as my Tommy

In all things complete was my Tommy.

Oh! here comes the wicked Mayor.

Enter MAYOR, *two* Countrymen *and* hamper.

Mayor. Now, here bring the hamper this way—
bring it along—make haste—there now, get along with
you. [*Drives the two men out.*]

Maud. What shall I do?

Mayor. Come along—come there, get along—now
to bolt the door. [*fastens the door.*]

Maud. I'm undone, no creature in the house but myself—he must not know that, or he may be immodest indeed.

Mayor. Egad here I am Maud, and Tom is abroad with the ringers practising his bells—here am I—but you little rogue, how nicely you gave me the slip just now!

Maud. I ask your pardon, but you know I must obey my husband—Why would you bring me all this wine?

Mayor. All under the rose; you shall treat me with a glass; it will make your veins to thrill, your cheeks glow, your bosom pant; your heart beat, your eyes sparkle with love and rapture.

Maud. Lord sir, will wine bewitch a body so?

Mayor. Yes, it will, do you know that love has summoned you before me, as a witch, and by the virtue of my authority, I commit you to those arms!

Maud. O! sure your worship is a little maddish?

Mayor. I am at this time as mad a magistrate as ever devoured a haunch of venison.

Maud. Nay, now do not talk that way to me, now, do not now, (*a great knocking at the door.*)

Tom. (*from without*) Maud, Maud, why have you bolted the door?

Maud. That's my Tom!

Mayor. Where shall I go?

Maud. Oh, lord if he sees you.

Mayor. I'll go up stairs.

Maud. You must not, indeed, he will go up there!

Mayor.

Mayor. What shall I do? Oh my reputation! hide me, hide me some where.

Maud. Suppose you hide in this hamper that brought the wine.

Mayor. Oh, excellent! right, woman for invention, faith. *[gets into the hamper.]*

Tom. Why don't you open the door, Maud?

Maud. I'm coming, I'm coming, Tom.

Tom. (*pushes open the door*) Why the deuce did you bolt the door Maud, now I have broke the bolt.

Maud. Because I was alone, and one can't tell what might happen to a body—but what brought you home Tom?

Tom. Why grand news?

Maud. News!

Tom. Yes, there is his lordship the Earl of Mercia coming to our town—and there is the wedding liveries to be finished—and you are to pay your honours to the bride before she leaves the Mayor's house, and goes back to the Castle—I have won the wager Maud at the Guy of Warwick?

Maud. Have you?

Tom. I have won it, *tol de rol*—I'm come home half fuddled with joy—I'll now go and see how the cloaths go on—What hamper is that Maud?

Maud. Oh! that! —aye that's a hamper of wine that the Mayor desires you to see left safe at home, and delivered to madam his lady.

Tom.

Tom. Wine—oh! I'll carry it immediately, as I'm an officer I should do the Mayor's business.

Maud. So you shou'd 'Tom—for the Mayor is willing enough to do *your business*.

Tom. I'll see the hamper delivered to none but his lady.

Maud. (*aside*) Egad you'll trim his worship neatly.

Tom. You are a happy wife to have so clever a husband as I am—such a rare husband, Maud!

Maud. And you have a rare wife of me, if you knew all—Lord! what good spirits you're come home in, Tom.

Tom. How loving good cheer makes a body.

S O N G.

Egad we had a glorious feast,
 So good in kind, so nicely drest,
 Our liquor too was of the best—I'll tell you.
 One leg of mutton two fat geese,
 With beans and bacon, ducks and pease,
 In short we'd ev'ry thing to please—the belly.
 The clock struck twelve in merry chime,
 The Priest said grace in Saxon rhyme,
 Says I to me this is no time—for playing.
 The room was full when I came in
 But soon I napkin'd up my chin,
 With knife and fork I now begin—to lay in.
 The Curate who at such a rate,
 Of dues and tithe-pigs us'd to prate,
 In silence sat behind his plate—a peeping.

Most

Most church-men, like the vicar, too,
 A shepherd to his flock below,
 Like any wolf, good mutton now—was deep i n.
 We nodded healths, for no one spoke,
 The cloth roll'd off, we crack'd a joke,
 And drunk the King and sung and smok'd—to—
 Our reck'ning out, they call a whip, (bacco.
 I steals my hat, and home I trip,
 My pretty Maud your velvet lip—to smack-o.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*The MAYOR's House, EMMA sleeping.*

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. The people of this town are all running after news, mobs and proclamations—It is bold of me to venture here, even into the Mayor's house, and a price set upon my head by command of the Earl—Cruel fate! but I will see Emma again, tho' at the risk of my life—Oh! what my lovely Emma sleeping—sweet emblem of innocence.

Enter TOM with the hamper.

Tom. There, leave the hamper of wine till I find out madam the Mayorefs—where the plague are all the servants, O dear! oh! oh! there is young lady Emma taking a nap after dinner—Egad those great folks eat so hearty of so many dishes—She looks so rosy, and for all the world like a pretty picture—What a charming landscape—I fancy your great folks never
 snore

snore—even Maud does not snore much—perhaps she’s dreaming—I dreamt once I should be extoll’d above the whole town by means of a great lady, may be this is my lucky minute, what if I—O dear, I have a great mind—egad I’ll give her a kiss—I will (*Harold advances and draws his sword, Tom falls on his knees.*) I’m dead.

Harold. Tom, you are the only person that has seen me enter here, betray me, and here is instant death—assist me, and here is the means of living well. (*Shows a purse.*)

Tom. Sir, I always chuse to live well—because—because—I am a good christian.

Harold. Take your choice, gold or steel.

Tom. Gold is a very pretty thing, I am out of conceit with steel, since last monday, when I run the needle into my thumb.

Harold. When she wakes give her this ring, and if she questions, tell her the owner is at hand. [*Retires.*]

Tom. Yes, fir, I’ll tell her its in the owner’s hands. madam, a handsome gentleman, an ill looking cobbler with great civility—a sword to my throat—said—fir be so good to shew as that lady this ring—you villain you dog—give her this.

Emma. That ring I gave my benefactor, my dear, my generous William. [*Harold appearing.*]

Tom. (*going off and peeping*) Oh! oh! well I will go and carry the hamper to the Mayorefs—Oh! ho!—
I suppose

I suppose so—oh well—what's that to Tom?—aye, oh, aye!—Oh, ho! oh, ho! [Exit Tom.]

Harold. Madam, if I am so happy as to hold a place in your affections, which I acknowledge your condescension—permit me to say, it reflects no dishonour on your choice, for in poor William the peasant, you behold Harold, son to Goodwin, Earl of Kent, unhappy only in being hated by the father of her he loves.

Emma. Is it possible, are you Harold, for whose life the proclamation is out? Oh heavens! if you are discovered, you are lost, and I miserable.

Harold. Charming Emma, that tender anxiety for my safety, rewards a life of exile, but this evening is appointed for the celebration of your nuptials with the Count—This moment the equipage is on the road to convey you away to the castle.

Emma. Oh heavens! doom'd to a wretch I despise.

Harold. Trust to my honour, Madam, and I will instantly convey you to my father's court; thus you will avert the impending storm, and there in safety you may determine the fate of him who adores you.

Emma. It would be ungrateful to distrust your sincerity—I resign myself entirely to your protection—Free me from this odious match with Count Lewis, and it will be a favour I shall ever acknowledge—and esteem as a generous obligation. [Exeunt.]

C

SCENE

PEEPING TOM

SCENE—*A room in the MAYOR's House.**Enter TOM with the hamper.*

Tom. Yes, that poor fellow must be some rich man from the money he gave me—here is love—O yes, there is certainly love in the case—well, what's that to Tom?—my business is to deliver this wine to the Mayorefs, I am a great favourite—she smiles upon me whenever she sees me—now if she should be the great lady who is to exalt me—who knows, here comes the Mayorefs herself.

Enter MAYORESS.

Mayorefs. Not a servant in this house, all gone I suppose to see the young Lady Godiva come into town—Oh! good Tom.

Tom. (*aside*) She always calls me good Tom, that's no bad sign.

Mayorefs. What's this, Tom?

Tom. Madam, when I went home, I found my door lock'd, and bursting it open, my wife Maud had got this hamper in her custody, which his worship the Mayor had told her—to tell me, to fetch it to your ladyship.

Mayorefs. More nonsense of my blockhead of a husband.

Tom. It's no nonsense, madam, because it's wine.

Mayorefs. Oh! wine I suppose, that he has purchased from the French Count.

Tom. It's no purchase, it's a present.

Mayorefs.

Mayorefs. Oh! a present from the French Count I suppose—well for his trouble Tom, you shall have the first glaſs.

Tom. I long to drink your ladyſhip's health—you are the tulip of Coventry.

Mayorefs. You have a good taſte, Tom.

Tom. Taſte, madam, I could drink a bottle when you are the toaſt :

Enter MAUD.

Maud. Aye, and you will have a bottle well fill'd preſently.

Mayorefs. What brings you here?

Maud. I come to empty the hamper, Madam.

Mayorefs. You!

Maud. Yes, madam, for it was laſt filled at my houſe.

Tom. So Maud you was toping, when you lock'd yourſelf in (*opens the hamper and diſcovers the Mayor*) There, madam.

Mayorefs. My huſband!

Tom. Egad, this is indeed a big-bellied bottle?

Mayorefs. What! you have been at your old tricks, I ſuppoſe.

Tom. Well done Maud—egad you have hamper'd his worſhip.

Mayorefs. You are a right worſhipful magiſtrate.

Mayor. (*Comes out of the hamper.*) So I am wiſe—Tom, remember I am father of you all.

Tom. Aye, and ſo you wanted to be the father of my children.

PEEPING TOM

Mayor. Come here wife—come here—well Tom, as this was only a frolic you'll send home the wine.

Tom. Oh! is it at home now?

Mayor. Yes, but you'll send it home to me.

Tom. O no—the devil a drop you get—I'll keep it to drink to my wife's virtue, and the like success to your worship's intrigues.

Mayor. Dear wife forgive this.

F I N A L E.

Maid. Who would destroy domestic joy,

Be ever sham'd like you fir,

Then girls agree to do like me,

Out with each fly seducer.

The deuce may mend and shame attend,

Who thus with supple temper,

Then Master Mayor pray have a care,

Nor get again into the hamper.

Tom. Well pleas'd to find, my wife so kind,

So cunning and so clever;

The bells shall ring, her praise I'll sing,

For ever and for ever.

The bells first ring, &c.

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE—*The Street.**Enter Tom followed by a Mob.**Tom.*

HUZZA! Huzza! Neighbours, neighbours, where are you all going?

Mob. Huzza!—to meet the Earl of Mercia and Lady Godiva!

Tom. Why neighbours, what will they think of our town, let us welcome them in order—if we must roar let us roar like men and christians.—I'll cheer them with a choice chaunt—and then I'll make a fine speech—and then when I am making the speech—not a grunt from one of you—not a grunt!

Mob. Why, what will you say?

Tom. Why suppose now, you to be the Countess—I desire you to make a low curtsy to me, because you are very civil—now you frown with your under lip more—now curl up your nose—so now Mr Countess take your fingers out of your mouth, do—now settle your diamond necklace—show your fine ring and white hand.

Mob. But Mr Tom, as I have got no diamond necklace, won't it do as well to stroke my beard.

Tom. No, no, it won't—did you ever hear of a Countess stroking her beard?—now I will make a

speech—May it please your Lordship and Ladyship, the great honour you have done us, in coming to our beggarly town.

Mob. What—Coventry a beggarly town?—Why you deserve a good kicking!

Tom. Now, did you ever know a Countess kick a church-warden.

Enter MAYOR.

Mob. No speech, no speech—a speech from the Mayor, to be sure.

Tom. The Mayor's an ignorant man!

Mayor. What's the matter here?

Mob. Here's Tom abusing the whole town.

Mayor. Is he?—get you gone all of you—Tom, you are a very impudent fellow—So Tom, I'm an ignorant man.

Tom. Are you fir?

Mayor. And you are an impudent rascal.

Tom. My impudence, is having a wife too pretty for me, and too virtuous for your worship.

S O N G.

Tom. Your worship your wings may clap,

And think yourself a great city cock;

You'll never my Maud entrap,

For she is the hen of a pretty cock.

Have done with your winks and your leers,

For Tom is a taylor that's knowing fir,

He'll

He'll trim you himself with his sheers, (ing fir,
And then you'll have done with your crow-
Your worship, &c.

My wife is a white legged fowl,
Can bill like a thrush or dove in tree,
But never will pair with an owl,
My worshipful Mayor of Coventry,
Your worship, &c.

Mayor. Tom I discharge you from all public offices
—the public good demands it.

Tom. The public good—Why—can you forget when
you collected the poor's rate, you lent out money at
three pence a week, for a shilling—and when church-
warden, you was detected in putting in six-pence, and
taking out half a crown.

Mayor. I put in half a crown.

Tom. Aye, that was compound.

Mayor. Tom, I discharge you down to a common
constable.

Crazy. He is no constable, that office belongs to me!

Mayor. Tom, I supercede you—I must be ready to
receive the Earl of Mercia.

Enter EARL of MERCIA, LADY GODIVA and Attend-
ants.

Earl. Mr Mayor, my daughter has made a long vi-
sit at your house.

Mayor. She does my house, my Lord, much honour.

Godiva.

Godiva. Has not your fair at Coventry lasted much longer than usual?

Mayor. My Lady, in order to compensate for the great honour done us, we have had a greater variety of entertainments than ever was known in Coventry.

Tom. We have indeed had great diversions, my Lady, lord how beautiful she is.

Crazy. Yes, we had much merry-making.

Earl. Who are you my old friend?

Crazy. Please your worship—I am Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor. The devil you are!

Tom. Please your worship, that old gentleman's wits are a little out at the elbows, and though my brain is quite new, and I've been so active in every office, yet the Mayor has put him over my head—and he's mad.

Mayor. Crazy there has merit.

Tom. I've done nothing.

Earl. So then you are the active officer that has done nothing.

Crazy. I do all myself!

Earl. This same town of Coventry seems to be well governed—if one may judge by the appearance of the magistrates.

Tom. His lordship seems to be in a plaguey ill-humour—he looks damn'd glum—come—clear up your pipes and give him a song.

SONG.

OF COVENTRY.

27

S O N G.

Tom. Your Lordship's welcome among us,
Because you are the Peer;
Your Ladyship never will wrong us,
Because you're not severe.

Cho. This is joyful news,
What citizen will refuse,
To stick up their houses with holly.
We'll broach a tub of humming bub,
To welcome home with a rub-a-dub,
So neighbours let us be jolly.

May. At our fair you'll be delighted,
The bells shall ring merrily,
And when, my lord, I'm Knighted,
Sir Gregory Goose I'll be.

Cho. This is joyful news, &c.

Enter COUNT LEWIS.

Count. Emma, my lord, your daughter, is fled—
gone off—and accompanied by a young peasant—That
I dare say must be the young peasant that rescued her
from the Danes, it seems Harold, Earl Goodwin's Son
has been lurking about the town.

Earl. (*looking at the Mayor*) Is this your fidelity to
me—since you have joined in the treason, all partake
in the punishment—for this offence I amerce your ci-
ty in a thousand marks, and by heaven, the power of
man shall not induce me to abate one scruple—See
that

PEEPING TOM

that this be complied with in an hour's notice, or rigour shall enforce my sentence.

[Exit Earl Godiva and Attendants.]

Tom. There's a pretty job!

Crazy. I remember Alfred the great, laid a tax upon horn combs.

Enter MAYORESS.

Mayorefs. Fine care you have taken of us!

Mayor. Fire, sword and famine is come upon us! O grief! O ruin!

Tom. You see when my lord takes a thing into his head, he says I'll do it—and in that case he surely does it—and then it is done.

Mayorefs. We all know that Lady Godiva is as sweet temper'd as her husband is crabbed and crusty—now I will summon all the goodwives in a body, and I'll go at their head, and with disheveled hair and streaming eyes, will beseech the Lady, to beseech her husband—to take off the tax.

Tom. An excellent thought!

Mayor. I must get the consent of the corporation—I will go summon the livery.

Mayorefs. Summon the livery! you had better go summon the petticoats—

Tom. I'm for the petticoats.

Crazy. And I love the petticoats. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

OF COVENTRY.

SCENE—*Street.*

Enter EMMA and HAROLD.

Emma. What a dilemma!

Harold. The city-guard being posted, prevented our escape—

Emma. When my father knows you are the person that assisted in my escape, he will be in such a rage—!

Harold. A separation from my Emma alone, is a terror for her faithful Harold.

Emma. Was my father to consider your valour, he would certainly be reconciled.

Harold. True my love, I have bled in my country's cause, and shall again—not the fire of love, nor the frost of age, shall check my spirit in the cause of Britain.

Emma. Oh, do not have an idea of separation; if you could but find a place of safety here, for the present—this is the house of poor honest Tom, the taylor, I have seen so often at the Mayor's.

Enter TOM.

Tom. Aye, there they go—what a fine string of them, I did not think there were so many women in Coventry, at least not so many pretty girls in it—I love the pretty girls, because they are generally so handsome—they always smigger at me as they pass, how can they help it, when I cast such sly looks at them—there they all march in a body—egad it's a delicate body and the Mayorefs at their head, she's a fine head—Well if this scheme succeeds, I will get drunk to night, like a sober

PEEPING TOM

ber citizen, and drink success to the petticoat-corporation—Oh lord, madam—Emma, there they are gone up to the Lady Godiva.

Emma. You'll not betray me!

Harold. Mind Tom, money or steel.

Tom. No sir, I have gold enough, and keep the sword to defend the lady.—You will find in my house, perhaps, as good shelter as in a rich man's—for lord, I am as great a friend to love as the women's favourite, the fat Frier Fogarty.

S O N G.

When I was a younker and liv'd with my dad,
The neighbours all thought me a smart little lad,
My mamma she call'd me a white headed boy,
Because with the girls I lik'd for to toy,
There was Ciss, Priss, Letty and Betty and Doll,
With Meg, Peg, Jenny and Winny and Moll,
I flatter'd their chatter so sprightly and gay,
I rumble 'em, tumble 'em, that's my way.

One fine frosty morning a-going to school,
Young Meggy I met and she call'd me a fool,
Her mouth as my primmer a lesson I took,
I swore it was pretty and then kiss'd the book;
But school, fool, primmer and trimmer and birch,
And boys for the girls I have left in the lurch.
I flatter'd, &c. &c.

'Tis

'Tis very well known I can dance a good jig,
 And at cudgels from Robin I won a fat pig,
 I wrestle a fall, and a bar I can sling,
 And when o'er a flaggon most sweetly can sing,
 But pig, jig, wicket and cricket and ball,
 I'd give up to wrestle with Meggy of all.
 I flatter'd, &c. &c.

SCENE—*a Chamber in Tom's House.*

Enter TOM.

Tom. I have a great fancy to know what Maud and the Mayorefs have done——Lord how I long to know what success they have had, or whether they will forgive the tax——Oh, there's Maud come back, I hear her voice.

Maud. (*without*) Oh, madam, I'll only tell Tom.
 (*entering*) Oh, Tom, here we have got the young lady Emma in the house—have you seen the Countess?

Tom. I know what we have got—but tell me, shall we get the tax off; you all went, and were you all there?

Maud. Yes, there we went, and we were all admitted to Lady Godiva's presence.

Tom. Oh Lord that was pleasant.

Maud. So it was Tom—we all fell a-crying.

Tom. How did you manage that, Maud—I never saw you cry in all my life.

Maud. I only made believe—then we all fell on our knees, then we got up again.

D

Tom.

Tom. Yes, yes, oh I see—I see you did!

Maud. Then the Countess she heard our petitions, and she ask'd my lord to pardon the city—no said his lordship that I will not—I have sworn that the power of man shall not persuade me—yes, but says she, the power of woman may, and I am a woman says she.

Tom. Oh, she need not have told him that.

Maud. And says her ladyship, I am a good woman and your wife; and you, as a good husband, ought to do as I bid you.

Tom. She was a little out there.

Maud. Says the Earl as you are a good woman, I will forgive the tax only on one condition—what's that, says my lady? It is, says he, only if you will ride through the city of Coventry naked, without a rag of cloaths on.

Tom. What!

Maud. Now he only joked; having no notion she would do it—but she having the good of our city at heart, took him at his word, and is actually now preparing for it.

Tom. Lady Godiva ride a horseback—all through the city, without any—well if I ever—

Maud. Now you are all agog, with your nonsensical curiosity.

Tom. I have no curiosity.

Maud. Tom, Tom, our fortune is made, for as Lady Emma has taken shelter in our house.

Tom. Our house—ride—so, so,—

Maud.

Maud. But here's a young peasant in her company.

Tom. Company; then I suppose she will have nothing at all.

Maud. 'Tis very odd, for he seems to have a sight of money.

Tom. Sight of money—such a sight.

Maud. Hang the man is he grown stupid—what are you thinking of Tom.

Tom. I was thinking of a side saddle.

Maud. Was there ever such a fool. But I must go and attend Lady Emma, so I will leave you to ride on your side saddle. [Exit.

Tom. Talk of a coronation, 'tis no more to this—Lady Godiva is a procession in herself, I must go in time to procure a good place—shall I ask our Maud to go—no, no, the sight would be lost upon Maud—but I'll go—

Enter MAYOR.

Tom. What brings you here, sir?

Mayor. Well Tom, I suppose you have heard?

Tom. Yes sir.

Mayor. Lady Godiva in her progress through the city, passes by your house here.

Tom. 'Gad sir, that's lucky, I shall have an opportunity of seeing her nicely.

Mayor. Yes, and you will have an opportunity of hanging in hemp nicely at your own door—the streets are to be cleared—all the windows and the houses to be

be fasten'd up, no person on pain of death, to be seen of the Male kind.

Tom. Me—do you think I would look, fir—I wish I could get him out of the house—why what need your worship be in a hurry to go.

Mayor. I am in a hurry to go, Tom.

Tom. It's a fine day abroad, fir.

Mayor. But every body must stay at home.

Tom. Well, if you will go home, you must—good bye to you.

Mayor. What, are you going, Tom.

Tom. Yes, fir; I wish you a good-bye, fir, I will not stay in this room while Lady Godiva passes, it commands such a prospect.

Mayor. 'Gad that's true—from that window I could have a charming peep, if that fellow was but out of the way. (*aside*)

Tom. I'll go down and lock myself in the cellar to avoid temptation.

Mayor. Do, Tom—that's a good boy, and I'll go home, Tom!

Tom. Good-bye to you, fir.

Mayor. Good-bye to you, Tom.

Tom. So you are going home, fir.

Mayor. Yes I am going home, now do you go and lock yourself up in the cellar.

Tom. Yes I will, fir, good-bye, fir.

Mayor. Good-bye, Tom!

Tom. Good-bye, fir.

Mayor.

Mayor. Good-bye.

[*Exit severally.*]

Re-enter MAYOR.

Mayor. By this time, Lady Godiva's past the cross, all is clear, and foolish Tom has lock'd himself up in the cellar, and thinks I am gone home—she cannot be far off now—I shall have a charming peep at her from that window—I'll go and look for something to put on the table. [*Exit.*]

Enter TOM.

Tom. By this time his worship's at home, curst troublesome old hound, and Lady Godiva must be at hand—I think I hear her horse's feet—the clinking of their hoofs is far sweeter than a haut-boy. (*Drags a stool, and puts it on a table, and gets up.*) There, there, she is turning the corner.

Mayor. I can find nothing—I'll try to reach the window upon my tip-toes, though I break my neck for it. (*in striving to get up, he catches Tom in his arms.*) Oh, you villain have I caught you peeping.

Tom. Sir, I was only going to take in the cockchaff-finch.

Mayor. Come down I'll have you hang'd—I came here only on the look out. [*Exit.*]

SCENE.—*A Street.*

Enter TOM, followed by the EARL, MAYORESS, and Attendants.

Earl. You shall be hang'd Tom.

Tom. Then your lordship must get me another neck, for this is engaged already.

Earl. How firrah! did you not know it was instant death?

Tom. True my lord, but I thought it was no harm.

Enter MAUD.

Maud. Oh, my dear, what's the matter, it is all along this wicked Mayor, he wants to make me a widow—it would be for the public good if he was hanged instead of my husband—

Earl. Then we should leave his wife here a sorrowful widow.

Mayores. Oh, my lord, I should not mind my private sorrows for the public good—

Earl. So then Mr Mayor, all this was to forward your designs upon the young woman—if this culprit here will give up my daughter, his life shall be saved.

Tom. Then I have a dull chance, my lord; but my lord, though I am but a poor fellow, the richest jewel in your lordship's coronet could not make me betray a person, after once giving him the protection of my roof.

Earl. See him to execution—Try him further.

Tom. No mercy, my lord!

Earl. Yes, if you can produce Harold in your place, that may save your life.

Enter HAROLD and EMMA.

Harold. Then save his life and take mine, I am Harold, but now the husband of your unhappy daughter.

Earl

Earl. Disobedient child—of all men upon earth, is this your wretched choice?

Emma. My choice—my pride.

Earl. I would sooner have bestowed you on that peasant, that rescued you from the Danes, for his valour at least has a claim upon my gratitude.

Emma. Then let Harold have that claim; he was that peasant, the protector of my life and honour.

Earl. I see now that my prejudice to Earl Goodwin, has blinded me to his son's peculiar virtues, and what you have saved, take for your reward.

Enter COUNT LEWIS.

Count. My lord, your daughter I claim, according to promise.

Earl. No, he is unworthy of a lady's love, that has not courage to protect it.

Tom. So here I stand all this while with the rope about my neck.

Mayor. I must do my duty, bring in the constables.

Earl. 'Tis your duty to resign an office to which you are a disgrace—Here I grant Tom a full pardon for his adherence to his word, and in your place I appoint him Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor. What, *Peeping Tom*!

Tom. Hold your tongue, you dog, or I'll put you in the stocks.

Crazy. Whoever is Mayor, I'll be church-warden.

Earl.

Earl. I believe I have been too severe upon your city, but since it has produced one honest man, I relinquish my claims.

Crazy. Yes I am an honest man, and you have found me out.

Tom. Then I hope our friends will be equally indulgent, and every man that loves a fine woman, will pardon PEEPING TOM OF COVENTRY.

FINALE.

Harold. Let every care and tumult cease,

Bands of love unite us ;

Kind friendship joy and lasting peace,

For ever shall delight us.

Maud. I wish you joy of your disgrace,

Let his wife alone fir,

For since by her you've lost your place,

Better kiss your own, fir.

Mayor. I've brought things to a pretty pass,

By my own gallanting :

Tho' late a Mayor—I'm now an afs :

This is my gala-ganting.

Crazy. Why what a-deuce is all this rout,

Cease your idle finging,

Or by this hand I'll put you out,

And set the bells a ringing.

Tom.

OF COVENTRY.

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Tom. Though you have as poets see,
Rods in pickle sleeping;
Forgive poor Tom of Coventry,
And pardon for his *peeping*.

F I N I S.

OF CONVENTION

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